

THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

TRANSLATED BY MR. POPE.

VOL II.

*Quis Martem tunica teſtum adamantina
Dignè ſcripſerit ? aut pulvere Troïco,
Nigrum Merionem ? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem ?*

HORAT.

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THE
FIFTH BOOK

OF THE
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Acts of *Diomed*.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him; Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.



THE



T H E
F I F T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

BUT *Pallas* now *Tydidēs'* soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the *Greeks* his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her Hero with distinguish'd praise.
High

V. 1. *But Pallas now, &c.*] As in every just history picture there is one principal figure, to which all the rest refer and are subservient; so in each battle of the *Iliad* there is one principal person that may properly be called the Hero of that day or action. This conduct preserves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being distracted and confused with a wild number of independent figures, which have no subordination to each other. To make this probable, *Homer* supposes these extraordinary measures of courage to be the immediate gift of the Gods; who bestow them sometimes upon one, sometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the instruments of their designs; an opinion conformable to true theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our Author for representing the same heroes brave at one time, and dispirited

High on his helm celestial lightnings play, 5
His beamy shield emits a living ray ;

Th'

pirited at another ; just as the Gods assist, or abandon them, on different occasions.

V. i. Tydides] That we may enter into the spirit and beauty of this book, it will be proper to settle the true *character of Diomed*, who is the hero of it. *Achilles* is no longer retired, but *Homer* raises his other *Greeks* to supply his absence ; like stars that shine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero rises again, and eclipses all others. As *Diomed* is the first in this office, he seems to have more of the character of *Achilles* than any besides. He has naturally an excess of boldness, and too much fury in his temper, forward and intrepid like the other, and running after Gods or men promiscuously as they offer themselves. But what differences his character is, that he is soon reclaimed by advice, hears those that are more experienced, and in a word, obeys *Minerva* in all thing. He is assisted by the patroness of wisdom and arms, as he is eminent both for prudence and valour. That which characterizes his prudence, is a quick sagacity and presence of mind in all emergencies, and an undisturbed readiness in the very article of danger. And what is particular in his valour, is agreeable to these qualities, his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity, and dispatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind seems drawn with an opposition to the boisterous temper of *Achilles*, so his bodily excellencies seem designed as in contrast to those of *Ajax*, who appears with great strength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the field, so is he ready to speak in the council : but 'tis observable that, his councils still incline to war, and are byas'd rather on the side of bravery than caution. Thus he advises to reject the proposals of the *Trojans* in the seventh book, and not to accept of *Helen* herself, though *Paris* should offer her. In the ninth he opposes *Agamemnon's* proposition to return to *Greece*, in so strong a manner, as to declare he will stay and continue the siege himself, if the General should depart. And thus he hears without concern *Achilles's* refusal of a reconciliation, and doubts not to be able to carry on the war without him



Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,

When

him: As for his private character he appears a gallant lover of hospitality in his behaviour to *Glaucus* in the sixth book; a lover of wisdom in his assistance of *Nestor* in the eighth, and his choice of *Ulysses* to accompany him in the tenth; upon the whole, an open sincere friend, and a generous enemy.

The wonderful actions he performs in this battle, seem to be the effect of a noble resentment at the reproach he had received from *Agamemnon* in the foregoing book, to which these deeds are the answer. He becomes immediately the second hero of *Greece*, and dreaded equally with *Achilles* by the *Trojans*. At the first sight of him his enemies make a question whether he is a man or a God? *Aeneas* and *Pandarus* go against him, whose approach terrifies *Sthenelus*, and the apprehension of so great a warrior marvellously exalts the intrepidity of *Diomed*. *Aeneas* himself is not saved but by the interposing of a Deity: He pursues and wounds that Deity, and *Aeneas* again escapes only by the help of a stronger power, *Apollo*. He attempts *Apollo* too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own voice, and even then retreats but a few steps. When he sees *Hector* and *Mars* himself in open arms against him, he had not retired though he was wounded, but in obedience to *Minerva*, and then retires with his face toward them. But as soon as she permits him to engage with that God, he conquers and sends him groaning to heaven. What invention and what conduct appears in this whole episode? What boldness in raising a character to such a pitch, and what judgment in raising it by such degrees? While the most daring flights of poetry are employed to move our admiration, and at the same time the justest and closest allegory, to reconcile those flights to moral truth and probability? It may be farther remarked, that the high degree to which *Homer* elevates this character, enters into the principal design of his whole poem; which is to shew, that the greatest personal qualities and forces are of no effect, when union is wanting among the chief rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled so as to act in concert.

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
 And, bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light. 10
 Such

V. 5. *High on his helm celestial lightnings play.*] This beautiful passage gave occasion to *Zōilus* for an insipid piece of raillery, who asked how it happened that the hero escaped burning by these fires that continually broke from his armour? *Eusebathius* answers, that there are several examples in history, of fires being seen to break forth from human bodies, as presages of greatness and glory. Among the rest, *Plutarch*, in the life of *Alexander*, describes his helmet much in this manner. This is enough to warrant the fiction; and were there no such example, the same author says very well, that the imagination of a poet is not to be confined to strict physical truths. But all objections may easily be removed, if we consider it as done by *Minerva*, who had determined this day to raise *Diomed* above all the heroes, and caused his apparition to render him formidable. The power of a God makes it not only allowable, but highly noble, and greatly imagined by *Homer*; as well as correspondent to a miracle in holy scripture, where *Moses* is described with a glory shining on his face at his descent from mount *Sinai*; a parallel which *Spondanus* has taken notice of.

Virgil was too sensible of the beauty of this passage not to imitate it, and it must be owned he has surpassed his original.

*Ardet apex capiti, cristisque ac vertice flamma
 Funditur, & vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes.
 Non secus ac liquidâ si quando nocte cometa
 Sanguinei lugubre rubent: aut Sirius ardor,
 Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus agris,
 Nascitur, & lævo contristat lumine cælum.*

Æn. x. v. 270.

In *Homer's* comparison there is no other circumstance alluded to but that of a remarkable brightness: Whereas *Virgil's* comparison, besides this, seems to foretel the immense slaughter his hero was to make, by comparing him first to a comet, which is vulgarly imagined a prognostic, if not the real cause, of such misery to mankind; and again to the dog-star, which appearing with the greatest brightness in the latter end of summer, is supposed

Such glories *Pallas* on the chief bestow'd,
 Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
 Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
 Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The sons of *Dares* first the combat fought, 15
 A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
 In *Vulcan's* fane the father's days were led,
 The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
 These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
 These from their steeds, *Tydides* on the plain. 20
 Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
 And first bold *Phœgeus* casts his sounding spear,
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its erring force.
 Not so, *Tydides*, flew thy lance in vain, 25
 But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
 Seiz'd with unusual fear, *Idæus* fled,
 Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead;

And

posed the occasion of all the distempers of that sickly season. And methinks the objection of *Macrobius* to this place is not just, who thinks the simile unseasonably applied by *Virgil* to *Æneas*, because he was yet on his ship, and had not begun the battle. One may answer, that this miraculous appearance could never be more proper than at the first sight of the hero, to strike terror into the enemy, and to prognosticate his approaching victory.

V. 27. *Idæus fled, Left the rich chariot.*] It is finely said by M. *Dacier*, that *Homer* appears perhaps greater by the criticisms that have been passed upon him, than by the praises which have been given him. *Zoilus* had a cavil at this place; he thought it ridiculous in *Idæus* to descend from his chariot to fly, which he might have done faster by the help of his horses. Three things are said in answer to this: First, that *Idæus*, knowing

And had not *Vulcan* lent celestial aid,
 He too had sunk to death's eternal shade; 30
 But in a smoaky cloud the God of fire
 Preserv'd the son, in pity to the fire.
 The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
 Encreas'd the spoils of gallant *Diomed*.

Struck with amaze, and shame, the *Trojan* crew 35
 Or slain, or fled, the sons of *Dares* view;
 When by the blood-stain'd hand *Minerva* prest
 The God of battles, and this speech addrest.

Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty fall,
 Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall! 40

Let

the passion which *Diomed* had for horses, might hope the pleasure of seizing these would retard him from pursuing him. ext, that *Homer* might design to represent in this action of *Idæus* the common effect of fear, which disturbs the understanding to such a degree, as to make men abandon the surest means to save themselves. And then, that *Idæus* might have some advantage of *Diomed* in swiftness, which he had reason to confide in. But I fancy one may add another solution, which will better account for this passage. *Homer's* word is ἐτλη, which I believe would be better translated *non perseveravit*, than *non sustinuit defendere fratrem interfectum*: and then the sense will be clear, that *Idæus* made an effort to save his brother's body, which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmost precipitation. One may add, that his alighting from his chariot was not that he could run faster on foot, but that he could sooner escape by mixing with the croud of common soldiers. There is a particular exactly of the same nature in the book of *Judges*, Ch. 4. v. 15. where *Sisera* alights to fly in the same manner.

V. 40. *Who bathe in blood*] It may seem something unnatural, that *Pallas*, at a time when she is endeavouring to work upon *Mars* under the appearance of benevolence and kindness, should make use of terms which seem so full of bitter reproaches; but these will appear
 very

Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide ;
 And whose the conquest mighty *Jove* decide :
 While we from interdicted fields retire,
 Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.

Her words allay th' impetuous warrior's heat, 45
 The God of arms and martial Maid retreat ;
 Remov'd from fight, on *Xanthus*' flow'ry bounds
 They sate, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Mean time the *Greeks* the *Trojan* race pursue,
 And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader slew : 50
 First

very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For persons of this martial character, who, scorning equity and reason, carry all things by force, are better pleased to be celebrated for their power than their virtue. Statues are raised to the conquerors, that is, the destroyers of nations, who are complimented for excelling in the arts of ruin. *Demetrius* the son of *Antigonus* was celebrated by his flat erers with the title of *Poliorcetes*, a term equivalent to one here made use of.

V. 46. *The God of arms and martial Maid retreat.*] The retreat of *Mars* from the *Trojans* intimates that courage forsook them : It may be said then, that *Minerva's* absence from the *Greeks* will signify that wisdom deserted them also. It is true she does desert them, but it is at a time when there was more occasion for gallant actions than for wise counsels. *Eustathius*.

V. 49. *The Greeks the Trojan race pursue.*] *Homer* always appears very zealous for the honour of *Greece*, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, against the opinion of those who would have him of other nations.

It is observable through the whole *Iliad*, that he endeavours every where to represent the *Greeks* as superior to the *Trojans* in valour and the art of war. In the beginning of the third book he describes the *Trojans* rushing on to the battle in a barbarous and confused manner, with loud shouts and cries, while the *Greeks* advance in the most profound silence and exact order. And in the latter part of the fourth book, where the
 two

First *Odius* falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by *Atrides*' hand ;
As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
'The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty *Halizonian* lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

55

Thy Fate was next, O *Phæstus* ! doom'd to feel
The great *Idomeneus*' protended steel ;
Whom *Borus* sent (his son and only joy,)
From fruitful *Tarne* to the fields of *Troy*.
The *Cretan* javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car ;

60

two armies march to the engagement, the *Greeks* are animated by *Pallas*, while *Mars* instigates the *Trojans*, the Poet attributing by this plain allegory to the former a well-conducted valour, to the latter rash strength and brutal force: So that the abilities of each nation are distinguished by the characters of the Deities who assist them. But in this place, as *Eustathius* observes, the Poet being willing to shew how much the *Greeks* excelled their enemies, when they engaged only with their proper force, and when each side was alike destitute of divine assistance, takes occasion to remove the Gods out of the battle, and then each *Grecian* chief gives signal instances of valour superior to the *Trojans*.

A modern Critic observes, that this constant superiority of the *Greeks* in the art of war, valour, and number, is contradictory to the main design of the poem, which is to make the return of *Achilles* appear necessary for the preservation of the *Greeks*: but this contradiction vanishes, when we reflect, that the affront given *Achilles* was the occasion of *Jupiter's* interposing in favour of the *Trojans*. Wherefore the anger of *Achilles* was not pernicious to the *Greeks* purely because it kept him inactive, but because it occasioned *Jupiter* to afflict them in such a manner, as made it necessary to appease *Achilles*, in order to render *Jupiter* propitious.

Back

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd *Scamandrius*, expert in the chace, 65
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;

Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
'To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts :

But vainly here *Diana's* arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies ; 70

From *Menelaus'* arm the weapon sent,
Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went :
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful *Phereclus* untimely fell ; 75
Bold *Merion* sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O *Phereclus*, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design ;

V. 63. *Back from the car he tumbles.*] It is in poetry as in painting, the postures and attitudes of each figure ought to be different : *Homer* takes care not to draw two persons in the same posture ; one is tumbled from his chariot, another is slain as he ascends it, a third as he endeavours to escape on foot, a conduct which is every where observed by the Poet. *Eustathius*.

V. 75. *Next artful Phereclus.*] This character of *Phereclus* is finely imagined, and presents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the *Trojans* had formerly received an oracle, commanding them to follow husbandry, and not apply themselves to navigation. *Homer* from hence takes occasion to feign, that the shipwright, who presumed to build the fleet of *Paris* when he took his fatal voyage to *Greece*, was overtaken by the divine vengeance so long after as in this battle. One may take notice too in this, as in many other places, of the remarkable disposition *Homer* shews to *Mechanics* ; he never omits an opportunity either of describing a piece of workmanship, or of celebrating an artist.

For

For lov'd by *Pallas*, *Pallas* did impart
 To him the shipwright's and the builder's art. 80
 Beneath his hand the fleet of *Paris* rose,
 The fatal cause of all his country's woes ;
 But he, the mystic will of heav'n unknown,
 Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
 The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled, 85
 The spear of *Merion* mingled with the dead.
 Thro' his right hip with forceful fury cast,
 Between the bladder and the bone it past :
 Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
 And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes. 90
 From *Meges*' force the swift *Pedæus* fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
 Whose gen'rous spouse, *Theano*, heav'nly fair,
 Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.

How

V. 93. *Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano.*] *Homer* in this remarkable passage commends the fair *Theano* for breeding up a bastard of her husband's with the same tenderness as her own children. This lady was a woman of the first quality, and (as it appears in the sixth *Iliad*) the high Priestess of *Minerva* : So that one cannot imagine the education of this child was imposed upon her by the authority or power of *Antenor* ; *Homer* himself takes care to remove any such derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unusual piece of humanity to have been to please her husband, *χαρίζομένη πρὸς τὸν ἄνδρα*. Nor ought we to lessen this commendation by thinking the wives of those times in general were more complaisant than those of our own. The stories of *Phænix*, *Clytemnestra*, *Medea*, and many others, are plain instances how highly the keeping of mistresses was resented by married ladies. But there was a difference between the *Greeks* and *Asiatics* as to their notions of marriage : For it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives ; *Priam* had many lawful ones, and some of them

How vain those cares! when *Meges* in the rear 95
 Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;
 Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
 And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides,
 Then dy'd *Hypsenor*, gen'rous and divine,
 Sprung from the brave *Dolopion's* mighty line, 100
 Who

them Princesses who brought great dowries. *Theano* was an *Asiatic*, and that is the most we can grant; for the son she nursed so carefully was apparently not by a wife, but by a mistress; and her passions were naturally the same with those of the *Grecian* women. As to the degree of regard then shewn to the bastards, they were carefully enough educated, though not (like this of *Antenor*) as the lawful issue, nor admitted to an equal share of inheritance. *Megapenthes* and *Nicostratus* were excluded from the inheritance of *Sparta*, because they were born of bond-women, as *Pausanias* says. But *Neoptolemus*, a natural son of *Achilles* by *Deidamia*, succeeded in his father's kingdom, perhaps with respect to his mother's quality who was a princess. Upon the whole, however that matter stood, *Homer* was very favourable to bastards, and has paid them more compliments than one in his works. If I am not mistaken, *Ulysses* reckons himself one in the *Odysses*. *Agamemnon* in the eighth *Iliad* plainly accounts it no disgrace, when charmed with the noble exploits of young *Teucer*, and praising him in the rapture of his heart, he just then takes occasion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyric upon him. The reader may consult the passage, v. 284. of the original, and v. 333. of the translation. From all this I should not be averse to believe, that *Homer* himself was a bastard, as *Virgil* was, of which I think this observation a better proof than what is said for it in the common lives of him.

V. 99—*Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
 Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line;
 Who near ador'd Scamander made abode;
 Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.*

From the number of circumstances put together here, and in many other passages, of the parentage, place of abode,

Who near ador'd *Scamander* made abode,
 Priest of the stream and honour'd as a God.
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound ;
 On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand, 105 }
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand. }
 Down sunk the Priest : the purple hand of death
 Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.
 Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
 In ev'ry quarter fierce *Tydides* rag'd, 111
 Amid the *Greeks*, amid the *Trojan* train,
 Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain,
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. 115
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
 Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
 Thro'

abode, profession and quality of the persons our Author mentions, I think it is plain he compos'd his poem from some records or traditions of the actions of the times preceding, and complied with the truth of history. Otherwise these particular descriptions of genealogies, and other minute circumstances, would have been an affectation extremely needless and unreasonable. This consideration will account for several things that seem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took these occasions of paying a compliment to many great men and families of his patrons, both in *Greece* and *Asia*.

V. 108. *Down sunk the priest.*] *Homer* makes him die upon the cutting off his arm which is an instance of his skill ; for the great flux of blood that must follow such a wound, would be the immediate cause of death.

V. 116. *Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong.*] This whole passage (says *Eustathius*) is extremely

Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;
 The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, 120
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
 While *Jove* descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
 And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd *Tydtides*, boundless in his ire,
 Drove armies back, and made all *Troy* retire. 125

tremely beautiful. It describes the hero carried by an enthusiastic valour into the midst of his enemies, and so mingled with their ranks as if himself were a *Trojan*. And the simile wonderfully illustrates this fury, proceeding from an uncommon infusion of courage from heaven, in resembling it not to a constant river, but a torrent rising from an extraordinary burst of rain. This simile is one of those that draws along with it some foreign circumstances: We must not often expect from *Homer* those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserved; he affects, as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is sure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts; like those free Painters, who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very significant strokes, that give form and spirit to all the piece. For the present comparison, *Virgil* in the second *Æneid* has inserted an imitation of it, which I cannot equal to this, though *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil's* to all our author's similitudes from rivers put together.

*Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
 Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
 Cum stabulis armenta trahit.*——

Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood
 Roars when he finds his rapid course withstood;
 Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
 And sweeps the cattle and the cotts away. *Dryden.*

With

With grief the * leader of the *Lycian* band
 Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand :
 His bended bow against the chief he drew ;
 Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
 Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore, 130
 Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore :
 The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
 While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither, ye *Trojans*, hither drive your steeds !
 Lo ! by our hand the bravest *Grecian* bleeds. 135
 Not long the deathful dart he can sustain ;
 Or *Phalus* urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he boastful ; but the winged dart
 Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
 The wounded chief behind his car retir'd, 140
 The helping hand of *Sthenelus* requir'd ;
 Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
 And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound ;
 When thus the King his guardian pow'r address'd,
 The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest. 145

O progeny of *Jove* ! unconquer'd maid !
 If e'er my god-like fire deserv'd thy aid,
 If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field ;
 Now, Goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.

* *Pandarus*.

V. 139. *The dart stopt short of life.*] Homer says it did not kill him, and I am at a loss why M. Dacier translates it, *The wound was slight* ; when just after the arrow is said to have pierc'd quite through, and she herself there turns it, *Perçoit l'espaul outre en outre*. Had it been so slight, he would not have needed the immediate assistance of *Minerva* to restore his usual vigour, and enable him to continue the fight.

Oh

Oh give my lance to reach the *Trojan* Knight, 150
 Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;
 And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
 That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd *Tydides*, and *Minerva* heard,
 His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd; 155
 He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
 His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
 Be bold (she cry'd) in ev'ry combat shine,
 War be thy province, thy protection mine;
 Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul; 160
 Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:
 Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
 And all thy god-like father breathes in thee!
 Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy Eyes,
 And set to view the warring Deities. 165

These

V. 164. *From mortal mists I purge thy eyes.*] This fiction of *Homer*, (says *M. Dacier*) is founded upon an important truth of religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to see what they cannot discover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the Old Testament. God opens the eyes of *Hagar* that she might see the fountain, in *Genes.* 21. v. 14. So *Numbers* 22. v. 31. *The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in his way, and his sword drawn in his hand.* A passage much resembling this of our author. *Venus* in *Virgil's* second *Aeneid* performs the same office to *Aeneas*, and shews him the Gods who were engag'd in the destruction of *Troy*.

*Aspice; namque omnen quæ nunc obducta tuenti
 Mortales habet visus tibi, & humida circum
 Caligat, nubem eripiam———
 Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Troja
 Numina magna Deum.———*

Milton

These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattled plain,
 Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
 If *Venus* mingle in the martial band,
 Her shalt thou wound: So *Pallas* gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
 The Hero rush'd impetuous to the fight; 171
 With tenfold ardour now invades the plain.
 Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
 As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls
 Amidst the field a brindled lion falls; 175
 If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
 The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
 He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
 But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey.
 Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
 Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound. 181
 Not with less fury stern *Tydidēs* flew,
 And two brave leaders at an instant flew,
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
 His people's pastor, good *Hypenor* dy'd; 185

Milton seems likewise to have imitated this, where he makes *Michael* open *Adam's* eyes to see the future revolutions of the world, and fortunes of his posterity, *Book 11.*

- ' — He purg'd with euphrasie and rue
- ' The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
- ' And from the well of life three drops distill'd.'

This distinguishing sight of *Diomed* was given him only for the present occasion and service, in which he was employed by *Pallas*. For we find in the sixth book, that upon meeting *Glaucus*, he is ignorant whether that Hero be a Man or a God.

Astynous'

Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hyperenor's shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
 Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and *Polyidus* to engage;
 Sons of *Eurydamas*, who wife and old, 190
 Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
 The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
 And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
 No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
 Tho' now determin'd by *Tydidēs*' spear. 195
 Young *Xanthus* next, and *Thoön* felt his rage,
 The joy and hope of *Phænops*' feeble age,
 Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
 Of all his labours, and a life of cares.

V. 194.] *No mystic dream*] This line in the original, *Τοῖς ἄν ἐρχομένοις ὁ γέρον ἐπινὰν' ὀνειπέας*, contains as puzzling a passage for the construction as I have met with in *Homer*. Most interpreters join the negative particle *ἄν* with the verb *ἐπινάσσο*, which may receive three different meanings: That *Eurydamas* had not interpreted the dreams of his children when they went to the wars, or that he had foretold them by their dreams they should never return from the wars, or that he should now no more have the satisfaction to interpret their dreams at their return. After all, this construction seems forced, and no way agreeable to the general idiom of the *Greek* language, or to *Homer*'s simple diction in particular. If we join *ἄν* with *ἐρχομένοις*, I think the most obvious sense will be this: *Diomed* attacks the two sons of *Eurydamas*, an old interpreter of dreams; his children not returning, the prophet sought by his dreams to know their fate; however they fall by the hand of *Diomed*. This interpretation seems natural and poetical, and tends to move compassion, which is almost constantly the design of the Poet, in his frequent short digressions concerning the circumstances and relations of dying persons.

Cold

Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years, 200
And leaves the father unavailing tears :

To strangers now descends his wealthy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of *Priam* in one chariot ride,
Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side. 205
As when the lordly lion seeks his food

Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground,
So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn, 210
Their steeds and chariots to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine *Æneas* view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,

Thro'

V. 202. *To strangers now descends his wealthy store.*] This is a circumstance, than which nothing could be imagined more tragical, considering the character of the father. *Homer* says the trustees of the remote collateral relations seized the estate before his eyes, (according to a custom of those times) which to a covetous old man must be the greatest of miseries.

V. 212. *Divine Æneas.*] It is here *Æneas* begins to act, and if we take a view of the whole Episode of this Hero in *Homer*, where he makes but an under-part, it will appear that *Virgil* has kept him perfectly in the same character in his Poem, where he shines as the first Hero. His piety and his valour, though not drawn at so full a length, are marked no less in the original than in the copy. It is the manner of *Homer* to express very strongly the character of each of his persons in the first speech he is made to utter in the Poem. In this of *Æneas*, there is a great air of piety in those strokes, *Is he some God who punishes Troy for having neglected his sacrifices?* And then that sentence, *The anger of heaven is terrible.* When he is in danger afterwards, he is saved by the heavenly assistance of the two Deities at once, and his wounds cured in the holy temple of *Pergamus* by *Latona*

Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
 Exploring *Pandarus* with careful eyes. 215
 At length he found *Lycaon's* mighty son;
 To whom the chief of *Venus'* race begun.

Where, *Pandarus*, are all thy honours now,
 Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,

Latona and *Diana*. As to his valour, he is second only to *Hector*, and in personal bravery as great in the *Greek* author as in the *Roman*. He is made to exert himself on emergencies of the first importance and hazard, rather than on common occasions: He checks *Diomed* here in the midst of his fury; in the thirteenth book defends his friend *Deiphobus* before it was his turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmost ranks, (which *Homer*, to take off all objections to his valour, tells us happened because *Priam* had an animosity to him, though he was one of the bravest of the army.) He is one of those who rescue *Hector* when he is overthrown by *Ajax* in the fourteenth book. And what alone were sufficient to establish him a first-rate Hero, he is the first that dares resist *Achilles* himself at his return to the fight in all his rage for the loss of *Patroclus*. He indeed avoids encountering two at once in the present book; and shews upon the whole a sedate and deliberate courage, which, if not so glaring as some others, is yet more just. It is worth considering how thoroughly *Virgil* penetrated all this, and saw into the very idea of *Homer*; so as to extend and call forth the whole figure in its full dimensions and colours from the slightest hints and sketches, which were but casually touched by *Homer*, and even in some points too where they were rather left to be understood, than expressed. And this, by the way, ought to be considered by those critics who object to *Virgil's* Hero the want of that sort of courage which strikes us so much in *Homer's Achilles*. *Aeneas* was not the creature of *Virgil's* imagination, but one whom the world was already acquainted with, and expected to see continued in the same character; and one who perhaps was chosen for the Hero of the *Latin Poem*, not only as he was the founder of the *Roman* empire, but as this more calm and regular character better agreed with the temper and genius of the Poet himself.

Thy

Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame, 220
And boasted glory of the *Lycian* name?

Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish *Troy* for slighted sacrifice; 225

(Which oh avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate *Jove* with pray'r;
If man, destroy; if God, intreat to spare.

To him the *Lycian*. Whom your eyes behold, 230
If right I judge, is *Diomed* the bold.

Such courfers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that Chief's disguise;
Or if that Chief, some guardian of the skies, 235
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.

I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell,
And, but some God, some angry God withstands, 240
His fate was due to these unerring hands.

Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.

Ten

V. 242. *Skill'd in the bow, &c.*] We see thro' this whole discourse of *Pandarus* the character of a vain-glorious passionate Prince, who being skilled in the use of the bow, was highly valued by himself and others for this excellence; but having been successful in two different trials of his skill, he is raised into an outrageous passion, which vents itself in vain threats on his guiltless bow. *Eustathius* on this passage relates a story of a *Paphlagonian*,

Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
 And still they grace *Lycaon's* princely dome: 245
 There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
 And twice ten coursers wait their Lord's command.
 The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
 When first for *Troy* I sail'd the sacred seas;
 In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide, 250
 And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.
 But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
 I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
 And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
 Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town: 255
 So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
 And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
 These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and *Atreus'* sons their points have found, 260
 And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.

In

nian, famous like him for his archery, who having missed his aim at repeated trials, was so transported by rage, that breaking his bow and arrows, he executed a more fatal vengeance by hanging himself.

V. 244. *Ten polish'd chariots.*] Among the many pictures *Homer* gives us of the simplicity of the heroic ages, he mingles from time to time some hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a Prince who has all those chariots for pleasure at one time, with their particular sets of horses to each, and the most sumptuous coverings in their stables. But we must remember that he speaks of an *Asiatic* Prince, those *Barbarians* living in great luxury. *Dacier*.

V. 251. *Yet to thrift inclin'd.*] 'Tis *Eustathius* his remark, that *Pandarus* did this out of avarice, to save the expence of his horses. I like this conjecture, because nothing seems more judicious, than to give a man of a perfidious character a strong tincture of avarice.

In vain they bled : This unavailing bow
 Serves not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
 In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
 And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung. 265
 Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,
 Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
 If e'er with life I quit the *Trojan* plain,
 If e'er I see my Spouse and Sire again,
 This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, 270
 Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the Leader of the *Dardan* race :
 Be calm, nor *Phæbus*' honour'd gift disgrace.
 The distant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
 The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed. 275
 Against yon' Hero let us bend our course,
 And, hand to hand, encounter force to force.
 Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
 Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight ;
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 280
 To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race :
 Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go,
 Or safe to *Troy*, if *Jove* assist the foe.

V. 261. *And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.*] The *Greek* is ἀρποῖς αἷμα. He says he is sure it was real blood that followed his arrow ; because it was anciently a custom, particularly among the *Spartans*, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breast-plates, that the blood they lost might not be seen by the soldiers, and tend to their discouragement. *Plutarch* in his *Instit. Lacon.* takes notice of this point of antiquity, and I wonder it escaped *Madam Dacier* in her translation.

V. 273. *Nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.*] For *Homer* tells us in the second book, v. 334. of the catalogue, that the bow and shafts of *Pandarus* were given him by *Apollo*.

Haste,

Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein :
 The warrior's fury let this arm sustain ; 285
 Or if to combat thy bold heart incline,
 Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

O Prince ! (*Lycaon's* valiant son reply'd)
 As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
 The horses, practis'd to their Lord's command, 290
 Shall hear the rein, and answer to thy hand.
 But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
 Thy voice alone can animate their fight :
 Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
 And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led. 295
 Thine be the guidance thence : With spear and shield
 Myself will charge this terror of the field.

And now both Heroes mount the glitt'ring car ;
 The bounding coursfers rush amidst the war.
 Their fierce approach bold *Sthenelus* espy'd, 300
 Who thus, alarm'd, to great *Tydidēs* cry'd.

O friend ! two chiefs of force immense I see ;
 Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee :
 Lo the brave heir of old *Lycaon's* line,
 And great *Æneas*, sprung from race divine ! 305
 Enough is giv'n to fame. Ascend thy car ;
 And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

V. 284. *Haste, seize the whip, &c.*] *Homer* means not here, that one of the Heroes should alight or descend from the chariot, but only that he should quit the reins to the management of the other, and stand on foot upon the chariot to fight from thence. As one might use the expression *to descend from the ship*, to signify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up arms. This is the note of *Eustathius*, by which it appears, that most of the translators are mistaken in the sense of this passage, and among the rest *Mr. Hobbes*.

At this the Hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight? 310
Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?

Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was *Tydides* born to tremble here.

I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance; 315

But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my Sire.

Nor shall yon' steeds, that fierce to fight convey
Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die; 320
So *Pallas* tells me, and forbids to fly.

But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein; 325
Swift to *Aeneas*' empty seat proceed,
And seize the courfers of æthereal breed.

The

V. 320. *One chief at least beneath his arm shall die.*] It is the manner of our author to make his persons have some intimation from within, either of prosperous or adverse fortune, before it happens to them. In the present instance, we have seen *Aeneas*, astonished at the great exploits of *Diomed*, proposing to himself the means of his escape by the swiftness of his horses, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, *Diomed* is so filled with assurance, that he gives orders here to *Sthenelus* to seize those horses, before they come up to him. The opposition of these two (as *Madam Dacier* has remarked) is very observable.

V. 327. *The courfers of æthereal breed.*] We have already observed the great delight *Homer* takes in horses, as well as heroes, of celestial race: And if he has been thought too fond of the genealogies of some of his warriors,

The race of those, which once the thund'ring God
 For ravish'd *Ganymede* on *Tros* bestow'd,
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run, 330
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
 Hence great *Anchises* stole a breed unknown,
 By mortal Mares, from fierce *Laomedon* :
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
 And two transport *Aeneas* o'er the plain. 335
 These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
 Thro' the wide world should make our glory known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
 And stern *Lycaon's* warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd, 340
 The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the pond'rous lance and flung,
 On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
 Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung. }
 He bleeds! the pride of *Greece*! (the boaster cries) 345
 Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!

rions, in relating them even in a battle; we find him here as willing to trace that of his horses in the same circumstance. These were of that breed which *Jupiter* bestowed upon *Tros*, and far superior to the common strain of *Trojan* horses. So that (according to *Eustathius's* opinion) the translators are mistaken who turn *Ἱππῶν ἰπποῖ*, the *Trojan* horses, in v. 222. of the original, where *Aeneas* extols their qualities to *Pandarus*. The same author takes notice, that frauds in the case of horses have been thought excusable in all times, and commends *Anchises* for this piece of theft. *Virgil* was so well pleased with it, as to imitate this passage in the seventh *Æneid*.

*Absenti Æneæ currum, geminosque jugales
 Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus ignem,
 Illorum de gente patri quos dædala Circe
 Suppositū de matre nothos furata creavit.*

Mistaken vaunter ! *Diomed* reply'd ;
 Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd :
 Ye 'scape not both ; one, headlong from his car,
 While hostile blood shall glut the God of War. 350

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
 Which, driv'n by *Pallas*, pierc'd a vital part ;
 Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
 The nose and eye-ball the proud *Lycian* fixt :
 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within, 355
 'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground ;
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound ;
 The starting coursers tremble with affright ;
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night. 360

To guard his slaughter'd friend, *Aeneas* flies,
 His spear extending where the carcase lies ;

Watchful

V. 353. *Full in his face it enter'd.*] It has been asked how *Diomed*, being on foot, could naturally be supposed to give such a wound as is described here. Were it never so improbable, the express mention that *Minerva* conducted the javelin to that part, would render this passage unexceptionable. But without having recourse to a miracle, such a wound might be received by *Pandarus*, either if he stooped, or if his enemy took the advantage of a rising ground, by which means he might not possibly stand higher, though the other were in a chariot. This is the solution given by the ancient *Scholia*, which is confirmed by the lowness of the chariots.

V. 361. *To guard his slaughter'd friend, Aeneas flies.*] This protecting the dead body was not only an office of piety agreeable to the character of *Aeneas* in particular, but looked upon as a matter of great importance in those times. It was believed that the very soul of the deceased suffered by the body's remaining destitute of the rites of sepulture, as not being else admitted to pass the waters of *Styx*. See what *Patroclus* his ghost says to *Achilles* in the 23d *Iliad*.

Har

Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd, 365
 He hides the Hero with a mighty shade,
 And threats aloud: the *Greeks* with longing eyes
 Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
 Then fierce *Tydidēs* stoops; and from the fields
 Heav'd with vast force a rocky fragment wields. 370
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days.

He

*Hæc omnis quam cernis, inops, inhumataque turba est;
 Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vchit unda, sepulti,
 Nec ripas datur horrendas & rauca fluentia
 Transportare prius, quàm sedibus ossa quierunt.
 Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

Whoever considers this, will not be surprized at those long and obstinate engagements for the bodies of the Heroes, so frequent in the *Iliad*. *Homer* thought it of such weight, that he has put this circumstance of want of burial into the *proposition* at the beginning of his Poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the *Greeks*.

V. 371. *Not two strong men.*] This opinion, of a degeneracy of human size and strength in the procc. ss of ages, has been very general. *Lucretius*, lib. 2.

*Jamque adeo fracta est ætas, effætaque tellus
 Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
 Sacra, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.*

The active life and temperance of the first men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be supposed to have given them this advantage. *Cælius* in his first book observes, that *Homer* mentions no sort of diseases in the old heroic times but what were immediately inflicted from heaven, as if their temperance and exercise preserved them from all besides. *Virgil* imitates this passage, with a farther allowance of the decay, in proportion to the distance of his time from that of

He swung it round ; and gath'ring strength to throw,
 Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.
 Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites, 375
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights ;
 Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
 And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
 Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains
 His falling bulk his bending arm sustains ; 380
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies ;
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
 'There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
 Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade ;
 But heav'nly *Venus*, mindful of the love 385
 She bore *Anchises* in th' *Idæan* grove,
 His danger views with anguish and despair,
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
 About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
 Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows. 390
 Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
 The swords wave harmless, and the jav'lines fall :
 Safe

Homer. For he says it was an attempt that exceeded the strength of *twelve* men, instead of *two*.

—*Saxum circumspicit ingens—*

Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

Juvenal has made an agreeable use of this thought in his fifteenth Satyr.

Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrefcebat Homero,

Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque pusillos.

V. 391. Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil.] *Homer* says, she spread her veil that it might be a defence against the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierced through, when *Venus* is wounded? It is manifest

Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor *Sthenelus* with unassisting hands, 395
Remain'd unheedful of his Lord's commands :
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.

Next rushing to the *Dardan* spoil, detains
The heav'nly coursers with the flowing manes : 400
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a *Trojan* Lord obey'd.
That charge to bold *Deipylus* he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein, 405
And follow'd where *Tydidēs* swept the plain.

Mean while, (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of *Venus* flies :

No

manifest the veil was not impenetrable, and is said to be a defence only as it rendered *Aeneas* invisible, by being interposed. This is the observation of *Eustathius*, and was thought too material to be neglected in the translation.

V. 403. *To bold Deipylus—Whom most he lov'd.*] *Sthenelus* (says M. Dacier) loved *Deipylus*, *parce qu'il avoit la mesme humeur que luy, la mesme sagesse*. The words in the original are ὅτιοι φρεσὶν ἀπρίᾳ ἦδν. *Because his mind was equal and consentaneous to his own*. Which I should rather translate, with regard to the character of *Sthenelus*, that he had the same *bravery*, than the same *wisdom*. For that *Sthenelus* was not remarkable for wisdom, appears from passages, and particularly from his speech to *Agamemnon* in the fourth book, upon which see *Plutarch's* remark, v. 456.

V. 408. *The raging chief in chace of Venus flies.*] We have seen with what ease *Venus* takes *Paris* out of the battle in the third book, when his life was in danger from *Menelaus* ; but here when she has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, she is not able to preserve herself or her son from the fury of *Diomed*.

No Goddess she commission'd to the field,
 Like *Pallas* dreadful with her sable shield, 410
 Or fierce *Bellona* thund'ring at the wall,
 While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
 He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
 New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
 Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends, 415
 And at the Goddess his broad lance extends;
 Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
 Th' ambrosial veil, which all the graces wove:
 Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
 And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd. 420

The difference of success in two attempts, so like each other, is occasioned by that penetration of sight with which *Pallas* had endued her favourite. For the Gods in their intercourse with men are not ordinarily seen, but when they please to render themselves visible; wherefore *Venus* might think herself and her son secure from the insolence of this daring mortal; but was in this deceived, being ignorant of that faculty, wherewith the hero was enabled to distinguish Gods as well as men.

V. 419. *Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd.* Plutarch in his *Symposiasts*, l. 9. tells us, that *Maximus* the Rhetorician proposed this far fetch'd question at a banquet, *On which of her hands Venus was wounded?* and that *Zopyrion* answered it by asking, *On which of his legs Philip was lame?* But *Maximus* replied, it was a different case: For *Demosthenes* left no foundation to guess at the one, whereas *Homer* gives a solution of the other, in saying that *Diomed* throwing his spear across, wounded her wrist: so that it was her right hand he hurt, her left being opposite his right. He adds another humorous reason from *Pallas's* reproaching her afterwards, as having got this wound while she was stroking and soliciting some *Grecian Lady*, and unbuckling her zone: *An action* (says this Philosopher) *in which no one would make use of the left hand.*

From

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God ;

Pure

V. 422. *Such stream as issues from a wounded God.*] This is one of those passages in *Homer*, which have given occasion to that famous censure of *Tully* and *Longinus*, *That he makes Gods of his heroes, and mortals of his Gods*. This, taken in a general sense, appeared the highest impiety to *Plato* and *Pythagoras* ; one of whom has banished *Homer* from his commonwealth, and the other said he was tortured in hell, for fictions of this nature. But if a due distinction be made of a difference among beings superior to mankind, which both the Pagans and Christians have allowed, these fables may be easily accounted for. Wounds inflicted on the dragon, bruising the serpent's head, and other such metaphorical Images, are consecrated in holy writ, and applied to angelical and incorporeal natures. But in our author's days they had a notion of Gods that were corporeal, to whom they ascribed bodies, though of a more subtle kind than those of mortals. So in this very piece he supposes them to have blood, but blood of a finer or superior nature. Notwithstanding the foregoing censures, *Milton* has not scrupled to imitate and apply this to angels in the Christian system, when *Satan* is wounded by *Michael* in his sixth book, v. 327.

‘ — Then *Satan* first knew pain,
‘ And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore
‘ The griding sword with discontinuous wound
‘ Pass'd thro' him ; but th' Æthereal substance clos'd,
‘ Not long divisible, and from the gash
‘ A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
‘ Sanguin, such as celestial spirits may bleed——
‘ Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live throughout,
‘ Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man
‘ In entrails, head or heart, liver or reins,
‘ Cannot but by annihilating die.

Aristotle, cap. 26 *Art. Poet.* excuses *Homer* for following fame and common opinion in his account of the Gods, though no way agreeable to truth. The religion of those times taught no other notions of the Deity than that the Gods were beings of human forms and passions ; so that any but a real *Anthropomorphite* would probably have

Pure Emanation ! uncorrupted flood ;
 Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood :

(For

have passed among the ancient *Greeks* for an impious heretic : They thought their religion, which worshipped the Gods in images of human shape, was much more refined and rational than that of *Ægypt* and other nations, who adored them in animal or monstrous forms. And certainly Gods of human shape cannot justly be esteemed or described otherwise ; than as a celestial race, superior only to mortal men by greater abilities and a more extensive degree of wisdom and strength, subject however to the necessary inconveniencies consequent to corporeal beings. *Cicero*, in his book *de nat. Deor.* urges this consequence strongly against the *Epicureans* who, though they deposed the Gods from any power in creating or governing the world, yet maintained their existence in human forms. *Non enim sentitis quàm multa vobis suscipienda sunt, si impetraveritis ut concedamus eandem esse hominum & Deorum figuram ; omnis cultus & curatio corporis erit eadem adhibenda Deo quæ adhibetur homini, ingressus, cursus, accubatio, inclinatio, sessio, comprehensio, ad extremum etiam sermo & oratio. Nam quod & mares Deos & sæminas esse dicitis, quid sequatur videtis.*

This particular of the wounding of *Venus* seems to be a fiction of *Homer's* own brain, naturally deducible from the doctrine of corporeal Gods above mentioned ; and considered as poetry, no way shocking. Yet our Author, as if he had foreseen some objection, has very artfully inserted a justification of this bold stroke, in the speech *Dione* soon after makes to *Venus*. For as it was natural to comfort her daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had received as ill treatment from mortals by the permission of *Jupiter* ; so it was of great use to the Poet, to enumerate those ancient fables to the same purpose, which being then generally assented to might obtain credit for his own. This fine remark belongs to *Eustathius*.

V. 424. *Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood, &c.*] The opinion of the incorruptibility of celestial matter seems to have been received in the time of *Homer*. For he makes the immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are sustained : as the mortality of men to proceed from

(For not the bread of man their life sustains, 425
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him *Phabus* took : He casts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound. 430

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
The King insults the Goddess as she flies.
Ill with *Jove's* daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee:
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, 435
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.

Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus. The Goddess, seiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled. 440
To aid her, swift the winged *Iris* flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.

The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To *Mars*, who fate remote, they bent their way; 445
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd, he lay ;
Beside him stood his lance, dustain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
Her brother's car to mount the distant skies, 450
And

from the corruptible materials of which they are made,
and by which they are nourished. We have several
instances in him from whence this may be inferred, as
when *Diomed* questions *Glaucus* if he be a God or a
mortal, he adds, *One who is sustained by the fruits of
the earth.* Lib. 6. v. 175.

And shew'd the wound by fierce *Tydidēs* given,
 A mortal man who dares encounter heav'n.
 Stern *Mars* attentive hears the Queen complain,
 And to her hand commits the golden rein :
 She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe, 455
 Driv'n by the Goddess of the painted bow.
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies.
 There stopp'd the car, and there the courfers stood,
 Fed by fair *Iris* with ambrosial food. 460
 Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;
 She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
 And ask'd what God had wrought this guilty deed ?
 Then she ; this insult from no God I found, 465
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound !
 Behold the deed of haughty *Diomed* !
 'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.
 The war with *Troy* no more the *Grecians* wage ;
 But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage. 470
Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,
 And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share ;

V. 449. *Low at his knee she begg'd.*] All the former *English* translators make it, *she fell on her knees*, an oversight occasioned by the want of a competent knowledge in antiquities, (without which no man can tolerably understand this author) for the custom of praying on the knees was unknown to the *Greeks*, and in use only among the *Hebrews*.

V. 572. *And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must own.*] The word *inferior* is added by the translator, to open the distinction *Homer* makes between the Divinity itself, which he represents impassible, and the subordinate celestial beings or spirits.

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
 And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
 The mighty *Mars* in mortal fetters bound, 475
 And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and *Ephialtes* held the chain:
 Perhaps had perish'd, had not *Hermes*' care
 Restor'd the groaning God to upper air. 480
 Great *Juno*'s self has borne her weight of pain,
 Th' immortal partner of the heav'nly reign;
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
 E'en hell's grim King *Alcides*' pow'r confest, 485
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast,

V. 475. *The mighty Mars, &c.*] *Homer* in these fables, as upon many other occasions, makes a great show of his theological learning, which was the manner of all the *Greeks* who had travelled into *Egypt*. Those who would see these allegories explained at large, may consult *Eustathius* on this place. *Virgil* speaks much in the same figure, when he describes the happy peace with which *Augustus* had blest the world:

— *Furor impius intus*
Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.

V. 479. *Perhaps had perish'd.*] Some of *Homer*'s censurers have inferred from this passage, that the Poet represents his Gods subject to death; when nothing but great misery is here described. It is a common way of speech to use *perdition* and destruction for *misfortune*. The language of scripture calls eternal punishment *perishing everlastingly*. There is a remarkable passage to this purpose in *Tacitus*, *An. 6.* which very lively represents the miserable state of a distracted tyrant: It is the beginning of a Letter from *Tiberius* to the Senate: *Quid scribam vobis P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii me Deaque pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.*

To *Jove's* high palace for a cure he fled,
 Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead ;
 Where *Paon*, sprinkling heav'nly balm around,
 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound. 490
 Rash impious man ! to stain the blest abodes,
 And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods !
 But thou (tho' *Pallas* urg'd thy frantic deed)
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,
 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends, 495
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends ;
 From fields of death when late he shall retire,
 No infant on his knees shall call him Sire.
 Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,
 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground ; 500
 Thy

V. 498. *No infant on his knees shall call him Sire.*] This is *Homer's* manner of foretelling that he shall perish unfortunately in battle, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expression. He does not simply say, he shall never return from the war, but intimates as much by describing the loss of the most sensible and affecting pleasure that a warrior can receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this speech of the hero's death, by representing it in a dream of his wife's. There are many fine strokes of this kind in the prophetic parts of the Old Testament. Nothing is more natural than *Dione's* forming those images of revenge upon *Diomed*, the hope of which vengeance was so proper a topic of consolation to *Venus*.

V. 500. *To stretch thee pale, &c.*] *Virgil* has taken notice of this threatening denunciation of vengeance, though fulfilled in a different manner, where *Diomed* in his answer to the Ambassador of King *Latinus* enumerates his misfortunes, and imputes the cause of them to this impious attempt upon *Venus*. *Æneid. lib. 11.*

*Invidisse Deos patriis ut redditus oris
 Conjugium optatum & pulchram Calydonā viderem ?
 Nunc*

Thy distant wife, *Ægiale* the fair,
 Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
 Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost Lord deplore,
 The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more !

This said, she wip'd from *Venus*' wounded palm 505
 The sacred *Ichor*, and infus'd the balm.

Juno and *Pallas* with a smile survey'd,
 And thus to *Jove* began the blue-ey'd maid.

Permit thy daughter, gracious *Jove* ! to tell
 How this mischance the *Cyprian* Queen befel. 510
 As late she try'd with passion to inflame
 'The tender bosom of a *Grecian* dame,
 Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
 To quit her country for some youth of *Troy* ;
 The clasping *Zone*, with golden buckles bound, 515
 Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

*Nunc etiam horibili visu portenta sequuntur :
 Et socii amissi petierunt aquora pennis :
 Fluminibusque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum
 Supplicia ! & scopulos lacrymans vocibus implent.
 Hæc aledæ ex illo mihi jam speranda fuerunt
 Tempore, cum ferro cælestia corpora demens
 Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.*

V. 501. *Thy distant wife.*] The Poet seems here to compliment the fair sex at the expence of truth, by concealing the character of *Ægiale*, whom he has described with the disposition of a faithful wife ; though the history of those times represents her as an abandoned prostitute, who gave up her own person and her husband's crown to her lover. So that *Diomed* at his return from *Troy*, when he expected to be received with all the tenderness of a loving spouse, found his bed and throne possessed by an adulterer, was forced to fly his country, and seek refuge and subsistence in foreign lands. Thus the offended Goddess executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the hero in a series of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his wife.

The

The Sire of Gods and men superior smil'd,
And, calling *Venus*, thus address his child.

Not

V. 517. *The Sire of Gods and men superior smil'd.*] One may observe the decorum and decency our Author constantly preserves on this occasion: *Jupiter* only *smiles*, the other Gods *laugh out*. That *Homer* was no enemy to mirth may appear from several places of his poem; which, so serious as it is, is interspersed with many gaieties, indeed more than he has been followed in by the succeeding Epic poets. *Milton*, who was perhaps sonder of him than the rest, has given most into the ludicrous; of which his *Paradise of Fools* in the third book, and his *jesting angels* in the sixth, are extraordinary instances. Upon the confusion of *Babel*, he says there was *great laughter in heaven*: as *Homer* calls the laughter of the Gods in the first book ἀσβεστός γέλωγ, an *inextinguishable laugh*: But the scripture might perhaps embolden the *English Poet*, which says, *The Lord shall laugh them to scorn*, and the like. *Plato* is very angry at *Homer* for making the Deities laugh, as a high indecency and offence to gravity. He says the Gods in our Author represent magistrates and persons in authority, and are designed as examples of such: On this supposition, he blames him for proposing immoderate laughter as a thing decent in great men. I forgot to take notice in its proper place, that the epithet, *inextinguishable*, is not to be taken literally for dissolute or ceaseless mirth, but was only a phrase of that time to signify cheerfulness and seasonable gaiety; in the same manner as we now say, *to die with laughter*, without being understood to be in danger of dying with it. The place, time and occasion were all agreeable to mirth: It was at a banquet; and *Plato* himself relates several things that past at the banquet of *Agathon*, which had not been either decent or rational at any other season. The same may be said of the present passage: raillery could never be more natural than when two of the female sex had an opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. *Homer* makes wisdom herself not able, even in the presence of *Jupiter*, to resist the temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous speech, and the supreme being himself vouchsafes a smile at it. But this (as *Eusebius* remarks) is not introduced without judgment and precaution. For we see he makes *Minerva* first beg *Jupiter's* permission for this piece of freedom, *Permit thy*

Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
 Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars ; 520
 Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
 To *Mars* and *Pallas* leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heav'n : While on the plain below
 The fierce *Tydidēs* charg'd his *Dardan* foe,
 Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way, 525
 And fearless dar'd the threat'ning God of day ;
 Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
 Tho' screen'd behind *Apollo's* mighty shield.
 Thrice rushing furious at the chief he strook ;
 His blazing buckler thrice *Apollo* shook ; 530
 He try'd the fourth : when breaking from the cloud,
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

O son of *Tydeus*, cease ! be wise, and see
 How vast the difference of the Gods and thee ;
 Distance immense ! between the pow'rs that shine 535
 Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
 And mortal man ! a wretch of humble birth,
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires ;
 He dreads his fury, and some steps retires. 540

Then

thy daughter, gracious Jove: in which he asks the reader's leave to enliven his narration with this piece of gaiety.'

V. 540. *He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.* *Diomed* still maintains his intrepid character ; he retires but a *step or two* even from *Apollo*. The conduct of *Homer* is remarkably just and rational here. He gives *Diomed* no sort of advantage over *Apollo*, because he would not feign what was intirely incredible, and what no allegory could justify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, as it is morally possible to overcome the irregular passions which are represented by those Deities. But it is impossible to vanquish *Apollo*, in whatsoever capacity he is considered, either as the *Sun* or as *Destiny*: One may shoot

Then *Phæbus* bore the chief of *Venus*' race
 To *Troy*'s high fane, and to his holy place ;
Latona there and *Phæbe* heal'd the wound,
 With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
 This done, the patron of the silver bow 545
 A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
 With great *Æneas* ; such the form he bore,
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
 And *Greece* and *Troy* with clashing shields engag'd, 550
 Mean-time on *Ilion*'s tow'r *Apollo* stood,
 And calling *Mars*, thus urg'd the raging God.

shoot at the sun, but not hurt him ; and one may strive against destiny, but not surmount it. *Eustathius*.

V. 546. *A phantom rais'd.*] The fiction of a God's placing a phantom instead of the hero, to delude the enemy and continue the engagement, means no more than that the enemy thought he was in the battle. This is the language of Poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and simple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and uninteresting. Thus *Minerva*'s guiding a javelin, signifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity ; *Mars* taking upon him the shape of *Acamas*, that the courage of *Acamas* excited him to do so, and in like manner of the rest. The present passage is copied by *Virgil* in the tenth *Æneid*, where the spectre of *Æneas* is raised by *Juno* or the *Air*, as it is here by *Apollo* or the *Sun* ; both equally proper to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this subject, will observe with what admirable art, and what exquisite ornaments, the later has improved and beautified his original. *Scaliger*, in comparing these places, has absurdly censured the phantom of *Homer* for its inactivity ; whereas it was only formed to represent the hero lying on the ground, without any appearance of life or motion. *Spencer* in the eighth canto of the third book seems to have improved this imagination, in the creation of his false *Florimel*, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occasion for many adventures.

Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall,
 Who bathe in blood, and shake th' embattel'd wall!
 Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes 555
 Dispatch yon' *Greek*, and vindicate the Gods.
 First rosy *Venus* felt his brutal rage;
 Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage.
 The wretch would brave high heav'n's immortal fire,
 His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire. 560

The god of battle issues on the plain,
 Stirs all the ranks, and fires the *Trojan* train:
 In form like *Acamas*, the *Thracian* guide,
 Enrag'd, to *Troy's* retiring chiefs he cry'd:
 How long, ye sons of *Priam*! will ye fly, 565
 And unreveng'd, see *Priam's* people die?
 Still unresisted shall the foes destroy,
 And stretch the slaughter to the gates of *Troy*?
 Lo! brave *Aeneas* sinks beneath his wound,
 Not god-like *Hector* more in arms renown'd: 570
 Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part.
 He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
 And, turn'd to *Hector*, these bold words address'd.

Say, Chief, is all thy ancient valour lost, 575
 Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
 That

V. 575. *The speech of Sarpedon to Hector.*] It will be hard to find a speech more warm and spirited than this of *Sarpedon*, or which comprehends so much in so few words. Nothing could be so artfully thought upon to pique *Hector* who was so jealous of his country's glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceived too great a notion of the *Trojan* valour; and to exalt the auxiliaries above his countrymen. The description *Sarpedon* gives of the little concern or interest himself had in the war, in opposition to the necessity and imminent danger of the

That propt alone by *Priam's* race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
 Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
 And the proud vaunt in just derision ends. 580
 Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
 Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
 Far distant hence I held my wide command,
 Where foaming *Xanthus* laves the *Lycian* land,
 With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest 585
 A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
 With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
 Yet first in fight my *Lycian* bands I chear,
 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear. 590
 While *Heſtor* idle stands, nor bids the brave
 Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
 Haſte, warrior, haſte! preſerve thy threaten'd ſtate;
 Or one vaſt burſt of all-involving fate
 Full o'er your tow'rs ſhall fall, and ſweep away 595
 Sons, fires and wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
 Rouze all thy *Trojans*, urge thy aids to fight;
 Theſe claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
 With force inceſſant the brave *Greeks* oppoſe;
 Such cares thy friends deſerve, and ſuch thy foes. 600
 Stung to the heart the gen'rous *Heſtor* hears,
 But juſt reproof with decent ſilence bears.

the *Trojans*, greatly ſtrengthens this preference, and lays
 the charge very home upon their honour. In the latter
 part, which preſcribes *Heſtor* his duty, there is a parti-
 cular reprimand, in telling him how much it behoves
 him to animate and encourage the auxiliaries; for this, is
 to ſay in other words, you ſhould exhort them, and
 they are forced on the contrary to exhort you.

From

From his proud car the Prince impetuous springs ;
 On earth he leaps ; his brazen armour rings.
 Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands ; 605
 Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
 Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
 They turn, they stand. The *Greeks* their fury dare,
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war. 610

As when, on *Ceres'* sacred floor, the swain
 Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain;
 And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
 Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn ;
 The grey dust, rising with collected winds, 615
 Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds.
 So white with dust the *Grecian* host appears,
 From trampling steeds, and thund'ring charioteers.
 The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
 And roll in smoaking volumes to the skies. 620
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
 And adds new horrors to the darken'd field ;
 Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil
 In *Troy's* defence *Apollo's* heav'nly will :
 Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires, 625
 Each *Trojan* bosom with new warmth he fires.
 And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
 Produc'd *Aeneas* to the shouting train ;

V. 611. *Ceres' sacred floor.*] *Homer* calls the threshing floor *sacred* (says *Eustathius*,) not only as it was consecrated to *Ceres*, but in regard of its great use and advantage to human kind ; in which sense also he frequently gives the same epithet to *cities*, &c. This simile is of an exquisite beauty.

Alive

Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
 Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound : 630
 Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day
 No pause of words admits, no dull delay ;
 Fierce *Discord* storms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,
Fame calls, *Mars* thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern *Diomed* with either *Ajax* stood, 635
 And great *Ulysses* bath'd in hostile blood.
 Embod'y'd, clos'd, the lab'ring *Grecian* train
 The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain ;
 Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
 Sercely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate. 640
 So when th' embattled clouds in dark array
 Along the skies their gloomy lines display,

When

V. 641. *So when th' embattled clouds.*] This simile contains as proper a comparison, and as fine a picture of nature, as any in *Homer*: However it is to be feared, the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many readers, because it is the description of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be observed only in a mountainous country. It happens frequently in very calm weather, that the atmosphere is charged with thick vapours, whose gravity is such that they neither rise nor fall, but remain poised in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for several days together. In a plain country this occasions no other visible appearance, but of an uniform clouded sky; but in a hilly region these vapours are to be seen covering the tops, and stretched along the sides, of the mountains; the clouded parts above being terminated and distinguished from the clear parts below by a strait line running parallel to the horizon, as far as the mountains extend. The whole compass of nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact representation of a numerous army, drawn up in line of battle, and expecting the charge. The long extended even front, the closeness of the ranks, the firmness, order, and silence of the whole, are all drawn with great resemblance in this one comparison.

When now the *North* his boist'rous rage has spent,
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,
 The low-hung vapours, motionless and still, 645
 Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
 'Till the mafs scatters as the winds arise,
 Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the Gen'ral wanting to his train,
 From troop to troop he toils thro' all the plain. 650
 Ye *Greeks*, be men! the charge of battle bear;
 Your brave associates, and yourselves revere!

parison. The Poet adds, that this appearance is while *Boreas* and other boisterous winds, which disperse and break the clouds, are laid asleep. This is as exact as it is poetical; for when the winds arise, this regular order is soon dissolved. This circumstance is added to the description, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and dissipation of the *Greeks*, which soon ensued when *Mars* and *Hector* broke in upon them.

V. 651. *Ye Greeks, be men, &c.*] If *Homer*, in the longer speeches of the *Iliad*, says all that could be said by eloquence, in the shorter he says all that can be said with judgment. Whatever some few modern Critics have thought, it will be found upon reflection, that the length or brevity of his speeches is determined as the occasions either allow leisure or demand haste. This concise oration of *Agamemnon* is a master piece in the *Laconic* way. The exigence required he should say something very powerful, and no time was to be lost. He therefore warms the brave and the timorous by one and the same exhortation, which at once moves by the love of glory, and the fear of death. It is short and full, like that of the brave *Scotch* General under *Gustavus*, who, upon sight of the enemy, said only this; *See ye those lads? Either sell them, or they'll sell you.*

V. 652. *Your brave associates, and yourselves revere.*] This noble exhortation of *Agamemnon* is correspondent to the wise scheme of *Nestor* in the second book: where he advised to rank the soldiers of the same nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous emulation or a decent shame. *Spondanus.*

Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 655
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
 The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
 Meets death, and, worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
 To meet whose point was strong *Deioon's* chance; 660
Aeneas's friend, and in his native place
 Honour'd and lov'd like *Priam's* royal race:
 Long had he fought the foremost in the field;
 But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield,
 His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, 665
 Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;
 The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
 His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce *Aeneas*, brandishing his blade,
 In dust *Orfilochus* and *Crethon* laid, 670
 Whose sire *Diöcleus*, wealthy, brave and great,
 In well-built *Pheræ* held his lofty seat:
 Sprung from *Alpheus*, plenteous stream, that yields
 Encrease of harvests to the *Pylian* fields:
 He got *Orfilochus*, *Diöcleus* he, 675
 And these descended in the third degree.

Too early expert in the martial toil,
 In sable ships they left their native soil,
 T' avenge *Atrides*: Now, untimely slain,
 They fell with glory on the *Phrygian* plain. 680
 So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood
 In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
 Ruff fearless to the plains, and uncontroul'd
 Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold;

'Till

'Till pierc'd at distance from their native den, 685
 O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
 Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
 Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they,
 Great *Menelaus* views with pitying eyes,
 Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; 690
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
 The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
 He thus advancing, *Nestor's* valiant son
 Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
 Struck with the thought, should *Helen's* lord be slain,
 And all his country's glorious labours vain. 695
 Already met the threat'ning heroes stand;
 The spears already tremble in their hand;
 In rush'd *Antilochus*, his aid to bring,
 And fall or conquer by the *Spartan* King. 700

V. 691. *Mars urg'd him on.*] This is another instance, to what has been in general observed in the discourse on the battles of *Homer*, of his artful manner of making us measure one hero by another. We have here an exact scale of the valour of *Aeneas* and of *Menelaus*; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is said of *Mars* in these lines, and by the necessity of *Antilochus's* assisting *Menelaus*: as afterwards what overbalance that assistance gave him, by *Aeneas's* retreating from them both. How very nicely are these degrees marked on either hand! This knowledge of the difference which nature itself sets between one and another, makes our Author neither blame these two heroes, for going against one, who was superior to each of them in strength; nor that one, for retiring from both, when their conjunction made them an overmatch to him. There is great judgment in all this.

V. 696. *And all his country's glorious labours vain.*] For (as *Agamemnon* said in the fourth book upon *Menelaus's* being wounded) if he were slain, the war would be at an end, and the *Greeks* think only of returning to their country. *Spondanus*.

These seen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his course,
 Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
 The breathless bodies to the *Greeks* they drew ;
 Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

First *Pylæmenes*, great in battle, bled, 705
 Who sheath'd in brass the *Paphlagonians* led.
Atrides mark'd him, where sublime he stood ;
 Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
 The faithful *Mydon*, as he turn'd from fight
 His flying coursers, sunk to endless night : 710
 A broken rock by *Nestor's* son was thrown ;
 His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone,
 From his numb'd hand the iv'ry studded reins,
 Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains :
 Mean-while his temples feel a deadly wound ; 715
 He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground :
 Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
 The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air :
 'Till trampled flat beneath the coursers feet
 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, 720 }
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great *Hector* saw, and raging at the view
 Pours on the *Greeks* : The *Trojan* troops pursue :
 He fires his host with animating cries,
 And brings along the Furies of the skies : 725
Mars, stern destroyer ! and *Bellona* dread,
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head,

V. 726. *Mars, stern destroyer, &c.*] There is a great nobleness in this passage: With what pomp is *Hector* introduced into the battle, where *Mars* and *Bellona* are his attendants? The retreat of *Diomed* is no less beautiful ; *Minerva* had remov'd the mist from his eyes, and he immediately discovers *Mars* assisting *Hector*. His surprize on this occasion is finely imaged by that of the traveller on the sudden sight of the river.

This

This swells the tumult, and the rage of fight ;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light ;
Where *Hector* march'd, the God of battles shin'd, 730
Now storm'd before him, and now raged behind.

Tydidēs paus'd amidst his full career ;
Then first the Hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes, 735
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at last.
Amaz'd no less the great *Tydidēs* stands; 740
He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands :

No wonder, *Greeks* ! that all to *Hector* yield.
Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the field ;
His strokes they second, and avert our spears :
Behold where *Mars*, in mortal arms, appears ! 745
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow ;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might ;
'Tis not with *Troy*, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the *Greeks* the black battalions drew; 750
And first two Leaders valiant *Hector* slew,
His force *Anchialus* and *Mnesthes* found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd ;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united dy'd, 755
Struck at the fight, the mighty *Ajax* glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Thro' *Amphius*' belt and heaving belly went :

These seen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his course,
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With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Thro' *Amphius*' belt and heaving belly went :

Amphius Apafus' happy foil possess'd, 760
 With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd;
 But Fate resistless from his country led
 The chief, to perish at his people's head.
 Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,
 And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring *Ajax* sprung: 765
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
 Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,
 And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast;
 He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd 770
 To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plummy pride.
 Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
 With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
 'Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,
 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground. 775
 While thus they strive, *Tlepolemus* the great,
 Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
 Burns with desire *Sarpedon*'s strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of *Jove*.
 Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on, 780
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
 Prepar'd for combat, ere the lance he tost,
 The daring *Rhodian* vents his haughty boast.

What brings this *Lycian* counsellor so far,
 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war? 785

V. 784. *What brings this Lycian counsellor so far.*]
 There is a particular Sarcastm in *Tlepolemus* calling *Sarpedon* in this place Λοκίων Βαλφηόρος *Lycian Counsellor*, one better skill'd in oratory than war; as he was the Governor of a people who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may guess from his character in *Homer*) remarkable for his speeches. This is rightly observed by *Spondanus*, though not taken notice of by *M. Dacier*.

Know

Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,
 Who style thee son of cloud-compelling *Jove*.
 How far unlike those Chiefs of race divine,
 How vast the difference of their deeds and thine?
Jove got such heroes as my Sire, whose soul 790
 No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon' proud ramparts stand
 Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
 With six small ships, and but a slender train,
 He left the town a wide deserted plain. 795
 But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
 While unreveng'd thy *Lycians* bite the ground:
 Small aid to *Troy* thy feeble force can be,
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
 Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go! 800
 I make this present to the shades below.

The son of *Hercules*, the *Rhodian* guide,
 Thus haughty spoke. The *Lycian* King reply'd.

Thy Sire, O Prince! o'eturn'd the *Trojan* state,
 Whose perjurd Monarch well deserv'd his fate; 805
 Those heav'nly steeds the Hero sought so far,
 False he detain'd, the just reward of war:
 Nor so content, the gen'rous Chief defy'd,
 With base reproaches and unmanly pride.

But

V. 792. *Troy felt his arm.*] He alludes to the history of the first destruction of *Troy* by *Hercules*, occasioned by *Laomedon*'s refusing that Hero the horses which were the reward promised him for the delivery of his daughter *Hesione*.

V. 809. *With base reproaches and unmanly pride.*] Methinks these words *καὶ ἡνίκα πρὸς μύθεω* include the chief sting of *Sarpedon*'s answer to *Tlepolemus*, which no Commentator that I remember has remarked. He tells him

But you, unworthy the high race you boast, 810
 Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost :
 Now meet thy fate, and, by *Sarpedon* slain,
 Add one more ghost to *Pluto's* gloomy reign.

He said : both jav'lines at an instant flew :
 Both struck, both wounded, but *Sarpedon's* flew : 815
 Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
 Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood :
 The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
 And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, *Tlepolemus*, was thrown 820
 Thy angry lance ; which piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the Chief of breath ;
 But *Jove* was present, and forbid the death.
 Borne from the conflict by his *Lycian* throng,
 The wounded Hero dragg'd the lance along. 825
 (His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,
 Thro' haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)

The *Greeks* with slain *Tlepolemus* retir'd ;
 Whose fall *Ulysses* view'd, with fury fir'd ;
 Doubtful if *Jove's* great son he should pursue, 830
 Or pour his vengeance on the *Lycian* crew.
 But heav'n and fate the first design withstand,
 Nor this great death must grace *Ulysses'* hand.

Minerva drives him on the *Lycian* train ;
Alastor, *Chromius*, *Halius*, strow'd the plain, 835
Alexander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmon* fell,
 And numbers more his sword had sent to hell :

Laomedon deserved his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave man with unmanly and scandalous reproaches : alluding to those which *Tlepolemus* had just before cast upon him.

But

But *Hector* saw; and furious at the fight,
 Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight:
 With joy *Sarpedon* view'd the wish'd relief, 840
 And faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the Chief.

Oh! suffer not the foe to bear away
 My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey.
 If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
 My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore, 845
 Yet let me die in *Ilion's* sacred wall:
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor *Hector* to the Chief replies,
 But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,

Swift

V. 848. *Nor Hector to the Chief replies.*] *Homer* is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent use he makes of the *silence* of the persons he introduces. It would be endless to collect all the instances of this truth throughout his Poem; yet I cannot but put toge her those that have already occurred in the course of this work, and leave to the reader the pleasure of observing it in what remains. The silence of the two Heralds, when they were to take *Briseis* from *Achilles* in *Lib. 1.* of which see note 39. In the third book, when *Iris* tells *Helen* the two rivals were to fight in her quarrel, and that all *Troy* were standing spectators; that guilty Princess makes no answer, but casts a veil over her face, and drops a tear; and when she comes just after into the presence of *Priam*, she speaks not, 'till after he has in a particular manner encouraged and commanded her. *Paris* and *Menelaus* being just upon the point to encounter, the latter declares his wishes and hopes of conquest to Heaven; the former, being engaged in an unjust cause, says not a word. In the fourth book, when *Jupiter* has expressed his desire to favour *Troy*, *Juno* declaims against him, but the *Goddeß of Wisdom*, though much concerned, holds her peace. When *Agamemnon* too rashly reproves *Diomed*, that Hero remains silent, and, in the true character of a rough warrior, leaves it to his actions to speak for him. In the present book, when *Sarpedon* has reproached *Hector* in an open and generous manner, *Hector* preserving the same war-like

Swift as a whirlwind drives the scatt'ring foes, 850
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, *Jove's* consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine *Sarpedon* laid:
Brave *Pelagon*, his fav'rite Chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh. 855
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night.
But *Boreas* rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The gen'rous *Greeks* recede with tardy pace, 860
Tho' *Mars* and *Hector* thunder in their face;

None

like character, returns no answer, but immediately hastens to the business of the field; as he also does in this place, where he instantly brings off *Sarpedon*, without so much as telling him he will endeavour his rescue. *Chapman* was not sensible of the beauty of this, when he imagined *Hector's* silence here proceeded from the pique he had conceived at *Sarpedon* for his late reproof of him. That translator has not scrupled to insert this opinion of his in a groundless interpolation altogether foreign to the author. But indeed it is a liberty he frequently takes, to draw any passage to some new, far-fetched conceit of his invention; insomuch, that very often before he translates any speech, to the sense or design of which he gives some fanciful turn of his own, he prepares it by several additional lines purposely to prepossess the reader of that meaning. Those, who will take the trouble, may see examples of this in what he sets before the speeches of *Hector*, *Paris* and *Helena*, in the sixth book, and innumerable other places.

V. 858. *But Boreas rising fresh.*] *Sarpedon's* fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, shews the great judgment of our author in these matters. But how poetically has he told this truth, in raising the God *Boreas* to his Hero's assistance, and making a little machine of but one line? this manner of representing common things in figure and person, was perhaps the effect of *Homer's Egyptian* education.

V. 860. *The gen'rous Greeks, &c.*] This slow and orderly

None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
 Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating, fight.
 Who first, who last, by *Mars* and *Hector's* hand
 Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand? 865
Teuthras the great, *Orestes* the renown'd
 For manag'd steeds, and *Trechus* press'd the ground;
 Next *Oenomaus* and *Oenops'* offspring dy'd;
Orestheus last fell groaning at their side:
Orestheus, in his painted mitre gay, 870
 In fat *Bæotia* held his wealthy sway,
 Where lakes surround low *Hyle's* wat'ry plain;
 A Prince and People studious of their gain.
 The carnage *Juno* from the skies survey'd, 874
 And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.

orderly retreat of the *Greeks*, with their front constantly turned to the enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and discipline. This manner of retreat was in use among the ancient *Lacedæmonians*, as were many other martial customs described by *Homer*. This practice took its rise among that brave people from the apprehensions of being slain with a wound received in their backs. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the highest infamy, but they had found a way to punish them who suffered thus even after their death, by denying them (as *Eustathius* informs us) the rites of burial.

V. 864. *Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?* This manner of breaking into an interrogation, amidst the description of a battle, is what serves very much to awaken the reader. It is here an invocation to the *Muse* that prepares us for something uncommon; and the *Muse* is supposed immediately to answer, *Teuthras the great, &c.* *Virgil*, I think, has improved the strength of this figure by addressing the apostrophe to the person whose exploits he is celebrating, as to *Camilla* in the eleventh book.

*Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo,
 Dejicis aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?*

O fight

O fight accurst ! Shall faithless *Troy* prevail,
 And shall our promise to our people fail ?
 How vain the word to *Menelaus* giv'n
 By *Jove's* great daughter and the Queen of Heav'n,
 Beneath his arms that *Priam's* tow'rs should fall ; 880
 If warring Gods for ever guard the wall ?

Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes :
 Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose !

She spoke ; *Minerva* burns to meet the war :
 And now Heav'n's Empress calls her blazing car. 885
 At her command rush forth the steeds divine ;
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
 Bright *Hebè* waits ; by *Hebè*, ever young,
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel 890
 Of sounding brass ; the polish'd axle steel.
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame ;
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
 Such as the Heavens produce : And round the gold
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd. 895
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone ;
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne.
 The car behind an arching figure bore ;
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.
 Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold, 900
 And golden reins th' immortal courfers hold.

V. 885. *And now heav'n's empress calls her blazing car, &c.*] *Homer* seems never more delighted than when he has some occasion of displaying his skill in *mechanics*. The detail he gives us of this chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes occasion to describe every different part, with a happiness rarely to be found in descriptions of this nature.

Herself

Herself, impatient, to the ready car
The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd, 905
(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of *Jove*.
Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field, 910
O'er her broad shoulder hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:

Here

V. 904. *Pallas disrobes.*] This fiction of *Pallas* arraying herself with the arms of *Jupiter*, finely intimates (says *Eustathius*) that she is nothing else but the wisdom of the Almighty. The same author tells us, that the ancients marked this place with a star, to distinguish it as one of those that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatness of sublimity in the whole passage, which is astonishing, and superior to any imagination but that of *Homer*; nor is there any that might better give occasion for that celebrated saying. That *he was the only man who had seen the forms of the Gods, or the only man who had shewn them*. With what nobleness he describes the chariot of *Juno*, the armour of *Minerva*, the *Ægis* of *Jupiter*, filled with the figures of *Horror*, *Affright*, *Discord*, and all the terrors of war, the effects of his wrath against men; and that spear with which his power and wisdom overturns whole armies, and humbles the pride of the kings who offend him? But we shall not wonder at the unusual majesty of all these ideas, if we consider that they have a near resemblance to some descriptions of the same kind in the sacred writings, where the Almighty is represented armed with terror, and descending in majesty to be avenged on his enemies: The chariot, the bow, and the shield of God, are expressions frequent in the *Psalms*.

V. 913. *A fringe of serpents.*] Our author does not particularly describe this fringe of the *Ægis*, as consisting of serpents; but that he did so, may be learned from
Herodotus,

Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear, 915
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
 And the dire orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,
 That dreadful nods with four o'er shading plumes ;
 So vast, the broad circumference contains 920
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
 The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends ;
 Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
 Pond'rous and huge ; that when her fury burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 925

Herodotus, in his fourth book. " The *Greeks* (says he)
 " borrowed the vest and shield of *Minerva* from the
 " *Lybians*, only with this difference, that the *Lybian*
 " shield was fringed with thongs of leather, the *Grecian*
 " with serpents." And *Virgil's* description of the same
Ægis agrees with this, *Æn.* 8. v. 435.

*Ægidaque horrifera, turbata Palladis arma,
 Certatim squamis serpentum, auroque polibant,
 Connexosque angues—*

This note is taken from *Spondanus*, as is also *Ogilby's* on this place ; but he has translated the passage of *Herodotus* wrong, and made the *Lybian* shield have the serpents, which were peculiar to the *Grecian*. By the way I must observe, that *Ogilby's* notes are for the most part a transcription of *Spondanus's*.

V. 920. *So vast, the broad circumference contains a hundred armies.*] The words in the original are *κατὰ πόλιν περὶ σὺν ἄκαρναν*, which are capable of two meanings ; either that this helmet of *Jupiter* was sufficient to have covered the armies of an hundred cities, or that the armies of an hundred cities were engraved upon it. It is here translated in such a manner that it may be taken either way, though the learned are most inclined to the former sense, as that idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed more agreeable to *Homer's* bold manner, and not extravagant, if we call in the allegory to our assistance, and imaginé it (with *M. Dacier*) an allusion to the providence of God that extends over all the universe.

Swift

Swift at the scourge th' etherial courfers fly,
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky,
 Heav'n gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 930
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,

V. 928. *Heav'n gates spontaneous open.*] This marvellous circumstance of the gates of heaven opening themselves of their own accord to the divinities that passed through them, is copied by Milton, *Lib. 5.*

— *At the gate*
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.

And again, in the seventh book,

Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving.—

As the fiction that the hours are the guards of those gates, gave him the hint of that beautiful passage in the beginning of his sixth,

— *The morn,*
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light, &c.

This expression of *the gates of Heav'n* is in the *Eastern* manner, where they said the *gates* of Heaven or of Earth, for the *entrance* or *extremities* of Heaven or Earth; a phrase usual in the scriptures, as is observed by *Dacier*.

V. 929. *Heav'n's golden gates kept by the wing'd hours.*] By the *hours* here are meant the *seasons*; and so *Hobbes* translates it, but spoils the sense by what he adds,

Tho' to the seasons Jove the power gave
Alone to judge of early and of late;

Which is utterly unintelligible, and nothing like *Homer's* thought *Natalis Comes* explains it thus, *Lib. 4. c. 4.* *Homerus libro quinto Iliadis non solum has portas cali servare, sed etiam nubes inducere & serenum facere, cum libuerit; quippe cum apertum cælum, serenum nominent poetæ, at clausum, tectum nubibus.*

Involve

Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
 The sounding hinges ring: On either side
 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide. 935
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies
 Confus'd, *Olympus*' hundred heads arise;
 Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne;
 O'er all the Gods, superior and alone.
 There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains 940
 The fiery steeds, and thus to *Jove* complains.

O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
 Can *Mars* rebel, and does no thunder roll?
 What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,
 What rash destruction! and what heroes slain? 945
Venus, and *Phæbus* with the dreadful bow,
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
 Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind
 No God can govern, and no justice bind.
 Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride, 950
 And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

To whom assenting, thus the Thund'rer said:
 Go! and the great *Minerva* be thy aid.
 To tame the Monster-god *Minerva* knows,
 And oft' afflicts his brutal breast with woes. 955

He said; *Saturnia*, ardent to obey,
 Lash'd her white steeds along th' ærial way.

V. 954. *To tame the Monster-god Minerva knows.* For it is only wisdom that can master strength. It is worth while here to observe the conduct of *Homer*. He makes *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight with *Mars*, because a combat between *Mars* and *Juno* could not be supported by any allegory to have authorized the fable: Whereas the allegory of a battle between *Mars* and *Minerva* is very open and intelligible. *Eustathius*.

Swift

Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,
 Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.
 Far as a shepherd, from some point on high, 960
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye ;
 Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
 At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound.
 Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine
 Where silver *Simois* and *Scamander* join. 965
 There *Juno* stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)
 Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd ;
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew,
 On *Simois* brink ambrosial herbage grew,
 Thence to relieve the fainting *Argive* throng, 970
 Smooth as the sailing doves they glide along.

The

V. 960. *Far as a shepherd, &c.*] *Longinus* citing these verses as a noble instance of the sublime, speaks to this effect. " In what a wonderful manner does " *Homer* exalt his Deities ; measuring the leaps of their " very horses by the whole breadth of the horizon ? " Who is there that, considering the magnificence of " this hyperbole, would not cry out with reason, that " if these heavenly steeds were to make a second leap, " the world would want room for a third ? " This puts me in mind of that passage in *Hesiod's Theogony*, where he describes the height of the Heavens, by saying a smith's anvil would be nine days in falling from thence to earth.

V. 971. *Smooth as the sailing doves.*] This simile is intended to express the lightness and smoothness of the motion of these Goddesses. The doves, to which *Homer* compares them, are said by the ancient scholiast to leave no impression of their steps. The word *βάρνη* in the original may be rendered *ascenderunt* as well as *incesserunt* ; so may imply (as *M. Dacier* translates it) moving without touching the earth, which *Milton* finely calls *smooth sliding without step*. *Virgil* describes the gliding of one of these birds by an image parallel to that in this verse :

— *Mox*

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
 (A warlike circle) round *Tydidēs* stand :
 Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood. 975
 Heav'n's Empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
 And shouts in *Stentor*'s sounding voice, aloud :
Stentor the strong, endur'd with brazen lungs,
 Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.
 Inglorious *Argives* ! to your race a shame, 980
 And only men in figure and in name :
 Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
 While fierce in war divine *Achilles* rag'd ;

— *Mox aere lapsa quieto,
 Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.*

This kind of movement was appropriated to the Gods by the *Egyptians*, as we see in *Heliodorus*, lib. 3. *Homer* might possibly have taken this notion from them. And *Virgil* in that passage where *Aeneas* discovers *Venus* by her gait, *Et vera incessu patuit Dea*, seems to allude to some manner of moving that distinguished divinities from mortals. This opinion is likewise hinted at by him in the *Aeneid*, where he so beautifully and briefly enumerates the distinguishing marks of a Deity.

— *Divini signa decoris,
 Ardentesque notate oculos : qui spiritus illi.
 Qui vultus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti !*

This passage likewise strengthens what is said in the notes on the first book, v. 268.

V. 978. *Stentor the strong, endur'd with brazen lungs.*] There was a necessity for criers whose voices were stronger than ordinary, in those ancient times, before the use of trumpets was known in their armies. And that they were in esteem afterwards, may be seen from *Herodotus*, where he takes notice that *Darius* had in his train an *Egyptian*, whose voice was louder and stronger than any man's of his age. There is a farther propriety in *Homer*'s attributing this voice to *Juno* ; because *Juno* is no other than the *Air*, and because the *Air* is the cause of sound. *Eustathius*, *Spondanus*.

Now

Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain. 985

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near *Tydidēs* stood th' *Athenian* maid:
'The King beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he fate apart, 990
(The wound inflicted by the *Lycian* dart)
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulder lay,
He eas'd; and wash'd the clotted gore away. 995
The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke.

Degen'rate Prince! and not of *Tydeus*' kind,
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share. 1000
And scarce refrain'd when I forbad the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go,
And fast encircled by the *Theban* foe:
There brav'd and vanquish'd many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight. 1005

V. 998. *Degen'rate Prince, &c.*] This speech of *Minerva* to *Diomed* derives its whole force and efficacy from the offensive comparison she makes between *Tydeus* and his son. *Tydeus*, when he was single in the city of his enemy, fought and overcame the *Thebans*, even though *Minerva* forbad him; *Diomed* in the midst of his army, and with enemies inferior in number, declines the fight, though *Minerva* commands him. *Tydeus* disobeys her, to engage in the battle; *Diomed* disobeys her to avoid engaging; and that too after he had upon many occasions experienced the assistance of the Goddess. Madam *Dacier* should have acknowledged this remark to belong to *Eustathius*.

Thou

Thou too no less hast been my constant care ;
 Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war :
 But thee, or fear deters, or sloth detains ;
 No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid !
 I own thy presence, and confess thy aid. 1011
 Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,
 Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains :
 From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
 And *Venus* only found resistance here. 1015
 Hence, Goddess ! heedful of thy high commands,
 Loth I gave way, and warn'd our *Argive* bands :
 For *Mars*, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
 With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus *Minerva*. Brave *Tydidēs*, hear ! 1020
 Not *Mars*, himself, nor ought immortal fear.
 Full on the God impel thy foaming horse :
Pallas commands, and *Pallas* lends thee force.
 Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
 And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries ; 1025
 Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made ;
 Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.

V. 1024. *Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies.* *Minerva* in this place very well paints the manners of *Mars*, whose business was always to fortify the weaker side, in order to keep up the broil. I think the passage includes a fine allegory of the nature of war. *Mars* is called *inconstant*, and a *breaker of his promises*, because the chance of war is wavering, and uncertain victory is perpetually changing sides. This latent meaning of the epithet ἀλλοπρόσαλλός is taken notice of by *Eustathius*.

The

The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends, 1030
 Fierce for revenge ; and *Diomed* attends.
 The groaning axle bent beneath the load ;
 So great a Hero, and so great a God.
 She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
 And full on *Mars* impell'd the foaming horse : 1035
 But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
 Black *Orcus*' helmet o'er her radiant head.
 Just then gigantic *Periphas* lay slain,
 The strongest warrior of th' *Ætolian* train :
 The God who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
 Stretch'd where he fell, and at *Tydidēs* flies. 1041
 Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
 The daring *Greek* ; the dreadful God of war !
 Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
 From *Mars* his arm th' enormous weapon fled : 1045
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
 Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.

V. 1033. *So great a God.*] The translation has ventured to call a Goddess so ; in imitation of the *Greek*, which uses the word *Θεός* promiscuously for either gender. Some of the *Latin* Poets have not scrupled to do the same. *Statius*, *Thebaid* 4. (speaking of *Diana*)

Nec caret umbra Deo.

And *Virgil*, *Æneid* 2. where *Æneas* is conducted by *Venus* through the dangers of the fire and the enemy.

Descendo, ac, ducente Deo, flammam inter & hostes Expedior.—

V. 1037. *Black Orcus' helmet.*] As every thing that goes into the dark empire of *Pluto*, or *Orcus*, disappears and is seen no more ; the *Greeks* from thence borrowed this figurative expression, *to put on Pluto's helmet*, that is to say, *to become invisible*. *Plato* uses this proverb in the tenth book of his *Republic*, and *Aristophanes* in *Acharnens*. *Eustathius*.

Then

Then threw the force of *Tydeus'* warlike son ;
 The jav'lin hiss'd ; the Goddess urg'd it on :
 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round, 1050
 It pierc'd the God : His groin receiv'd the wound.
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
 The smoking steel. *Mars* bellows with the pain.
 Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield,
 When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.
 Both armies start, and trembling gaze around ; 1056
 And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.
 As vapours blown by *Auster's* sultry breath,
 Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
 Beneath

V. 1054. *Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield.*] This *Hyperbole* to express the roaring of *Mars*, so strong as it is, yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying circumstance or two ; the voice is not human, but that of a Deity ; and the comparison being taken from an army, renders it more natural with respect to the God of War. It is less daring to say that a God could send forth a voice as loud as the shout of two armies, than that *Camilia*, a *Latian* nymph, could run so swiftly over the corn as not to bend an ear of it. Or, to alledge a nearer instance, that *Polyphemus*, a mere mortal, shook all the island of *Sicily*, and made the deepest caverns of *Ætna* roar with his cries. Yet *Virgil* generally escapes the censure of those moderns who are shocked with the bold flights of *Homer*. It is usual with those, who are slaves to common opinion, to overlook or praise the same thing in one, that they blame in another. They think to depreciate *Homer* in extolling the judgment of *Virgil*, who never shewed it more than when he followed him in these boldnesses. And indeed they who would take boldness from poetry, must leave dulness in the room of it.

V. 1058. *As vapours blown, &c.*] *Mars* after a sharp engagement, amidst the rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a whirlwind of dust, which was raised by so many thousand combatants, flies towards *Olympus*. *Homer* compares him in this estate, to those black clouds, which during a scorching southern wind in the dog-days, are sometimes

Benath the rage of burning *Sirius* rise, 1060
 Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies ;
 In such a cloud the God, from combat driv'n,
 High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.
 Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,
 There sullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods, 1065
 Shew'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
 Thus pour'd his complaints before th' immortal throne.

Can *Jove*, supine, flagitious facts survey,
 And brook the furies of this daring day ?
 For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage, 1070
 And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
 From thee, O father ! all these ills we bear,
 And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear :
 Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right. 1075
 All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,
 Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey :
 'Tis hers t'offend, and ev'n offending share
 Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care :

times borne towards Heaven ; for the wind at that time, gathering the dust together, forms a dark cloud of it. The heat of the fight, the precipitation of the *Trojans*, together with the clouds of dust that flew above the army, and took *Mars* from the fight of his enemy, supplied *Homer* with this noble image. *Dacier*.

V. 1074. *Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light, Pernicious, wild, &c*] It is very artful in *Homer* to make *Mars* accuse *Minerva* of all those faults and enormities he was himself so eminently guilty of. Those people, who are the most unjust and violent, accuse others, even the best, of the same crimes : Every irrational man is a distorted rule, tries every thing by that wrong measure, and forms his judgment accordingly. *Eusebathius*.

So boundless she, and thou so partial grown, 1080
 Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.
 Now frantic *Diomed*, at her command,
 Against th' immortals lifts his raging hand :
 The heav'nly *Venus* first his fury found,
 Me next encountring, me he dar'd to wound ; 1085
 Vanquish'd I fled : Ev'n I, the God of fight,
 From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
 Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
 Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain ;
 Or pierc'd with *Grecian* darts, for ages lie, 1090
 Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
 The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.
 To me, perfidious ! this lamenting strain ?
 Of lawless force shall lawless *Mars* complain ? 1095
 Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes !

Inhuman

V. 1091. *Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.*] Those are mistaken who imagine our author represents his Gods as mortal. He only represents the inferior or corporeal Deities as capable of pains and punishments, during the will of *Jupiter*, which is not inconsistent with true theology. If *Mars* is said in *Dione's* speech to *Venus* to have been near perishing by *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, it means no more than lasting misery, such as *Jupiter* threatens him with when he speaks of precipitating him into *Tartarus*. *Homer* takes care to tell us both of this God and of *Pluto*, when *Pæon* cured them, that they were not mortal.

Οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνήσκος γ' ἰτέτυκτο.

V. 1096. *Of all the Gods—Thou most unjust, most odious, &c.*] *Jupiter's* reprimand of *Mars* is worthy the justice and goodness of the great Governor of the world, and seems to be no more than was necessary in this place. *Homer* hereby admirably distinguishes between
Minerva

Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight,
 No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells, 1100
 And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.

In

Minerva and *Mars*, that is to say, between *Wisdom* and ungoverned *Fury*; the former is produced from *Jupiter* without a mother, to shew that it proceeds from God alone; (and *Homer*'s alluding to that fable in the preceding speech shows that he was not unacquainted with this opinion.) The latter is born of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, because, as *Plato* explains it, whatever is created by the ministry of the second causes and the concurrence of matter, partakes of that original spirit of division which reigned in the *chaos*, and is of a corrupt and rebellious nature. The reader will find this allegory pursued with great beauty in these two speeches; especially where *Jupiter* concludes with saying he will not destroy *Mars*, because he comes from himself; God will not annihilate *Passion*, which he created to be of use to *Reason*: "Wisdom (says *Eustathius* upon this place) has occasion for passion, in the same manner as Princes have need of guards. Therefore reason and wisdom correct and keep passion in subjection, but do not entirely destroy and ruin it."

V. 1101. *And all thy mother in thy soul rebels, &c.* *Jupiter* says of *Juno*, that she has a temper which is insupportable, and knows not how to submit, though he is perpetually chastising her with his reproaches. *Homer* says no more than this, but *M. Dacier* adds, *Si je ne la retiens par la sévérité des mes loix, il n'est rien qu'elle ne bouleversast dans l'Olympe & sous l'Olympe*. Upon which she makes a remark to this effect, "That if it were not for the laws of Providence, the whole world would be nothing but confusion." This practice of refining and adding to *Homer*'s thought in the text, and then applauding the author for it in the notes, is pretty usual with the more florid modern translators. In the third *Iliad*, in *Helen*'s speech to *Priam* v. 175. she wishes she had rather died than followed *Paris* to *Troy*. To this is added in the *French*, *Mais je n'eus ni assez de courage ni assez de vertu*, for which there is not the least hint in *Homer*. I mention this particular instance in pure justice, because in the treatise de la corruption du gout exam. de Liv. 3. she triumphs over M.

In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use ;
 She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
 Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn, 1104
 Sprung since thou art from *Jove*, and heav'nly born.
 Else, sing'd with light'ning, had'st thou hence been
 thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the *Titans* groan.

Thus he who shakes *Olympus* with his nod ;
 Then gave to *Pæon's* care the bleeding God.
 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around, 1110
 And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.
 As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
 To curds coagulates the liquid stream,

Sudden

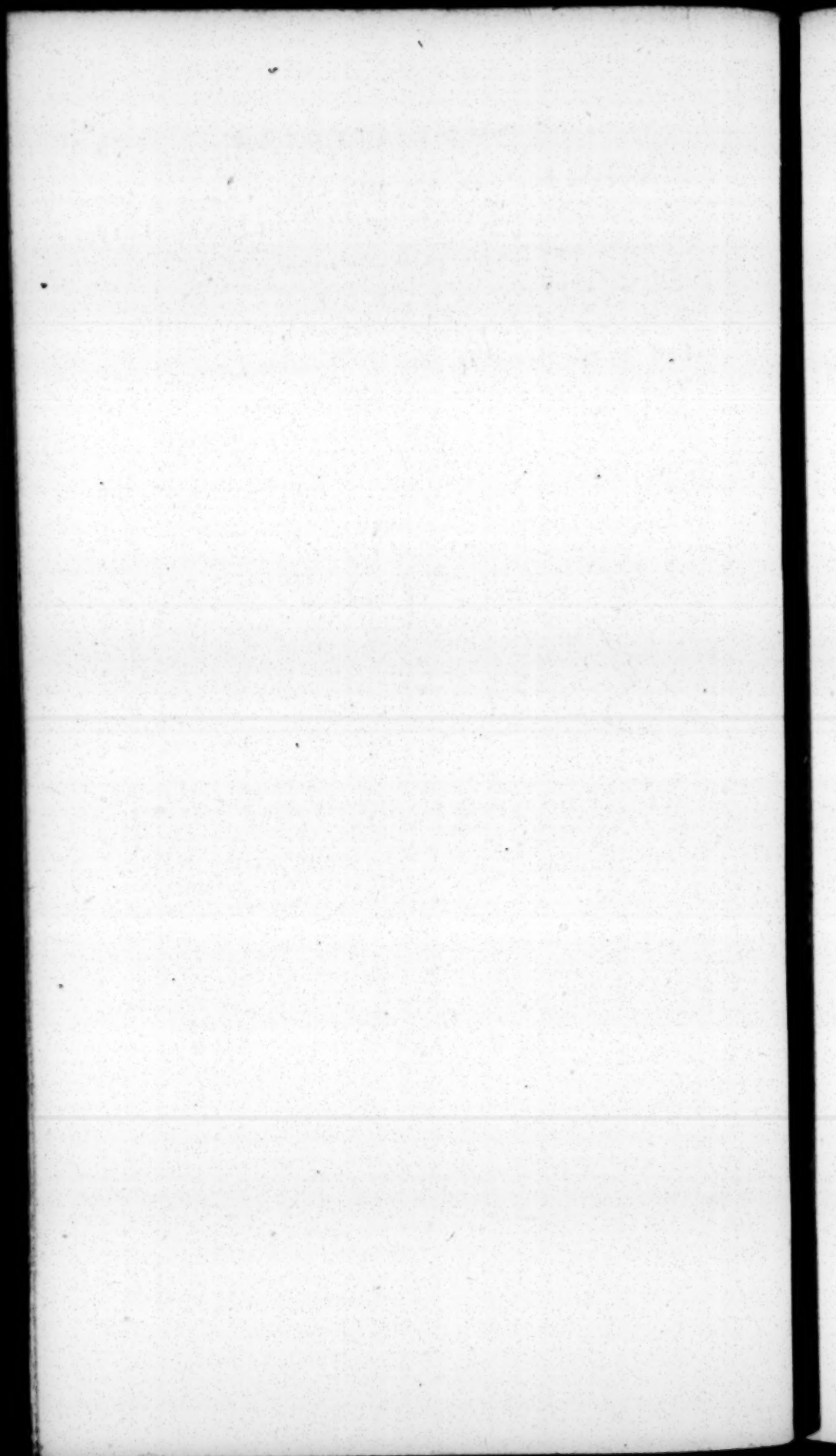
de la Motte, as if he had omitted the sense and moral of *Homer* in that place, when in truth he only left out her own interpolation.

V. 1112. *As when the fig's prest juice, &c.*] The sudden operation of the remedy administered by *Pæon*, is well expressed by this similitude. It is necessary just to take notice, that they anciently made use of the juice or sap of a fig for runnet, to cause their milk to coagulate. It may not be amiss to observe, that *Homer* is not very delicate in the choice of his allusions. He often borrowed his similes from low life, and provided they illustrated his thoughts in a just and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

The allegory of this whole book lies so open, is carried on with such closeness, and wound up with so much fullness and strength, that it is a wonder how it could enter into the imagination of any critic, that these actions of *Diomed* were only a daring and extravagant fiction in *Homer*, as if he affected the *marvellous* at any rate. The great moral of it is, that a brave man should not contend against Heaven, but resist only *Venus* and *Mars*, Incontinence and ungoverned Fury. *Diomed* is proposed as an example of a great and enterprizing nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing extravagances or impieties, did it not suffer itself to be checked and guided by *Minerva* or Prudence: For it
 is

Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
 Such, and so soon, th' ætherial texture join'd. 1115
 Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair *Hebè* dress'd
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
 Glorious he fate, in majesty restor'd,
 Fast by the throne of heav'n's superior Lord.
Juno and *Pallas* mount the blest abodes, 1120
 Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

is this *Wisdom* (as we are told in the very first lines of the book) that raises a Hero above all others. Nothing is more observable than the particular care *Homer* has taken to shew he designed this moral. He never omits any occasion throughout the book, to put it in express terms into the mouths of the Gods, or persons of the greatest weight. *Minerva*, at the beginning of the battle, is made to give this precept to *Diomed*: *Fight not against the Gods, but give way to them, and resist only Venus*. The same Goddess opens his eyes, and enlightens him so far as to perceive when it is heaven that acts immediately against him, or when it is man only that opposes him. The hero himself, as soon he has performed her dictates, in driving away, *Venus* cries out, not as to the Goddess, but as to the *Passion*, *Thou hast no business with warriors, is it not enough that thou deceivest weak women?* Even the mother of *Venus*, while she comforts her daughter, bears testimony to the moral: *That man (says she) is not long-lived who contends with the Gods*. And when *Diomed*, transported by his nature, proceeds but a step too far, *Apollo* discovers himself in the most solemn manner, and declares this truth in his own voice, as it were by direct revelation: *Mortal, forbear! consider, and know the vast difference there is between the Gods and thee. They are immortal and divine, but man a miserable reptile of the dust.*



THE
SIXTH BOOK

OF THE
ILLIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, and of
Hector and *Andromache*.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. *Helenus*, the chief augur of *Troy*, commands *Hector* to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the Queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of *Minerva*, to entreat her to remove *Diomed* from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of *Hector*, *Glaucus* and *Diomed* have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. *Hector* having performed the Orders of *Helenus*, prevailed upon *Paris* to return to the battle, and taken a tender leave of his wife *Andromache*, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river *Simois* and *Scamander*, and then changes to *Troy*.

THE

T H E
S I X T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight: Th' immor-
tals yield,

To human force and human skill, the field.

Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes ;

Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows ;

While *Troy's* fam'd * streams that bound the deathful
plain

5

On either side ran purple to the main.

Great *Ajax* first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day,

* *Scamander* and *Simois*.

V. 7. *Great Ajax*] *Ajax* performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the Gods from the battle. It is observed that this hero is never assisted by the Deities, as most of the rest are : See his character in the notes on the seventh book. The expression of the *Greek* is, that he *brought light to his troops*, which *M. Dacier* takes to be metaphorical : I do not see but it may be literal ; he broke the thick squadrons of the enemy, and opened a passage for the light.

D 4

The

The *Thracian Acamas* his faulchion found,
 And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground; 10
 His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest
 Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
 Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
 And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.

Next *Teuthras*' son distain'd the sands with blood, 15
Axylus, hospitable, rich and good :

In

V. 9. *The Thracian Acamas*] This *Thracian Prince* is the same in whose likeness *Mars* appears in the preceding book, rallying the *Trojans*, and forcing the *Greeks* to retire. In the present description of his strength and size, we see with what propriety this personage was selected by the Poet, as fit to be assumed by the God of war.

V. 16. *Axylus, hospitable.*] This beautiful character of *Axylus* has not been able to escape the misunderstanding of some of the Commentators, who thought *Homer* designed it as a reproof of an undistinguishing generosity. It is evidently a panegyric on that virtue, and not improbably on the memory of some excellent, but unfortunate man in that country, whom the Poet honours with the noble title of *A friend to mankind*: It is indeed a severe reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of satyr on human race, while he represents this lover of his species miserably perishing without assistance from any of those numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumstance of a faithful servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a character. His manner of keeping house near a frequented high-way, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this spirit every where in the *Odyssey*. The Patriarchs in the Old Testament sit at their gates to see those who pass by, and entreat them to enter into their houses. This cordial manner of invitation is particularly described in the 18th and 19th chapters of *Genesis*. The *Eastern* nations seem to have had a particular disposition to these exercises of humanity, which continues in a great measure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect *Caravanserahs*, or inns, for the reception

In fair *Arisba's* walls, (his native place)
He held his seat ; a friend to human race.

Fall

tion of travellers. Since I am upon this head, I must mention one or two extraordinary examples of ancient hospitality. *Diodorus Siculus* writes of *Gallias* of *Agri- gentum*, that having built several inns for the relief of strangers, he appointed persons at the gates to invite all who travelled to make use of them ; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined after the ancient manner to live in a humane and beneficent correspondence with mankind. That this *Gallias* entertained and clothed at one time no less than five hundred horsemen ; and that there were in his cellars three hundred vessels, each of which contained an hundred hogheads of wine. The same Author tells us of another *Agrientine*, that at the marriage of his daughter feasted all the people of his city, who at that time were above twenty thousand.

Herodotus in his seventh book has a story of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private man so immensely rich as to entertain *Xerxes* and his whole army. I shall transcribe the passage as I find it translated to my hands.

" *Pythius* the son of *Atys*, a *Lydian*, then residing in
" *Calene*, entertained the King and all his army with
" great magnificence, and offered him his treasures to-
" wards the expence of the war : which liberality *Xerxes*
" communicating to the *Persians* about him, and asking
" who this *Pythius* was. and what riches he might have
" to enable him to make such an offer ? received this
" answer : *Pythius*, said they, is the person who pre-
" sented your father *Darius* with a plane tree and vine
" of gold ; and after you, is the richest man we know
" in the world. *Xerxes* surprized with these last words,
" asked him to what sum his treasures might amount.
" I shall conceal nothing from you, said *Pythius*, nor
" pretend to be ignorant of my own wealth ; but be-
" ing perfectly informed of the state of my accounts,
" shall tell you the truth with sincerity. When I heard
" you were ready to begin the march towards the *Gre-*
" *cian* sea, I resolved to present you with a sum of
" money towards the charge of the war ; and to that end
" having taken an account of my riches, I found by com-
" putation that I had two thousand talents of silver, and
" three millions nine hundred and ninety-three thousand
" pieces of gold, bearing the stamp of *Darius*. These
" treasures

Fast by the road, his ever-open door
 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor, 20
 To stern *Tydidēs* now he falls a prey,
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side,
 His faithful servant, old *Calestus* dy'd.

By great *Euryalus* was *Drefus* slain, 25
 And next he laid *Opheltius* on the plain.
 Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
 From a fair *Naiad* and *Bucolion* sprung.
 (*Laomedon's* white flocks *Bucolion* fed
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ; 30
 In secret woods he won the *Naiad's* grace,
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)

" treasures I freely give you, because I shall be sufficiently furnished with whatever is necessary to life by the labour of my servants and husbandmen.

" *Xerxes* heard these words with pleasure, and in answer to *Pythius*, said ; my *Lydian* host, since I parted from *Susa* I have not found a man besides yourself, who has offered to entertain my army, or voluntarily to contribute his treasures to promote the present expedition. You alone have treated my army magnificently, and readily offered me immense riches. Therefore, in return of your kindness, I make you my host ; and that you may be master of the intire sum of four millions of gold, I will give you seven thousand *Darian* pieces out of my own treasure. Keep then all the riches you now possess ; and if you know how to continue always in the same good disposition, you shall never have reason to repent of your affection to me, either now or in future time."

The sum here offered by *Pythius* amounts, by *Brerewood's* computation, to three millions three hundred seventy-five thousand pounds Sterling, according to the lesser valuation of talents. I make no apology for inserting so remarkable a passage at length, but shall only add, that it was at last the fate of this *Pythius* (like our *Axylus*) to experience the ingratitude of man ; his eldest son being afterwards cut in pieces by the same *Xerxes*.

Here

Here dead they lay, in all their youthful charms ;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by *Polypates* fell ; 35
Ulysses' spear *Pydites* sent to hell ;
By *Teucer's* shaft brave *Aretaon* bled,
And *Nestor's* son laid stern *Ablerus* dead.
Great *Agamemnon*, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich *Elatus* gavé, 40
Who held in *Pedafus* his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver *Satnio* flow'd.
Melanthius by *Eurypylus* was slain ;
And *Phylacus* from *Leitus* flies in vain.

Unblest *Adraustus* next at mercy lies 45
Beneath the *Spartan* spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a *Tamarisk's* strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke : 50
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For *Troy* they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel :
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd 55
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd :

Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow ;

When

V. 57. *Oh spare my youth, &c.*] This passage, where *Agamemnon* takes away that *Trojan's* life whom *Mene-laüs* had pardoned, and is not blamed by *Homer* for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the Poet, who followed nature as it was in his days.
The

When fame shall tell that not in battle slain
 Thy hollow ships his captive son detain, 60
 Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told;
 And steel well-temper'd and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart,
 He stood suspended with the lifted dart:
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
 Stern *Agamemnon* swift to vengeance flies,
 And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!
 Shall these, shall these *Atrides'* mercy find?
 Well hast thou known proud *Troy's* perfidious land,
 And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70

The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.

Virgil had this part of *Homer* in his view, when he described the death of *Magus* in the tenth *Æneid*. Those lines of his prayer, where he offers a ransom, are translated from this of *Adrastus*; but both the prayer and the answer *Æneas* makes when he refuses him mercy, are much heightened and improved. They also receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occasion on which he inserts them: Young *Pallas* is just killed, and *Æneas* seeking to be revenged upon *Turnus*, meets this *Magus*. Nothing can be a more artful piece of address than the first lines of that supplication, if we consider the character of *Æneas* to whom it is made.

*Per patrios manes, per spes surgentis Iuli,
 Te precor, hanc animam serves natoque, patrique.*

And what can exceed the closeness and fulness of that reply to it?

— *Belli commercia Turnus
 Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.
 Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iulus.*

This removes the imputation of cruelty from *Æneas*, which had less agreed with his character than it does with *Agamemnon's*; whose reproof to *Menelaus* in this place is not unlike that of *Samuel* to *Saul*, for not killing *Agag*.

Not

Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
 Shall save a *Trojan* from our boundless rage:
Ilium shall perish whole, and bury all;
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate, 75
 To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words with warmth
 address

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
 The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80
 Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
 Old *Nestor* saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;
 Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!
 No son of *Mars* descend, for servile gains, 85
 To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
 Behold yon' glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And

V. 74. *Her infants at the breast shall fall.*] Or, her infants yet in the womb, for it will bear either sense. But I think *Madam Dacier* in the right, in her affirmation that the *Greeks* were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. *Homer* (says she) to remove all equivocal meaning from this phrase, adds the word *ἔμρον ἔόντα*, *juvenem puerulum existentem*, which would be ridiculous were it said of a child yet unborn. Besides, he would never have represented one of his first heroes capable of so barbarous a crime, or at least would not have commended him (as he does just after) for such a wicked exhortation.

V. 88. *First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.*] This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon *Nestor's* having seen *Menelaus* ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a ransom. It was for such lessons as these (says *M. Dacier*) that *Alexander* so much

And now had *Greece* eternal fame acquir'd,
 And frighted *Troy* within her walls retir'd; 90
 Had not sage *Helenus* her state redrest,
 Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
 Where *Hector* stood, with great *Aeneas* join'd,
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay 95
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
 Wise to consult, and active to defend!
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight; 100
 Ere yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.
 When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;
 Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight, 105
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Mean while, thou, *Hector*, to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the Gods require:

Direct

much esteemed *Homer*, and studied his poem. He made his use of this precept in the battle of *Arbela*, when *Parmenio* being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he sent this message to him: Leave the baggage there, for if we gain the victory, we shall not only recover what is our own, but be masters of all that is the enemy's. Histories ancient and modern are filled with examples of enterprizes that have miscarried, and battles that have been lost, by the greediness of soldiers for pillage.

V. 98. *Wise to consult, and active to defend.*] This is a two fold branch of praise, expressing the excellence of these Princes both in council and in battle. I think Madam *Dacier*'s translation does not come up to the sense of the original. *Les plus hardis & les plus experimenter de nos capitaines.*

V. 107.

Direct the Queen to lead th' assembled train
 Of *Troy's* chief matrons to *Minerva's* fane ; 110
 Unbar

V. 107. *Thou, Hector, to the town.*] It has been a modern objection to *Homer's* conduct, that *Hector*, upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battle, only to carry a message to *Troy* concerning a sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in *Helenus* to advise this, and in *Hector* to comply with it. What occasioned this false criticism, was, that they imagined it to be a piece of *advice*, and not a *command*. *Helenus* was a priest and augur of the highest rank. he enjoins it as a point of religion, and *Hector* obeys him as one inspired from heaven. The *Trojan* army was in the utmost distress, occasioned by the prodigious slaughter made by *Diomed*: There was therefore more reason and necessity to propitiate *Minerva* who assisted that hero; which *Helenus* might know, though *Hector* would have chosen to have stayed and trusted to the arm of flesh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters. *Hector* goes as he was obliged in religion, but not before he has animated the troops, re-established the combat, repulsed the *Greeks* to some distance, received a promise from *Helenus* that they would make a stand at the gates, and given one himself to the army that he would soon return to the fight: All which *Homer* has been careful to specify, to save the honour, and preserve the character, of this hero. As to *Helenus* his part, he saw the straits his countrymen were reduced to; he knew his authority as a priest, and designed to revive the courage of the troops by a promise of divine assistance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men than superstition, and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a *fast* when they wanted provision. *Helenus* could no way so properly have made his promise more credible than by sending away *Hector*; which looked like an assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his absence on such a religious account. No leader of less authority than *Hector* could so properly have enjoined this solemn act of religion; and lastly, no other, whose valour was less known than his, could have left the army in this juncture, without a taint upon his honour. *Homer* makes this piety succeed; *Paris* is brought back to the fight, the *Trojans* afterwards prevail, and
Jupiter

Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
 With offer'd vows, in *Ilion's* topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread; 115
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,

Jupiter appears openly in their favour, l. 8. Though, after all, I cannot dissemble my opinion, that the Poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. This change of the scene to *Troy* furnishes him with a great number of beauties. By this means (says *Eustathius*) his Poem is for a time divested of the fierceness and violence of battles, and being as it were washed from slaughter and blood, becomes calm and smiling by the beauty of these various episodes.

V. 117. *If so the pow'r, aton'd, &c.*] The poet here plainly supposes that *Helenus*, by his skill in augury, or some other divine inspiration, was informed that the might of *Diomed*, which wrought such destruction among the *Trojans*, was the gift of *Pallas* incensed against them. The prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings, and sacrifices to be made to appease the anger of this offended goddess; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole system of *Pagan* superstition, the worship whereof being grounded not on love but fear, seems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and mischievous Dæmon, than to implore the assistance and protection of a benevolent being. In this strain of religion this same prophet is introduced by *Virgil* in the third *Æneid*, giving a particular direction to *Æneas* to appease the indignation of *Juno*, as the only means which could bring his labours to a prosperous end.

*Unum illud tibi, nate Deâ, præque omnibus unum,
 Prædicam, & repetens iterumque iterumque monebo:
 Junonis magnæ primum prece numen adora;
 Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
 Supplicibus supera donis.——*

And

And far avert *Tydidēs'* wasteful ire,
 That mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.
 Not thus *Achilles* taught our hosts to dread 121
 Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
 Not thus resistless from the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.

Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound, 125
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
 With rage recruited the bold *Trojans* glow,
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe: 130
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears;
 All *Greece* recedes, and 'midst her triumph fears.
 Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging from the vault of stairs.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless *Dardans* hear! 135
 And you whom distant nations send to war!
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
 Be still yourselves, and *Hector* asks no more:
 One hour demands me in the *Trojan* wall,
 To bid our altars flame, and victims fall: 140
 Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
 And rev'rend elders seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulders cast,
 His neck o'ershadowing, to his ankle hung; 145
 And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle, (Godlike *Hector* gone)
 When daring *Glaucus* and great *Tydeus'* son

Between

V. 147. *The interview of Glaucus and Diomed.*] No
 passage in our author has been the subject of more severe
 and

Between both armies met : The chiefs from far
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war 150
 Near

and groundless criticisms than this, where these two heroes enter into a long conversation (as they will have it) in the heat of a battle. Monsieur *Dacier's* answer in defence of *Homer* is so full, that I cannot do better than translate it from his remarks on the 26th chapter of *Aristotle's Poetics*. There can be nothing more unjust than the criticisms past upon things that are the effect of custom. It was usual in ancient times for soldiers to talk together before they encountered. *Homer* is full of examples of this sort, and he very well deserves we should be so just as to believe, he had never done it so often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his age. But this is not only a thing of custom, but founded on reason itself. The ties of hospitality in those times were held more sacred than those of blood ; and it is on that account *Diomed* gives so long an audience to *Glaucus*, whom he acknowledges to be his guest, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combat. *Homer* makes an admirable use of this conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining history after so many battles as he has been describing, and to unbend the mind of his reader by a recital of so much variety as the story of the family of *Sisyphus*. It may be farther observed with what address and management he places this long conversation ; it is not during the heat of an obstinate battle, which had been too unreasonable to be excused by any custom whatever : but he brings it in after he had made *Hector* retire into *Troy*, when the absence of so powerful an enemy had given *Diomed* that leisure which he could not have had otherwise. One need only read the judicious remark of *Eustathius* upon this place. *The Poet* (says he) *after having caused Hector to go out of the fight, interrupts the violence of wars, and gives some relaxation to the reader, in causing him to pass from the confusion and disorder of the action to the tranquillity and security of an historical narration. For by means of the happy episode of Glaucus, he casts a thousand pleasing wonders into his poem ; as fables, that include beautiful allegories, histories, genealogies, sentences, ancient customs, and several other graces that tend to the diversifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one may say) the monotony of it, agreeably instruct the reader. Let us observe, in how fine a manner Homer has hereby praised both*
Diomed

Near as they drew, *Tydidēs* thus began :
What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?

Our

Diomed and *Hektor*. For he makes us know, that as long as *Hektor* is in the field, the *Greeks* have not the least leisure to take breath ; and that as soon as he quits it, all the *Trojans*, however they had regained all their advantages, were not able to employ *Diomed* so far as to prevent his entertaining himself with *Glaucus* without any danger to his party. Some may think after all, that though we may justify *Homer*, yet we cannot excuse the manners of his time ; it not being natural for men with swords in their hands to dialogue together in cold blood just before they engage. But not to alledge, that these very manners yet remain in those countries, which have not been corrupted by the commerce of other nations, (which is a very great sign of their being natural) what reason can be offered that it is more natural to fall on at first sight with rage and fierceness, than to speak to an enemy before the encounter ? Thus far *Monsieur Dacier* ; and *St. Evremont* asks humorously, if it might not be as proper in that country for men to harangue before they fought, as it is in *England* to make speeches before they are hanged ?

That *Homer* is not in general apt to make unseasonable harangues (as these censurers would represent) may appear from that remarkable care he has shewn in many places to avoid them : As when in the fifth book *Aeneas* being cured on a sudden in the middle of the fight, is seen with surprize by his soldiers ; he specifies with particular caution, that they *asked him no questions how he became cured*, in a time of so much business and action. Again, when there is a necessity in the same book that *Minerva* should have a conference with *Diomed*, in order to engage him against *Mars* (after her prohibition to him to fight with the Gods) *Homer* chuses a time for that speech, just when the hero is retired behind his chariot to take breath, which was the only moment that could be spared during the hurry of that whole engagement. One might produce many instances of the same kind.

The discourse of *Glaucus* to *Diomed* is severely censured, not only on account of the circumstance of time and place, but likewise on the score of the subject, which is taxed as improper, and foreign to the end and design of the poem. But the Critics, who have made this

Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
 Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattl'd field;
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
 Who tempt our fury when *Minerva* fires!

this objection, seem neither to comprehend the design of the poet in general, nor the particular aim of this discourse. Many passages in the best ancient Poets appear unaffected at present, which probably gave the greatest delight to their first readers, because they were very nearly interested in what was there related. It is very plain that *Homer* designed this poem as a monument to the honour of the *Greeks*, who, though consisting of several independent societies, were yet very national in point of glory, being strongly affected with every thing that seemed to advance the honour of their common country, and resentful of any indignity offered to it. This disposition was the ground of that grand alliance which is the subject of this poem. To men so fond of their country's glory what could be more agreeable than to read a history filled with wonders of a noble family transplanted from *Greece* into *Asia*? They might here learn with pleasure that the *Grecian* virtues did not degenerate by removing into distant climes: but especially they must be affected with uncommon delight, to find that *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, the bravest of the *Trojan* auxiliaries, were originally *Greeks*.

Tasso in this manner has introduced an agreeable episode, which shews *Clorinda* the offspring of *Christian* parents, though engaged in the service of the *Infidels*. Cant. 12.

V. 149. *Between both armies met, &c.*] It is usual with *Homer*, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumstance at the first meeting of *Diomed* and *Glaucus*. Just at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battle, it is diverted with the prospect of a single combat, which of a sudden turns to an interview of friendship, and an unexpected scene of sociable virtue. The whole air of the conversation between these two heroes has something heroically solemn in it.

But

But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend ;
 Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160
 Not long *Lycurgus* view'd the golden light,
 That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight ;
Bacchus, and *Bacchus*' votaries, he drove
 With brandish'd steel from *Nyssa*'s sacred grove,
 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;
 While *Bacchus* headlong fought the briny flood,
 And *Thetis*' arms receiv'd the trembling God.
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
 (Th' immortals blest with endless ease above) 170
 Depriv'd

V. 159. *But if from heav'n, &c.*] A quick change of mind from the greatest impiety to as great superstition, is frequently observable in men, who having been guilty of the most heinous crimes without any remorse, on the sudden are filled with doubts and scruples about the most lawful or indifferent actions. This seems the present case of *Diomed*, who having knowingly wounded and insulted the Deities, is now afraid to engage the first man he meets, lest perhaps a God might be concealed in that shape. This disposition of *Diomed* produces the question he puts to *Glaucus*, which without this consideration will appear impertinent, and so naturally occasions that agreeable episode of *Bellerophon*, which *Glaucus* relates in answer to *Diomed*.

V. 161. *Not long Lycurgus, &c.*] What *Diomed* here says is the effect of remorse, as if he had exceeded the commission of *Pallas* in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the consequence of proceeding too far. At least he had no such commission now, and besides was no longer capable of distinguishing them from men (a faculty she had given him in the foregoing book :) He therefore mentions this story of *Lycurgus* as an example that sufficed to terrify him from so rash an undertaking. The ground of the fable they say is this: *Lycurgus* caused most of the vines of his country to be rooted up, so that his subjects were obliged to mix wine with water, when it was less plentiful: Hence it was feigned that *Thetis* received *Bacchus* into her bosom.

Depriv'd of fight by their avenging doom,
 Chearless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom :
 Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods !
 I brave not heav'n : But if the fruits of earth, 175
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my fire,
 (Reply'd the chief) can *Tydeus'* son enquire ? 180
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,
 Another

V. 170. *Immortals blest with endless ease.*] Though *Dacier's* and most of the versions take no notice of the epithets used in this place, *Θεοὶ πῖσιν ζωόντες*, *Dii facile seu beate viventes*; the translator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preserve. *Milton* seems to have had this in his eye in his second book.

— Thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease—

V. 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.*] This haughty air which *Homer* gives his heroes was doubtless a copy of the manners and hyperbolical speeches of those times. Thus *Goliah* to *David*, 1. Sam. ch. 17. *Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.* The Orientals speak the same language to this day.

V. 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this speech of *Glaucus* according to the true style of antiquity, *Few and evil are our Days.* This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by *Simonides* in a fine fragment extant in *Stobæus*. The same thought may be found in *Ecclesiasticus*, ch. 14. v. 18. almost in the same words; *As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall and some grow: so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.*

The

Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise;
 So generations in their course decay, 185
 So flourish these, when those are past away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on *Argos*' utmost bound,
 (*Argos* the fair for warlike steeds renown'd) 190
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy walls possessest,
 Then call'd *Ephyre* : *Glaucus* was his son ;
 Great *Glaucus*, father of *Bellerophon*,
 Who ere the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.

Then

The reader, who has seen so many passages imitated from *Homer* by succeeding Poets, will no doubt be pleased to see one of an ancient Poet which *Homer* has here imitated ; this is a fragment of *Musæus* preserved by *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *Stromata*, lib. 6.

Ὡς δ' αὐτως καὶ φύλλα φύει ξειδωρὸς ἄρβρα,
 Ἄλλα μὲν ἐν μελίησιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δὲ φύει,
 Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γενεὴ καὶ φύλλον ἐλίσσει.

Though this comparison be justly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and succession of human life, it seems however designed by the Poet in this place as a proper emblem of the transitory state, not of men, but of families, which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen and decayed, do again in a happier season revive and flourish in the same and virtues of their posterity : In this sense it is a direct answer to what *Diomed* had asked, as well as a proper preface to what *Glaucus* relates of his own family, which having been extinct in *Corinth*, had recovered new life in *Lycia*.

V. 193. *Then call'd Ephyre.*] It was the same which was afterwards called *Corinth*, and had that name in *Homer*'s time, as appears from his catalogue, v. 77.

V. 196.

Then mighty *Prætus Argos'* scepter sway'd,
 Whose hard commands *Bellerophon* obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
 And the brave Prince in num'rous toils engag'd. 200
 For him, *Antea* burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame :
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn the Queen to *Prætus* fled, 205
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate ;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate :
 To *Lycia* the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r that guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at *Xanthus'* silver flood :
 There *Lycia's* monarch paid him honours due ;
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:
 The

V. 196. *Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.*] This distinction of true valour which has the good of mankind for its end, in opposition to the valour of tyrants or oppressors, is beautifully hinted by *Homer* in the epithet *ἡραυνή*, *amiable valour*. Such as was that of *Bellerophon*, who freed the land from monsters, and creatures destructive to his species. It is applied to this young hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we consider the innocence and gentleness of his manners appearing from the following story, which every one will observe has a great resemblance with that of *Joseph* in the scriptures.

V. 216. *The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd.*] *Plutarch* much commends the virtue of *Bellerophon*, who faithfully carried those letters he might so justly suspect of ill consequences to him: The passage is
 in

The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the King reveal'd:
 First, dire *Chimæra*'s conquest was enjoin'd ;
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ; 220
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies, 225
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies)
 Then met in arms the *Solymæan* crew,
 (Fiercest of men) and these the warrior slew.

Next

in his discourse of *curiosity*, and worth transcribing:
 " A man of curiosity is void of all faith, and it is better
 " to trust letters, or any important secrets to servants,
 " than to friends and familiars of an inquisitive tem-
 " per. *Bellerophon*, when he carried letters that ordered
 " his own destruction, did not unseal them, but for-
 " bore touching the King's dispatches with the same
 " continence, as he had refrained from injuring his
 " bed: For curiosity is an incontinence as well as
 " adultery."

V. 219. *First, dire Chimæra.*] *Chimæra* was feigned to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and tail of a dragon; because the mountain of that name in *Lycia* had a *vulcano* on its top, and nourished lions; the middle part offered pasture for goats; and the bottom was infested with serpents. *Bellerophon* destroying these, and rendering the mountain habitable, was said to have conquered *Chimæra*. He calls this monster *Θεῶν γένος*, in the manner of the *Hebrews*, who gave to any thing vast or extraordinary the appellation of *Divine*. So the Psalmist says, *The mountains of God*, &c.

V. 227. *The Solymæan crew.*] These *Solymi* were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of *Asia Minor*, between *Lycia* and *Pisidia*. *Pliny* mentions them as an instance of a people so entirely destroyed, that no footsteps of them remained in his time. Some

Next the bold *Amazon's* whole force defy'd ;
And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

Nor ended here his toils : His *Lycian* foes
At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore ;
'There fell they breathless and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief 235
Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended chief ;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign.

author both ancient and modern, from a resemblance in sound to the *Latin* name of *Jerusalem*, have confounded them with the *Jews*. *Tacitus*, speaking of the various opinions concerning the origin of the *Jewish* nation, has these words : *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Solymos carminibus, Homeri celebratam gentem, condita urbi Hierosolymam nomen à suo fecisse.* Hist. Lib. 6.

V. 239. *The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground.*] It was usual in the ancient times, upon any signal piece of service performed by the King or great men, to have a portion of land decreed by the public as a reward to them. Thus when *Sarpedon* in the twelfth book incites *Glaucus* to behave himself valiantly, he puts him in mind of those possessions granted by his country.

Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τέλιμήμεσθα μάγιστα—&c.
Καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο κατ' ὄχθας,
Καλὸν, φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρέρης πυροφόροιο.

In the same manner, in the ninth book of *Virgil*, *Nisus* is promised by *Ascanius* the fields which were possess'd by *Latinus*, as a reward for the service he undertook.

—*Campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.*

Chapman has an interpolation in this place, to tell us that this field was afterwards called by the *Lycians*, *The field of wandrings*, from the wandrings and distraction of *Bellerophon*, in the latter part of his life. But they were not the fields that were called *Αλήϊοι*. but those upon which he fell from the horse *Pegasus*, where he endeavoured (as the fable has it) to mount to heaven.

The

The *Lycians* grant a chosen space of ground,
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
 There long the chief his happy lot possess'd, 241
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest'd;
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with *Sarpedon's* birth th' embrace of *Jove*)
 But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human-kind,
 Wide o'er th' *Aleian* field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
 Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
 His beauteous daughter fell by *Phæbe's* dart; 250
 His eldest-born by raging *Mars* was slain,
 In combat on the *Solymæan* plain.
Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
 The honour'd author of my birth and name;

V. 245. *But when at last, &c.*] The same Critics, who have taxed *Homer* for being too tedious in this story of *Bellerophon*, have censured him for omitting to relate the particular offence which had raised the anger of the Gods against a man formerly so highly favoured by them: But this relation coming from the mouth of his grandson, it is with great decorum and propriety he passes over in silence those crimes of his ancestor, which had provoked the divine vengeance against him. *Milton* has interwoven this story with what *Homer* here relates of *Bellerophon*.

- ' Lest from his flying steed unrein'd (as once
- ' *Bellerophon*, though from a lower clime)
- ' Dismounted on th' *Aleian* field I fall,
- ' Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.'

Paradise Lost. B. 7.

Tully in his third book of *Tusculanæ* questions, having observed that persons oppressed with woe naturally seek solitude, instances this example of *Bellerophon*, and gives us his translation of two of these lines.

*Qui miser in campis interens errabat Aleis,
 Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.*

By his decree I fought the *Trojan* town, 255
 By his instructions learn to win renown,
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honours to my native land,
 Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race. 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd *Tydidēs*' heart ;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
 Then friendly, thus, the *Lycian* Prince address'd :
 Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !
 Thus ever let us meet with kind embrace, 265
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old ;
Oeneus the strong, *Bellerophon* the bold :

V. 267. *Our grandsires have been guests of old.*] The laws of hospitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendship contracted thereby was so sacred, that they preferred it to all the bands of consanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation. We have seen in the foregoing story of *Bellerophon*, that *Prætus*, a Prince under the supposition of being injur'd in the highest degree, is yet afraid to revenge himself upon the criminal on this account: He is forced to send him into *Lycia* rather than be guilty of a breach of this law in his own country. And the King of *Lycia*, having entertained the stranger before he unsealed the letters, puts him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be destroyed, rather than at his court. We here see *Diomed* and *Glaucus* agreeing not to be enemies during the whole course of a war, only because their grandsires had been mutual guests. And we afterwards find *Teucer* engaged with the *Greeks* on this account against the *Trojans*, though himself was of *Trojan* extraction, the nephew of *Priam* by the mother's side, and cousin german of *Hæctor*, whose life he pursues with the utmost violence. They preserved in their families the presents which had been made on these occasions, as obliged to transmit to their children the memorials of this rite of hospitality. *Eustathius*.

Our

Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270
 The parting heroes mutual presents left ;
 A golden goblet was thy grandfire's gift ;
Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with *Tyrian* dye refulgent glow'd.
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd 275
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board :
 For *Tydeus* left me young, when *Thebè's* wall
 Beheld the sons of *Greece* untimely fall.)
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join ;
 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280 }
 My guest in *Argos* thou, and I in *Lycia* thine.
 Enough of *Trojans* to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon' ample field ;
 Enough of *Greeks* shall dye thy spear with gore ;
 But thou and *Diomed* be foes no more. 285
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast.
 Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight :
 Brave *Glaucus* then each narrow thought resign'd, 290
 (*Jove* warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind)

For

V. 291. *Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind.*]
 The words in the original are ἐξέλετο φρένας, which may
 equally be interpreted, *he took away his sense*, or *he ele-
 vated his mind*. The former being a reflection upon
Glaucus's prudence, for making so unequal an exchange,
 the latter a praise of the magnanimity and generosity
 which induced him to it. *Porphyry* contends for its be-
 ing understood in this last way, and *Eustathius*, *Mon-
 sieur* and *Madam Dacier* are of the same opinion. Not-
 withstanding it is certain that *Homer* uses the same words
 in the contrary sense in the seventeenth Iliad, V. 470.

For *Diomed's* brass arms, of mean device ;
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price)
 He gave his own of gold divinely wrought,
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought. 295
 Mean time the guardian of the *Trojan* state,
 Great *Hector*, enter'd at the *Scean* gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The *Trojan* matrons and the *Trojan* maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care 300
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the Gods, t'avert th' impending woe.
 And now to *Priam's* stately courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame ; 305
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavillions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where *Priam's* daughters sat :

of the original, and in the nineteenth, V. 137. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of *Porphyry* as much dishonours *Diomed* who proposed this exchange, as it does honour to *Glaucus* for consenting to it. However I have followed it, if not as the juster, as the most heroic sense, and as it has the nobler air in poetry.

V. 295. *A hundred beeves.*] I wonder the curious have not remarked from this place, that the proportion of the value of *gold* to *brass* in the time of the *Trojan* war, was but as an *hundred* to *nine* ; allowing these armours of equal weight ; which, as they belonged to men of equal strength, is a reasonable supposition. As to this manner of computing the value of the armour by *beeves* or *oxen*, it might be either because the money was anciently stamped with those figures, or (which is most probable in this place) because in those times they generally purchased by exchange of commodities, as we see by a passage near the end of the seventh book.

Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone. 311

Hither great *Hector* pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal *Hecuba*, his mother Queen.

(With her *Laodice*, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of *Troy*'s illustrious race) 315

Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O *Hector* ! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when *Greece* surrounds our walls ?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r, 320
With lifted hands from *Ilion*'s lofty tow'r ?

Stay, till I bring the cup with *Bacchus* crown'd,
In *Jove*'s high name, to sprinkle on the ground, }
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.

Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl ;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be *Bacchus*' gifts (the chief rejoind) }
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330 }
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind.

Let:

V. 329. *Far hence be Bacchus' gifts—Inflaming wine.*] This maxim of *Hector*'s, concerning wine, has a great deal of truth in it. It is a vulgar mistake to imagine the use of wine either raises the spirits, or increases strength. The best Physicians agree with *Homer* in this point ; whatever our modern soldiers may object to this old heroic regimen. One may take notice that *Sampson* as well as *Hector* was a water drinker ; for he was a *Nazarite* by vow, and as such was forbid the use of wine. To which *Milton* alludes in his *Sampson Agonistes*.

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.
 By me that holy office were profan'd;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heav'n's great Sire polluted praise.
 You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
 And burn rich odours in *Minerva's* fane.
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 So may the pow'r aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345
 And far avert *Tydides'* wasteful ire,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.

- Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
- Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
- With touch æthereal of heav'n's fiery rod,
- I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
- Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
- Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

V. 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, &c.*
 The custom which prohibits persons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worship before they were purified, is so ancient and universal, that it may in some sort be esteemed a precept of natural religion, tending to inspire an uncommon dread and religious horror of bloodshed. There is a fine passage in *Euripides* where *Iphigenia* argues how impossible it is that human sacrifices should be acceptable to the Gods, since they do not permit any defiled with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their Altars. *Iphig. in Tauris*, V. 320. *Virgil* makes his *Aeneas* say the same thing *Hector* does here.

*Me bello è tanto digressum & cade recenti
 Attrafiare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
 Abluero.*

Be

Be this, O mother, your religious care ;
 I go to rouse soft *Paris* to the war ;
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of *Troy*, that ruin of our race !
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end. 355
 This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.
 The *Phrygian* Queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasure'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft *Sidon* youthful *Paris* bore,
 With *Helen* touching on the *Tyrian* shore.
 Here as the Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes, 365
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.

V. 361. *Sidonian* maids.] *Diogenes Laertius* lib. i. acquaints us, that *Paris* returned not directly to *Troy* after the rape of *Helen*, but fetched a compass, probably to avoid pursuit. He touched at *Sidon*, where he surprized the King of *Phœnicia* by night, and carried off many of his treasures and captives, among which, probably were these *Sidonian* women. The author of the ancient poem of the *Cypriacks* says, he sailed from *Sparta* to *Troy* in the space of three days: from which passage *Herodotus* concludes that poem was not *Homer's*. We find in the scriptures that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were famous for works of gold, embroidery, &c. and whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

Soon as to *Ilion's* topmost tow'r they come, 370
 And awful reach the high *Palladian* dome,
Antenor's consort, fair *Theano*, waits
 As *Pallas'* priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on *Minerva's* knees, and thus she prays.
 Oh awful Goddess! ever dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd *Pallas*, aid!

[Break

V. 374. *With hands uplifted.*] The old gesture described by *Homer*, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up their hands to heaven. *Virgil* frequently alludes to this practice; particularly in the second book there is a passage, the beauty of which is much raised by this consideration.

*Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
 Crinibus à templo, Cassandra, adytisque Minervæ,
 Ad calum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,
 Lumina! nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

V. 378. *Oh awful Goddess, &c.*] This procession of the *Trojan* matrons to the temple of *Minerva*, with their offering, and the ceremonies; though it be a passage some moderns have criticised upon, seems to have particularly pleased *Virgil*. For he has not only introduced it among the figures in the picture at *Carthage*, *Æn.* i. V. 479.

*Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
 Crinibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant
 Suppliciter tristes; & tunc sæ pectora palmis.
 Diva solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat;*

but has again copied it in the eleventh book where the *Latian* dames make the same procession upon the approach of *Aeneas* to their city. The prayer to the Goddess is translated almost word for word: V. 483.

*Armipotens belli præses, Tritonia virgo,
 Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, & ipsum
 Pronum sterne solo, portisque effunde sub altis.*

This

Break thou *Tydidēs*' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the *Trojan* wall.

So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.

But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare ! 385

So pray'd the Priests in her holy fane;
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
Hector to *Paris*' lofty dome repairs.

Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part 390
 Assembling architects of matchless art.

Near

This prayer in the *Latin* Poet seems introduced with less propriety, since *Pallas* appears no where interested in the conduct of affairs through the whole *Æneid*. The first line of the *Greek* here is translated more literally than the former versions; ἐρυσσεπτολι, διὰ θεάων. I take the first Epithet to allude to *Minerva*'s being the particular protectress of *Troy* by means of the *Palladium*, and not (as Mr. *Hobbes* understands it) the protectress of all cities in general.

V. 387. *But they vow'd in vain.*] For *Helenus* only ordered that prayers should be made to *Minerva* to drive *Diomed* from before the walls. But *Theano* prays that *Diomed* may perish, and perish flying, which is included in his falling forward. Madam *Dacier* is so free as to observe here, that women are seldom moderate in the prayers they make against their enemies, and therefore are seldom heard.

V. 390. *Himself the mansion rais'd.*] I must own myself not so great an enemy to *Paris* as some of the commentators. His blind passion is the unfortunate occasion of the ruin of his country, and he has the ill fate to have all his fine qualities swallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot say he endeavours much to be a better man than his nature made him: But as to his parts and turn of mind, I see nothing that is either weak, or wicked, the general manners of those times considered. On the contrary, a gentle soul, patient of good advice, though

Near *Priam's* court and *Hector's* palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length, 395
 The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus entering in the glitt'ring rooms he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him *Helen* with her virgins stands,
 Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.
 Him thus unactive, with an ardent look,
 The Prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke. 405

though indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to that frailty of love, which methinks might in his case as well as *Helen's* be charged upon the *Stars*, and the *Gods*. So very amorous a constitution, and so incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wise man, and in some degree make him deserve compassion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that *Homer* does not paint him and *Helen* (as some other Poets would have done) like monsters odious to Gods and Men, but allows their characters such esteemable qualifications as could consist, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives *Paris* several polite accomplishments, and in particular a turn to those sciences that are the result of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taste and addiction to *curious works* of all sorts, which caused him to transport *Sidonian* artists to *Troy*, and employ himself at home in adorning and finishing his armour: and now we are told that he assembled the most skillful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a compleat piece of *Architecture*. This, together with what *Homer* has said elsewhere of his skill in the *Harp*, which in those days included both *Musick* and *Poetry*, may I think establish him a *Bel-Esprit* and a *fine genius*.

Thy

Thy hate to *Troy*, is this the time to show?
 (Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and *Greece* against us both conspire,
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
 For thee great *Ilion's* guardian heroes fall, 410
 Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall:
 For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
 Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
 Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share? 415
 Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
 And all the *Phrygian* glories at an end.

V. 406. *Thy hate to Troy, &c.*] All the commentators observe this speech of *Hector* to be a piece of artifice; he seems to imagine that the retirement of *Paris* proceeds only from his resentment against the *Trojans*, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cause. *Plutarch* thus discourses upon it. "As a
 "discreet physician rather chuses to cure his patient by
 "diet or rest, than by castoreum or scammony, so a
 "good friend, a good master, or a good father, are al-
 "ways better pleased to make use of commendation
 "than reproof, for the reformation of manners: For
 "nothing so much assists a man who reprehends with
 "frankness and liberty, nothing renders him less
 "offensive, or better promotes his good design, than to
 "reprove with calmness, affection and temper. He
 "ought not therefore to urge them too severely if they
 "deny the fact, nor forestal their justification of them-
 "selves, but rather try to help them out, and furnish
 "them artificially with honest and colourable preten-
 "ces to excuse them; and though he sees that their
 "fault proceeded from a more shameful cause, he
 "should yet impute it to something less criminal. Thus
 "*Hector* deals with *Paris*, when he tells him, *This is*
 "*not the time to manifest your anger against the Trojans:*
 "As if his retreat from the battle had not been abso-
 "lutely a flight, but merely the effect of resentment
 "and indignation." *Plut. Of knowing a flatterer from*
a friend.

Brother,

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
 Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth :
 Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief ! 420
 On hate to *Troy*, than conscious shame and grief :
 Here, hid from human eyes thy brother fate,
 And mourn'd in secret, his, and *Ilion's* fate.
 'Tis now enough : now glory spreads her charms,
 And beauteous *Helen* calls her chief to arms. 425
 Conquest to day my happier sword may bless,
 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind ;
 Or go, and *Paris* shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd *Priam's* warlike son ; 430
 When *Helen* thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh gen'rous brother ! if the guilty dame
 That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name !

V. 418. *Brother, 'tis just, &c.*] *Paris* readily lays hold of the pretext *Hector* had furnished him with, and confesses he partly touch'd upon the true reason of his retreat, but that it was also partly occasion'd by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he professes his readiness for the fight : but nothing can be a finer trait (if we consider his character) than what *Homer* puts into his mouth just in this place, that *he is now exhorted to it by Helen* : Which shews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private shame, nor public hatred, could so much prevail upon him as the commands of his mistress, to go and recover his honour.

V. 432. *Helen's speech.*] The repentance of *Helen* (which we have before observ'd *Homer* never loses an opportunity of manifesting) is finely touch'd again here. Upon the whole, we see the Gods are always concern'd in what befalls an unfortunate beauty : Her stars foredoom'd all the mischief, and Heaven was to blame in suffering her to live : Then she fairly gets quit of the infamy of her lover, and shews she has higher sentiments of honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like characters to this day ?

Wou'd

Wou'd heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
 The day that show'd me to the golden sun, 435
 Had seen my death ! Why did not whirlwinds bear
 The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
 And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd ?
 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
 Bore all, and *Paris* of those ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame !
 Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
 With toils, sustain'd for *Paris*' sake and mine : 445
 The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,
 Our present woe, and infamy to come :
 Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long.
 Example sad ! and theme of future song.

The chief reply'd : This time forbids to rest : 450
 The *Trojan* bands, by hostile fury prest,
 Demand their *Hector*, and his arm require ;
 The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
 Urge thou thy Knight to march where glory calls,
 And timely join me, ere I leave the walls. 455
 Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
 My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear :
 This day, some God, who hates our *Trojan* land, 460
 May vanquish *Hector* by a *Grecian* hand.

He said, and part with sad presaging heart
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;

At

462. *The Episode of Hector and Andromache.*] *Ho-*
mer undoubtedly shines most upon the great subjects,
 in

At home he sought her, but he sought in vain :
 She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465
 Had thence retired ; and with her second joy,
 The young *Asiyanax*, the hope of *Troy*,

in raising our admiration or terror: Pity and the softer passions, are not so much of the nature of his Poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cause to think his genius was no less capable of touching the heart with tenderness, than of firing it with glory, from the few sketches he has left us of his excellence in that way too. In the present Episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, he has assembled all that love, grief, and compassion could inspire. The greatest censurers of *Homer* have acknowledged themselves charmed with this part, even *Monsieur Perrault* translated it into *French* verse, as a kind of penitential sacrifice for the sacrileges he had committed against this author.

This Episode tends very much to raise the character of *Hector*, and endear him to every reader. This hero, though doubtful if he should ever see *Troy* again, yet goes not to his wife and child, till after he has taken care for the sacrifice, exhorted *Paris* to the fight, and discharged every duty to the Gods, and to his country; his love of which, as we formerly remarked, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contrast has *Homer* made between the manners of *Paris* and those of *Hector*, as he here shews them one after the other in this domestic light, and in their regards to the fair sex? What a difference between the characters and behaviour of *Helen* and *Andromache*? And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, opposed to that of unlawful passion?

I must not forget that *Mr. Dryden* has formerly translated this admirable Episode, and with so much success as to leave me at least no hopes of improving or equaling it. The utmost I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern phrases and deviations from the original, which have escaped that great man. I am unwilling to remark upon an author to whom every *English* poet owes so much; and shall therefore only take notice of a criticism of his, which I must be obliged to answer in its place, as it is an accusation of *Homer* himself.

Peaslee

Penfive ſhe ſtood on *Ilion's* tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and ficken'd at the ſight :
There her ſad eyes in vain her Lord explore, 470
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his ſoul deſir'd,
Whoſe virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way ſhe bent
Her parting ſtep? If to the fane ſhe went, 475
Where late the mourning matrons made reſort ;
Or ſought her ſiſters in the *Trojan* court?
Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mixt with matrons to *Minerva's* fane :
'To *Ilion's* ſteepy tow'r ſhe bent her way, 480
'To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

Troy fled, ſhe heard, before the *Grecian* ſword ;
She heard, and trembled for her diſtant lord :
Diſtracted with ſurprize ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and ſorrow in her eye. 485
The nurſe attended with her infant boy,
The young *Aſtyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,

Thro'

V. 468. *Penſive ſhe ſtood on Ilion's tow'ry height.*] It is a fine imagination to represent the tendernels of *Andromache* for *Hector*, by her ſtanding upon the tower of *Troy*, and watching all his motions in the field ; even the religious proceſſion to *Minerva's* temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when ſhe thought her huſband in danger.

V. 473. *Whoſe virtue charm'd him, &c.*] *Homer* in this verſe particularizes the virtue of *Andromache* in the Epithet ἀμύμων, blameleſs or *without a fault*. I have uſed it literally in another part of this Epiſode.

V. 488. *Hector, this heard, return'd.*] *Hector* does not ſtay to ſeek his wife on the tower of *Ilion*, but haſtens where the buſineſs of the field calls him. *Homer* is never

Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state ; 490
 And met the mourner at the *Scean* gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife *Action's* wealthy heir :
 (*Cicilian Thebè* great *Action* sway'd,
 And *Hippoplacus'* wide extended shade) 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest,
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant *Hector* gave the name 500
Scamandrius, from *Scamander's* honour'd stream.
Astyanax the *Trojans* call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of *Troy*.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind : 505

ver wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he constantly obeys the strictest rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his poem. Here, for instance, he has managed it so, that this observance of *Hector's* is the cause of a very pleasing surprize to the reader ; for at first he is not a little disappointed to find that *Hector* does not meet *Andromache*, and is no less pleas'd afterwards to see them encounter by chance, which gives him a satisfaction he thought he had lost. *Dacier*.

V. 501. *Scamandrius*, from *Scamander's* honour'd stream, &c.] This manner of giving proper names to children derived from any place, accident, or quality belonging to them or their parents, is very ancient, and was customary among the *Hebrews*. The *Trojans* called the son of *Hector*, *Astyanax*, because (as it is said here and at the end of the twenty-second book) his father defended the city. There are many instances of the same kind in the thirtieth chapter of *Genesis*, where the names given to *Jacob's* children, and the reasons of those names, are enumerated.

His

His beauteous Princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring Prince! ah whither dost thou run? 510
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!

And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!

For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now Hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!

Oh grant me, Gods! ere *Hector* meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.

No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid *Thebè* waste, and slew my warlike Sire! 525
 His

V. 524. *The fierce Achilles, &c.*] Mr. Dryden in the preface to the third volume of *Miscellany Poems* has past a judgment upon part of this speech, which is altogether unworthy of him. "*Andromache* (says he) in the midst of her concernment and fright for *Hector*, runs off her biases, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The Devil was in *Hector*, if he knew not all this matter as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together: And if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that *Homer*, in this long digression, has rather given us his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of *Andromache*, to occasion

His fate compassion in the victor bred :
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile ;

Then

" from the remembrance of all the past : But others
 " think that she had enough to do with that grief which
 " now oppress'd her, without running for assistance to
 " her family." But may not it be answered, That
 nothing was more natural in *Andromache*, than to
 recollect her past calamities, in order to represent her
 present distress to *Hector* in a stronger light, and
 shew her utter desertion if he should perish ? What
 could more effectually work upon a generous and
 tender mind, like that of *Hector* ? What could
 therefore be more proper to each of their charac-
 ters ? If *Hector* be induced to refrain from the field, it
 proceeds from compassion to *Andromache* : If *Andro-*
mache endeavour to persuade him, it proceeds from
 her fear for the life of *Hector*. *Homer* had yet a far-
 ther view in this recapitulation ; it tends to raise his
 chief hero *Achilles*, and acquaints us with those great
 achievements of his which preceded the opening of the
 Poem. Since there was a necessity that this hero should
 be absent from the action during a great part of the *Iliad*,
 the Poet has shewn his art in nothing more, than in the
 methods he takes from time to time to keep up our
 great idea of him, and to awaken our expectation of
 what he is to perform in the progress of the work. His
 greatest enemies cannot upbraid, or complain of him,
 but at the same time they confess his glory, and describe
 his victories. When *Apollo* encourages the *Trojans* to
 fight, it is by telling them *Achilles* fights no more. When
Juno animates the *Greeks*, it is by putting them in mind
 that they have to do with enemies who durst not appear
 out of their walls while *Achilles* engaged. When *An-*
dromache trembles for *Hector*, it is with remembrance
 of the resistless force of *Achilles*. And when *Agamem-*
non would bribe him to a reconciliation, it is partly with
 those very treasures and spoils which had been won by
Achilles himself.

V. 528. *His arms preserv'd from hostile spoil.*] The
 circumstance of *Aetion's* being burned with his arms,
 will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect
 with what eager passion those ancient heroes fought to
 spoil

Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd,
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd, 531
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell; 535
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless Heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The Queen of *Hippoplacia's* sylvan lands:
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to *Diana's* bow.

spoil and carry off the armour of a vanquished enemy; and therefore this action of *Achilles* is mentioned as an instance of uncommon favour and generosity. Thus *Aeneas* in *Virgil* having slain *Lausus*, and being moved with compassion for this unhappy youth, gives him a promise of the like favour.

*Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua: teque parentum
 Manibus, & cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.*

V. 532. *Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow A barren shade, &c.*] It was the custom to plant about tombs only such trees as elms, alders, &c. that bear no fruit, as being most suitable to the dead. This passage alludes to that piece of antiquity.

V. 543. *A victim to Diana's bow.*] The Greeks ascribed all sudden deaths of women to *Diana*. So *Ulysses*, in *Odyss.* 11. asks *Anticlea*, among the shades if she died by the darts of *Diana*? And in the present book, *Larclame*, the daughter of *Bellerophon* is said to have perished young by the arrows of this Goddess. Or perhaps it may allude to some disease fatal to women, such as *Macrobius* speaks of, *Sat.* 1. 17. *Fæminas certis afflictas morbis Σεληνοβλήτης και Ἀρλεμιδοβλήτης vocant.*

Yet

Yet while my *Hektor* still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee. 545
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
 Once more will perish if my *Hektor* fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !
 That quarter most the skilful *Greeks* annoy, 550
 Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of *Troy* :
 Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post ;
 There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful host,
 That pass *Tydidēs*, *Ajax*, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his train. 555
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my *Hektor* here, and guard his *Troy*.

The Chief reply'd : That post shall be my care, 560
 Not that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of *Troy*, in arms renown'd,
 And *Troy's* proud dames, whose garments sweep the
 ground,

V. 550. *That quarter most—Where yon' wild fig-trees.*] The artifice *Andromache* here uses to detain *Hektor* in *Troy* is very beautifully imagined. She takes occasion from the three attacks that had been made by the enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for staying at that rampart to defend it. If we consider that those attempts must have been known to all in the city, we shall not think she talks like a soldier, but like a woman, who naturally enough makes use of any incident that offers, to persuade her lover to what she desires. The ignorance too which she expresses, of the reasons that moved the *Greeks* to attack this particular place, was what I doubt not *Homer* intended, to reconcile it the more to a female character.

Attaint

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
 Should *Heſtor* baſely quit the field of fame? 565
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My ſoul impels me to th' embattel'd plains :
 Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates ; 570
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)
 The day when thou, imperial *Troy* ! muſt bend,
 And ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
 Not *Priam*'s hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the ſhore ;
 As thine, *Andromache* ! thy griefs I dread ;
 I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
 In *Argive* looms our battles to deſign, 580
 And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine !
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from *Hyperia*'s ſpring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, Behold the mighty *Heſtor*'s wife ! 585
 Some haughty *Greek*, who lives thy tears to ſee,
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory paſt and preſent ſhame,
 A thouſand griefs, ſhall waken at the name !

583. *Hyperia's ſpring.*] Drawing water was the office of the meanest ſlaves. This appears by the holy ſcriptures, where the *Gibeonites* who had deceived *Joſhua* are made ſlaves, and ſubjected to draw water. *Joſhua* pronounces the curſe againſt them in theſe words : *Now therefore ye are curſed, and there ſhall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water.* Joſh. ch. 9. v. 23. *Dacier.*

May

May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay !
 Thy *Heſtor*, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
 Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.

Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of *Troy*
 Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy. 595
 The babe clung crying to his 'nurſe's breaſt,
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.
 With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
 And *Heſtor* haſted to relieve his child,

V. 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this. *Heſtor* extends his arms to embrace his child; the child, affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the ſhaking of the plume, ſhrinks backward to the breaſt of his nurſe; *Heſtor* unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to the mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a ſmile of pleaſure, but at the ſame inſtant the fears for her huſband make her burſt into tears. All theſe are but ſmall circumſtances, but ſo artfully choſen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and repreſents the whole in the utmoſt livelineſs to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that falſe criticiſm ſome have fallen into, who affirm that a Poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things, as in the characters of perſons; where a ſmall action, or even a ſmall circumſtance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehension of them, than the material and principal parts themſelves. As we find this in a hiſtory, ſo we do in a picture, where ſometimes a ſmall motion or turn of a finger will expreſs the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the deſign. *Longinus* indeed blames an author's inſiſting too much on trivial circumſtances; but in the ſame place extols *Homer* as " the Poet who beſt
 " knew how to make uſe of important and beautiful
 " circumſtances, and to avoid the mean and ſuperfluous
 " ones." There is a vaſt difference between a *ſmall* circumſtance and a *trivial* one, and the ſmalleft become important if they are well choſen, and not conſuſed.

The

The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, 600
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son! 605
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the *Hector* of the future age!
 So when triumphant from successful toils, 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:

While

V. 604. *Hector's prayer for his son.*] It may be asked how *Hector's* prayer, that his son might protect the *Trojans*, could be consistent with what he had said just before, that he certainly knew *Troy* and his parents would perish. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer: *Hector*, in the excess of a tender emotion for his son, entreats the Gods to preserve *Troy*, and permit *Astyanax* to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beseech heaven to appease its anger, and change its decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter destiny, *Dacier*. Besides, it cannot be inferred from hence, that *Hector* had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country; since in many following passages we find him possessed with strong hopes and firm assurances to raise the siege, by the flight or destruction of the *Greeks*. So that these forebodings of his fate were only the apprehensions and misgivings of a soul dejected with sorrow and compassion, by considering the great dangers to which he saw all that was dear to him exposed.

V. 613. *Transcends his father's fame.*] The commendation *Hector* here gives himself, is not only agreeable to the openness of a brave man, but very becoming on such a solemn occasion; and a natural effect from the testimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time

While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of *Troy*,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy. 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chafis'd by fear, 620
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.

No

especially, when he knew not but he was speaking his
last words. *Virgil* has not scrupled it, in what he makes
Aeneas say to *Ascanius* at his parting for the battle.

Et pater Aeneas & avunculus excitet Hector.
Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis. ——— *Æn.* 12.

I believe he had this of *Homer* in his eye, though the
pathetical mention of *Fortune* in the last line seems an
imitation of that prayer of *Sophocles*, copied also from
hence, where *Ajax* wishes his son may be like him in all
things but in his misfortunes.

V. 615. *His mother's conscious heart.*] Though the
chief beauty of this prayer consists in the paternal piety
shewn by *Hector*, yet it wants not a fine stroke at the
end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover
of his wife, when he makes one of the motives of his
wish, to be the joy she shall receive on hearing her son
applauded.

V. 628. *Fix'd is the term*] The reason which *Hector*
here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded
on

No force can then resist, no flight can save, 630
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere of men. 635
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh, 640
 Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye
 That stream'd at ev'ry look: then moving slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
 There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
 Thro' all her train the soft infection ran, 645
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
 And mourn the living *Hector*, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
 Forth issues *Paris* from the palace wall.

on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth; which as no precaution can avoid, so no danger can hasten. This sentiment is as proper to give comfort to the distressed, as to inspire courage to the desponding; since nothing is so fit to quiet and strengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm assurance that our lives are exposed to no real hazards, in the greatest appearances of danger.

V. 649. *Forth issues Paris.*] *Paris* stung with the reproaches of *Hector*, goes to the battle. 'Tis a just remark of *Eustathius*, that all the reproofs and remonstrances in *Homer* have constantly their effect. The Poet by this shews the great use of reprehensions when properly applied, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650
 Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
 The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
 Pamper'd

V. 652. *The wanton courser thus, &c.*] This beautiful comparison being translated by *Virgil* in the eleventh *Aeneid*; I shall transcribe the originals, that the reader may have the pleasure of comparing them.

Ὦς δ' ὅτε τις γατὸς ἵππος ἀκοσῆσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
 Δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείει πεδίοιο κραίνων,
 Εἰωθὼς λέεσθαι εὐρρεῖος πόλαμοιο,
 Κυδιῶν, ὑψὲ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
 Ὀμοῖς αἰσσονται. ὃ δ' ἀγλαίῃφι πεποιθὼς,
 Ρίμφα ἐγένα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἥθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

*Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinculis
 Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
 Aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum:
 Aut assuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto
 Emicat, arrectisque micat cervicibus alte
 Luxurians; luduntque iuba per colla, per armos.*

Though nothing can be translated better than this is by *Virgil*, yet in *Homer* the simile seems more perfect, and the place more proper. *Paris* had been indulging his ease within the walls of his palace, as the horse in his stable, which was not the case of *Turnus*. The beauty and wantonness of the steed agrees more exactly with the character of *Paris* than with the other: And the insinuation of his love of the mares has yet a nearer resemblance. The languishing flow of that verse,

Εἰωθὼς λέεσθαι εὐρρεῖος πόλαμοιο,

finely corresponds with the ease and luxuriance of the pampered courser bathing in the flood; a beauty which *Scaliger* did not consider, when he criticised particularly upon that line. *Tasso* has also imitated this simile, cant. 9.

*Come destrier, che da la regie stalle
 Ove a l'uso de l'arme si referba,
 Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle
 Va triâ gl'armenti, o al fiume ufato o a l'erba;*
Scherzan

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
 And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides; 655
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay, 660
 In arms refulgent as the God of day,
 The son of *Priam*, glorying in his might,
 Rush'd forth with *Hector* to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,
 The graceful *Paris* first excus'd his stay. 665
 To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd;
 O Chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
 Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess.

What

*Scherzan su'l collo i crini, e su le spalle,
 Si scote la cervice alta, e superba;
 Suonano i piè nel corso, e par, ch'auvampi,
 Di sonori nitriti empiedo i campi.*

V. 665. *Paris excus'd his stay.*] Here, in the original, is a short speech of *Paris* containing only these words; *Brother I have detained you too long, and should have come sooner as you desired me.* This, and some few others of the same nature in the *Iliad*, the translator has ventured to omit, expressing only the sense of them. A living author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I shall not scruple to do it) says, that these short speeches, though they may be natural in other languages, cannot appear so well in ours, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course.

V. 669. *Known is thy courage, &c.*] *Hector* here confesses the natural valour of *Paris*, but observes it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love

What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave, 670
 Or godlike *Paris* live a woman's slave !
 My heart weeps blood at what the *Trojans* say,
 And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
 Hasten then, in all their glorious labours share ;
 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. 675
 These ills shall cease, whene'er by *Jove's* decree
 We crown the bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty* :
 While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
 And *Greece* indignant thro' her seas returns.

of pleasure. An ingenious *French* writer very well remarks, that the true character of this hero has a great resemblance with that of *Marc Anthony*. See the notes on the third book, V. 37 and 36.

V. 677. *We crown the bowl to heav'n and liberty.*] The *Greek* is, *κράτῃρα ἐλευθερίῳ*, the free bowl, in which they make libations to *Jupiter* after the recovery of their liberty. The expression is observed by *M. Dacier* to resemble those of the *Hebrews* ; *The cup of salvation, the cup of sorrow, the cup of benediction, &c.* *Athenæus* mentions those cups which the *Greeks* called *γραμματικά ἐκπωμαία*, and were consecrated to the Gods in memory of some success. He gives us the inscription of one of this sort, which was, ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

The ARGUMENT.

The single combat of *Hector* and *Ajax*.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the Princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These Heroes after several attacks are parted by the night; the Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which is only agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flank'd with towers, and defended by a ditch, and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the combat of Hector and Ajax: The next day the truce is agreed: Another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships: So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

T H E
S E V E N T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

SO spoke the guardian of the *Trojan* state,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the *Scaean* gate.
Him *Paris* followed to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main, 5
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove

V. 2. *Thro' the Scaean gate.*] This gate is not here particularized by *Homer*, but it appears by the 491st verse of the sixth book that it could be no other. *Eustathius* takes notice of the difference of the words ἐξίσσυτο and κίε, the one applied to *Hector*, the other to *Paris*: by which the motion of the former is described as an impetuous falling forth, agreeable to the violence of a warrior; and that of the latter as a calmer movement, correspondent to the gentler character of a lover. But perhaps this remark is too refined, since *Homer* plainly gives *Paris* a character of bravery in what immediately precedes and follows this verse.

V. 5. *As when to sailors, &c.*] This simile makes it plain that the battle had relaxed during the absence of *Hector* in *Troy*; and consequently that the conversation
F 5 of

Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise :
 The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies :
 So welcome these to *Troy*'s desiring train ;
 The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again. 10

Bold *Paris* first the work of death begun,
 On great *Meneſſheus*, *Arcithous*' son ;
 Sprung from the fair *Philomeda*'s embrace,
 The pleasing *Arnè* was his native place.
 Then sunk *Eionius* to the shades below, 15
 Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow
 Full on his neck, from *Hector*'s weighty hand ;
 And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land ;
 By *Glaucus*' spear the bold *Iphinous* bleeds,
 Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ; 20
 Headlong he tumbles: His slack nerves unbound
 Drop the cold, useless members on the ground.

When now *Minerva* saw her *Argives* slain,
 From vast *Olympus* to the gleaming plain

Fierce

of *Diomed* and *Glaucus* in the former book, was not (as *Homer*'s censurers would have it) in the heat of the engagement.

V. 23. *When now Minerva, &c.*] This machine of the two Deities meeting to part the two armies is very noble. *Eustathius* tells us it is an allegorical *Minerva* and *Apollo*: *Minerva* represents the prudent valour of the *Greeks*, and *Apollo*, who stood for the *Trojans*, the power of *Destiny*: So that the meaning of the allegory may be, that the valour and wisdom of the *Greeks* had now conquered *Troy*, had not *Destiny* withstood. *Minerva* therefore complies with *Apollo*, an intimation that wisdom can never oppose fate. But if you take them in the literal sense as a real God and Goddess, it may be asked what necessity there was for the introduction of two such Deities? To this *Eustathius* answers, that the last book was the only one in which both armies were destitute of the aid of the Gods: In consequence of which there is no gallant action achieved, nothing extraordinary

Fierce she descends: *Apollo* mark'd her flight, 25
 Nor shot less swift from *Ilion*'s tow'ry height:
 Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
 When thus *Apollo* to the blue-ey'd maid.

What cause, O daughter of almighty *Jove*!
 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above? 30
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
 To give to *Greece* the long-divided day?
 Too much has *Troy* already felt thy hate,
 Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
 This day, the business of the field suspend; 35
 War soon shall kindle, and great *Ilion* bend;
 Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join
 To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of *Jove* replies:
 I left for this the council of the skies: 40
 But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
 What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
 To her the God: Great *Hector*'s soul incite
 To dare the boldest *Greek* to single fight,
 Till *Greece*, provok'd, from all her numbers show 45
 A warrior worthy to be *Hector*'s foe.

extraordinary done, especially after the retreat of *Hector*; but here the Gods are again introduced to usher in a new scene of great actions. The same author offers this other solution: *Hector*, finding the *Trojan* army overpowered, considers how to stop the fury of the present battle; this he thinks may best be done by the proposal of a single combat: Thus *Minerva* by a very easy and natural fiction may signify that wisdom or courage (she being the Goddess of both) which suggests the necessity of diverting the war: and *Apollo* that seasonable stratagem by which he effected it.

V. 37. *Vengeful Goddesses.*] ἑρμῆν ἀθανάτων in this place must signify *Minerva* and *Juno*, the words being of the feminine gender. *Eustathius*.

At

At this agreed, the heav'nly pow'rs withdrew ;
 Sage *Helenus* their secret counsels knew :
Hector inspir'd he sought : To him addrest,
 Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast. 50
 O son of *Priam* ! let thy faithful ear
 Receive my words ; thy friend and brother hear !
 Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
 The warring nations to suspend their rage ;
 Then dare the boldest of the hostile train 55
 To mortal combat on the list'd plain,
 For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;
 The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.

He said : The warrior heard the words with joy ;
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of *Troy*, 60
 Held

V. 48. *Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew.*] *Helenus* was the Priest of *Apollo*, and might therefore be supposed to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an oracle that such was his will. Or else being an *Augur*, he might learn it from the flight of those birds, into which the deities are here feigned to transform themselves, (perhaps for that reason, as it would be a very poetical manner of expressing it.) The fiction of these Divinities sitting on the beech tree in the shape of *Vultures*, is imitated by *Milton* in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, where *Satan*, leaping over the boundaries of *Eden*, sits in the form of a cormorant upon the tree of life.

V. 57. *For not this day shall end thy glorious date.*] *Eustathius* justly observes, that *Homer* here takes from the greatness of *Hector's* intrepidity, by making him foreknow he should not fall in this combat ; whereas *Ajax* encounters him without any such encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to give a reason for this management of the Poet, unless we ascribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality he bears his countrymen, which makes him give a superiority of courage to the heroes of his own nation.

V. 60. *Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, Held by the midst athwart.*]—The remark of *Eustathius*

Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
 The squadrons part ; th' expecting *Trojans* stand.
 Great *Agamemnon* bids the *Greeks* forbear ;
 They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
 Th' *Athenian* Maid, and glorious God of day, 65
 With silent joy the settling hofts survey :
 In form like vultures on the beech's height
 They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
 The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
 Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields. 70
 As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main,
 (Soft *Zephyr* curling the wide wat'ry plain)

The

Eustathius here is observable. He tells us, that the warriors of those times, (having no trumpets, and because the voice of the loudest herald would be drowned in the noise of a battle) addressed themselves to the eyes, and that grasping the middle of the spear denoted a request that the fight might a while be suspended, the holding the spear in that position not being the posture of a warrior ; and thus *Agamemnon* understands it without any further explanation. But however it be, we have a lively picture of a General who stretches his spear across, and presses back the most advanced soldiers of his army.

V. 71. *As when a gen'ral darkness, &c*] The thick ranks of the Troops composing themselves, in order to sit and hear what *Hector* was about to propose, are compared to the waves of the sea just stirred by the *West* wind ; the simile partly consisting in the *darkness* and *stillness*. This is plainly different from those images of the sea, given us on other occasions, where the armies in their engagement and confusion are compared to the waves in their *agitation* and *tumult* : And that the contrary is the drift of this simile appears particularly from *Homer's* using the word *ἵατο*, *sed bant*, twice in the application of it. All the other versions seem to be mistaken here : What caused the difficulty was the expression *ὄρνυμένον νέον*, which may signify the *West* wind *blowing on a sudden* as well as *first rising*. But the design of *Homer* was to convey an image both of the gentle

The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps :
 Thus in thick orders settling wide around, 75
 At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.
 Great *Hector* first amidst both armies broke
 The solemn silence, and their pow'rs bespoke.
 Hear all ye *Trojan*, all ye *Grecian* bands,
 What my soul prompts, and what some God com-
 mands. 80

gentle motion that arose over the field from the helmets and spears before their armies were quite settled ; and of the repose and awe which ensued, when *Hector* began to speak :

V. 79. *Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands.*] The appearance of *Hector*, his formal challenge, and the affright of the *Greeks* upon it, have a near resemblance to the description of the challenge of *Goliath* in the first book of *Samuel*, ch. 17. *And he stood and cried to the armies of Israel!—Chuse you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants—When Saul and all Israel heard the words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid, &c.*

There is a fine air of gallantry and bravery in this challenge of *Hector*: If he seems to speak too vainly, we should consider him under the character of a challenger, whose business it is to defy the enemy. Yet at the same time we find a decent modesty in his manner of expressing the conditions of the combat: He says simply, *If my enemy kills me*; but of himself, *If Apollo grant me victory*. It was an imagination equally agreeable to a man of generosity, and a lover of glory, to mention the monument to be erected over his vanquished enemy; though we see he considers it not so much an honour paid to the conquer'd, as a trophy to the conqueror. It was natural too to dwell most upon the thought that pleas'd him best; for he takes no notice of any monument that should be raised over himself, if he should fall unfortunately. He no sooner allows himself to expatiate, but the prospect of glory carries him to allow the enemy to inter their champion with decency.

Great

Great *Jove*, averse our warfare to compose,
 O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
 War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
 Till *Ilion* falls, or till yon' navy burns.
 You then, O Princes of the *Greeks*! appear; 85
 'Tis *Hector* speaks and calls the Gods to hear:
 From all your troops select the boldest knight,
 And him, the boldest, *Hector* dares to fight.
 Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
 Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain; 90
 But let my body, to my friends return'd,
 By *Trojan* hands, and *Trojan* flames be burn'd.
 And if *Apollo*, in whose aid I trust,
 Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;
 If mine the glory to despoil the foe; 95
 On *Phæbus*' temple I'll his arms bestow;
 The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
 Which

V. 96. *On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow.*] It was the manner of the ancients to dedicate trophies of this kind to the temples of the Gods. The particular reason for consecrating the arms in this place to *Apollo*, is not only as he was the constant protector of *Troy*, but as this thought of the challenge was inspired by him.

V. 98. *Greece on the shore shall raise a monument.*] *Homer* took the hint of this from several tombs of the ancient heroes who had fought at *Troy*, remaining in his time upon the shore of the *Hellepont*. He gives that sea the epithet *broad*, to distinguish the particular place of those tombs, which was on the *Rhætan* or *Sigæan* coast, where the *Hellepont* (which in other parts is narrow) opens itself to the *Ægean* sea. *Strabo* gives an account of the monument of *Ajax* near *Rhæteum*, and of *Achilles* at the promontory of *Sigæum*. This is one among a thousand proofs of our author's exact knowledge in Geography and Antiquities. Time (says *Eustathius*) has destroyed those tombs which were to have preserved

Which when some future mariner surveys,
 Wash'd by broad *Hellepont's* resounding seas, 100
 Thus shall he say, "A valiant *Greek* lies there,
 "By *Hector* slain, the mighty man of war."
 The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
 And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance *Greece* astonish'd heard, 105
 Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
 Stern *Menelaus* first the silence broke,
 And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
 Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace. 110
 How

preserved *Hector's* glory, but *Homer's* poetry, more lasting than monuments, and proof against ages, will for ever support and convey it to the latest posterity.

V. 105. *Greece astonish'd heard.*] It seems natural to enquire why the *Greeks*, before they accepted *Hector's* challenge, did not demand reparation for the former treachery of *Pandarus*, and insist upon delivering up the author of it, which had been the shortest way for the *Trojans* to have wiped off that stain. It was very reasonable for the *Greeks* to reply to this challenge, that they could not venture a second single combat, for fear of such another insidious attempt upon their champion. And indeed I wonder *Nestor* did not think of this excuse for his countrymen, when they were so backward to engage. One may make some sort of answer to this, if we consider the clearness of *Hector's* character; and his words at the beginning of the foregoing speech, where he first complains of the revival of the war as a misfortune common to them both, (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame of it upon *Jupiter*. Though, by the way, his charging the *Trojan* breach of faith upon the Deity, looks a little like the reasoning of some modern saints in the doctrine of absolute reprobation, making God the author of sin, and may serve for some instance of the antiquity of that false tenet.

V. 109. *Women of Greece! &c.*] There is a great deal of fire in this speech of *Menelaus*, which very well agrees

How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a *Grecian* met this noble foe !

Go then ! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew !

Be what you seem, unanimated clay ! 115

My self will dare the danger of the day,

'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,

But in the hands of God is victory.

These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour
prest,

His manly limbs in azure arms he drest : 120

That day, *Atrides* ! a superior hand

Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand ;

But all at once, thy fury to compose,

The Kings of *Greece*, an awful band, arose :

Ev'n he their Chief, great *Agamemnon*, press'd 125

Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.

Whither, O *Menelaus*, wouldst thou run,

And tempt a fate that prudence bids thee shun ?

Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design :

Great *Hector*'s arm is mightier far than thine. 130

Ev'n fierce *Achilles* learn'd its force to fear,

And trembling met this dreadful son of war.

Sit

agrees with his character and circumstances. Methinks while he speaks one sees him in a posture of emotion, pointing with contempt at the commanders about him. He upbraids their cowardice, and wishes that they may become (according to the literal words) *earth and water*: that is, be resolved into those principles they sprung from, or die. Thus *Eustathius* explains it very exactly from a verse he cites of *Zenophanes*.

Πάντες γὰρ γαί ηνε καὶ ὕδατος ἐκγενόμεσθα.

V. 131. *Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear.*]
The Poet every where takes occasion to set the brotherly

Sit thou secure amidst thy social band ;
Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'riful hand.
 The mightiest warrior of th' *Achaian* name, 135
 Tho' bold, and burning with desire of fame,
 Content,

therly love of *Agamemnon* towards *Menelaus* in the most agreeable light : When *Menelaus* is wounded, *Agamemnon* is more concerned than he ; and here dissuades him from a danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himself. He makes use of *Hector's* superior courage to bring him to a compliance ; and tells him that even *Achilles* dares not engage with *Hector*. This, says *Eustathius*, is not true, but only the affection for his brother thus breaks out in a kind of extravagance. *Agamemnon* likewise consults the honour of *Menelaus* ; for it will be no disgrace to him to decline encountering a man whom *Achilles* himself is afraid of. Thus he artfully provides for his safety and honour at the same time.

V. 135. *The mightiest warrior, &c.*] It cannot with certainty be concluded from the words of *Homer*, who is the person to whom *Agamemnon* applies the last lines of this speech : the interpreters leave it as undetermined in their translations as it is in the original. Some would have it understood of *Hector*, that the *Greeks* would send such an antagonist against him, from whose hands *Hector* might be glad to escape. But this interpretation seems contrary to the same design of *Agamemnon's* discourse, which only aims to deter his brother from so rash an undertaking as engaging with *Hector*. So that instead of dropping any expression which might depreciate the power or courage of this hero, he endeavours rather to represent him as the most formidable of men, and dreadful even to *Achilles*. This passage therefore will be most consistent with *Agamemnon's* design, if it be considered as an argument offered to *Menelaus*, at once to dissuade him from the engagement, and to comfort him under the appearance of so great a disgrace as refusing the challenge ; by telling him that any warrior, how bold and intrepid soever, might be content to sit still and rejoice that he is not exposed to so hazardous an engagement. The words αἶνε φύγησι Διὸς ἐκ πολέμοιο, signify not to escape out of the combat (as the translators take it) but to avoid entering into it.

The

Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind ;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd, 140
No longer bent to rush on certain harms ;
His joyful friends unbind his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave *Nestor*, then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the Kings he spoke. What grief, what shame
Attend on *Greece*, and on the *Grecian* name? 146
How

The phrase of γόνυ κάμψαι, which is literally to bend the knee, means (according to *Eustathius*) to rest, to sit down, καθέσθαι, and is used so by *Æschylus*, in *Prometheo*. Those interpreters were greatly mistaken who imagined it signified to kneel down, to thank the Gods for escaping from such a combat ; whereas the custom of kneeling in prayer (as we before observed) was not in use among these nations.

V. 145. *The speech of Nestor.*] This speech, if we consider the occasion of it, could be made by no person but *Nestor*. No young warrior could with decency exhort others to undertake a combat which he himself declined. Nothing could be more in his character than to represent to the *Greeks* how much they would suffer in the opinion of another old man like himself. In naming *Peleus* he sets before their eyes the expectations of all their fathers, and the shame that must afflict them in their old age, if their sons behaved themselves unworthily. The account he gives of the conversations he had formerly held with that King, and his jealousy for the glory of *Greece*, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two warriors upon the commencement of a new war. Upon the whole, *Nestor* never more displays his oratory than in this place : You see him rising with a sigh, expressing a pathetic sorrow, and wishing again for his youth, that he might wipe away this disgrace from his country. The humour of story-telling, so natural to old men, is almost always marked by *Homer* in the speeches of *Nestor* : The apprehension that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the

How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
 Their sons degen'rate and their race a scorn?
 What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
 Oh *Peleus*, old in arms, in wisdom old! 150
 Once with what joy the gen'rous Prince would hear
 Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,
 Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
 Each name, each action, and each hero's fire?
 Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand, 155
 And trembling all before one hostile hand;
 How would he lift his aged hands on high,
 Lament inglorious *Greece*, and beg to die!
 Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Minerva, *Phæbus*, and almighty *Jove*! 160

the brave deeds of their youth. *Plutarch* justifies the praises *Nestor* here gives himself, and the vaunts of his valour, which on this occasion were only exhortations to those he addressed them to: By these he restores courage to the *Greeks*, who were astonished at the bold challenge of *Hector*, and causes nine of the Princes to rise and accept it. If any man had a right to commend himself, it was this venerable Prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propose examples of virtue to the young. *Virgil*, without any such softening qualifications, makes his hero say of himself,

Sum pius Æneas, famâ super æthera notus.

And comfort a dying warrior with these words,

Æneæ magni dextrâ cadis.

The same author also intimates the wish of *Nestor* for a return of his youth, where *Evander* cries out,

*O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos
 Qualis eram, cum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsa
 Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos,
 Et regem hac Herilum dextra sub Tartara misi.*

As for the narration of the *Arcadian* war introduced here, it is a part of the true history of those times, as we are informed by *Pausanias*.

Years

Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew :
 When fierce in war, where *Jordan's* waters fall,
 I led my troops to *Phea's* trembling wall,
 And with th' *Arcadian* spear my prowess try'd, 165
 Where *Celadon* rolls down his rapid tide.
 There *Ereuthalion* brav'd us in the field,
 Proud, *Areithous'* dreadful arms to wield :
 Great *Areithous*, known from shore to shore
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore ; 170
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
 Him not by manly force *Lycurgus* slew,
 Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
 Deep in a winding way, his breast assail'd, 175
 Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd :
 Supine he fell: those arms which *Mars* before
 Had giv'n the vanquish'd now the victor bore :
 But when old age had dimm'd *Lycurgus'* eyes,
 To *Ereuthalion* he consign'd the prize. 180
 Furious with this, he crush'd our level'd bands,
 And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands ;
 Nor cou'd the strongest hands his fury slay :
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
 Till I, the youngest of the host appear'd, 185
 And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.

V. 177. *Those arms which Mars before had giv'n.*]
Homer has the peculiar happiness of being able to raise
 the obscurest circumstance into the strongest point of
 light. *Areithous* had taken these arms in battle, and
 this gives occasion to our Author to say, they were the
 present of *Mars*. *Eustathius*.

I fought

I fought the chief: my arms *Minerva* crown'd:
 Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.
 What then he was, Oh were your *Nestor* now!
 Not *Hector's* self should want an equal foe, 190
 But warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
 The flow'r of *Greece*, th' examples of our host,
 Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
 Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?
 His warm reproofs the list'ning Kings inflame; 195
 And nine, the noblest of the *Grecian* name,
 Up-started fierce: But far before the rest
 The King of Men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
 Then bold *Tydid*es, great in arms appear'd;
 And next his bulk gigantic *Ajax* rear'd: 200
Oileus follow'd; *Idomen* was there,
 And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war:

V. 188. *Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.*] *Nestor's* insisting upon this circumstance of the fall of *Ereuthalion*, which paints his vast body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls to the old man's mind the joy he felt on the sight of his enemy after he was slain. These are the fine and natural strokes that give life to the descriptions of poetry.

V. 196. *And nine, the noblest, &c*] In this catalogue of the nine warriors, who offer themselves as champions for *Greece*, one may take notice of the first and the last who rises up. *Agamemnon* advanced foremost, as it best became the General, and *Ulysses* with his usual caution took time to deliberate till seven more had offered themselves. *Homer* gives a great encomium of the eloquence of *Nestor*, in making it produce so sudden an effect; especially when *Agamemnon*, who did not prefer himself before, even to save his brother, is now the first that steps forth: One would fancy this particular circumstance was contrived to shew, that eloquence has a greater power than even nature itself.

With

With these *Eurypylus* and *Thoas* stand,
 And wise *Ulysses* clos'd the daring band,
 All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage, 205
 Demand the fight. To whom the *Pylian* sage :

Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,
 What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
 Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise. 210

The lots produc'd, each Hero signs his own; |
 Then in the Gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.
 The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands.

Grant

V. 208. *Let the lots decide.*] This was a very prudent piece of conduct in *Nestor* : he does not chuse any of these nine himself, but leaves the determination entirely to chance. Had he named the hero, the rest might have been grieved to have seen another preferred before them ; and he well knew that the lot could not fall upon a wrong person, where all were valiant. *Eustathius*.

V. 209. *Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise his country's fame, his own immortal praise.*] The original of this passage is somewhat confused ; the interpreters render it thus : " Cast the lots, and he " who shall be chosen, if he escapes from the dangerous combat, will do an eminent service to the *Greeks*, " and also have cause to be greatly satisfied himself." But the sense will appear more distinct and rational, if the words *ἔτος* and *αὐτὸς* be not understood of the same person : and the meaning of *Nestor* will then be, " He " who is chosen for the engagement by the lot, will do " his country great service ; and he likewise who is " not, will have reason to rejoice for escaping so " dangerous a combat " The expression *αἶνε φέρησι Διὶς ἐκ πολέμοιο*, is the same *Homer* uses in V. 118, 119, of this book, which we explained in the same sense in the note on V. 135.

V. 213. *The people pray.*] *Homer*, who supposes every thing on earth to proceed from the immediate disposition

Grant, thou Almighty ! in whose hand is fate, 215
A worthy champion for the *Grecian* state.

This task let *Ajax* or *Tydides* prove,
Or he, the King of Kings, belov'd by *Jove*.

Old *Nestor* shook the casque. By heav'n inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry *Greek* desir'd. 220

This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the *Grecian* peers,
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till Godlike *Ajax* finds the lot his own ;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes, 225

Then casts before him, and with transport cries :

Warriors ! I claim the lot, and arm with joy ;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of *Troy*.

Now,

tion of heaven, allows not even the lots to come up by chance, but places them in the hands of God. The people pray to him for the disposal of them, and beg that *Ajax*, *Diomed*, or *Agamemnon* may be the person, in which the Poet seems to make the army give his own sentiments concerning the preference of valour in his heroes, to avoid an odious comparison in downright terms, which might have been inconsistent with his design of complimenting the *Grecian* families. They afterwards offer up their prayers again, just as the combat is beginning, that if *Ajax* does not conquer, at least he may divide the glory with *Hector* ; in which the commentators observe *Homer* prepares the readers for what is to happen in the sequel.

V. 225. *Surveys th' inscription.*] There is no necessity to suppose that they put any letters upon these lots, at least not their names, because the herald could not tell to whom the lot of *Ajax* belonged, till he claimed it himself. It is more probable that they made some private mark or signet each upon his own lot. The lot was only a piece of wood, a shell, or any thing that lay at hand. *Eustathius*.

V. 227. *Warriors ! I claim the lot.*] This is the first speech of *Ajax* in the *Iliad*. He is no Orator, but always

Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
 To *Saturn's* son be all your vows address : 230
 But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
 And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
 Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare,
 In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
 Lives there a chief, whom *Ajax* ought to dread, 235
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred ?
 From warlike *Salamis* I drew my birth,
 And born to combats, fear no force on earth.

ways expresses himself in short ; generally bragging, or threatening, and very positive. The appellation of *ἄσπετος Ἀχαιῶν*, the *Bulwark of the Greeks*, which *Homer* almost constantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, strength, and immobility of this heavy hero who on all occasions is made to stand to the business, and support the brunt. These qualifications are given him, that he may last out, when the rest of the chief heroes are wounded : this makes him of excellent use in *Iliad* 13. &c. He there puts a stop to the whole force of the enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the ships. It is particularly observable, that he is never assisted by any Deity, as the others are. Yet one would think *Mars* had been no improper patron for him, there being some resemblance in the boisterous character of that God and this hero. However it be, this consideration may partly account for a particular, which else might very well raise a question : Why *Ajax*, who is in this book superior in strength to *Hector*, should afterwards in the *Iliad* shun to meet him, and appear his inferior ? We see the Gods make this difference : *Hector* is not only assisted by them in his own person, but his men second him, whereas those of *Ajax* are dispirited by heaven : To which one may add another, which is a natural reason ; *Hector* in this book expressly tells *Ajax*, " he will now make use of no skill or art in fighting with him." The *Greek* in bare brutal strength prov'd too hard for *Hector*, and therefore he might be supposed afterwards to have exerted his dexterity against him.

He said. The troops, with elevated eyes,
 Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies. 240
 O Father of mankind, superior Lord;
 On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd;
 Who in the highest heav'n hast fix'd thy throne,
 Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:
 Grant thou, that *Telamon* may bear away 245
 The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
 Or if illustrious *Hector* be thy care,
 That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now *Ajax* brac'd his dazzling armour on;
 Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone: 250
 He moves to combat with majestic pace;
 So stalks in arms the grizly God of *Thrace*,
 When *Jove* to punish faithless men prepares,
 And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
 Thus march'd the Chief tremendous as a God, 255
 Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:
 His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,
 He stood, the bulwark of the *Grecian* band.
 Thro' ev'ry *Argive* heart new transport ran;
 All *Troy* stood trembling at the mighty man. 260

V. 251. *He moves to combat, &c.*] This description is full of the sublime imagery so peculiar to our author. The *Grecian* champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his Heroes to the Gods: He is no less dreadful than *Mars* moving to battle, to execute the decrees of *Jove* upon mankind, and determine the fate of nations. His march, his posture, his countenance, his bulk, his tow'r-like shield; in a word, his whole figure strikes our eyes in all the strongest colours of Poetry. We look upon him as a Deity, and are not astonished at those emotions *Hector* feels at the sight of him.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Hector* paus'd; and with new doubt oppress'd,
 Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
 Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern *Telamon* behind his ample shield, 265
 As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.
 Huge was its orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercaft,
 Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.
 (The work of *Tychius*, who in *Hyle* dwell'd,
 And all in arts of armoury excell'd) 270
 This *Ajax* bore before his manly breast,
 And threat'ning thus his adverse chief address:

V. 269. *The work of Tychius.*] I shall ask leave to transcribe here the story of this *Tychius*, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer* attributed to *Herodotus*. "*Homer* falling into poverty, determined to go to *Cuma*, and as he pass'd through the plain of *Hermus*, came to a place called the *New Wall*, which was a colony of the *Cumæans*. Here (after he had recited five verses in celebration of *Cuma*) he was received by a leather-dresser, whose name was *Tychius*, into his house, where he shew'd to his host, and his company, a poem on the expedition of *Amphiaras*, and his hymns. The admiration he there obtained procur'd him a present subsistence. They shew to this day with great veneration the place where he sat when he recited his verses, and a poplar which they affirm to have grown there in his time." If there be any thing in this story, we have reason to be pleas'd with the grateful temper of our Poet, who took this occasion of immortalizing the name of an ordinary tradesman who had oblig'd him. The same account of his life takes notice of several other instances of his gratitude in the same kind.

V. 270. *In arts of armoury.*] I have call'd *Tychius* an armourer rather than a leather-dresser or currier; his making the shield of *Ajax* authorizes one expression as well as the other: and though that which *Homer* uses had no lowness or meanness in the *Greek*, it is not to be admitted into *English* heroic verse.

Hector! approach my arm, and singly know,
 What strength thou hast, and what the *Grecian* foe.
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are, 275
 Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war;
 Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
 Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
 Whole troops of heroes *Greece* has yet to boast,
 And sends thee one, a sample of her host. 280
 Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
 No more——be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of *Telamon*, thy country's pride!
 (To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* Prince reply'd)
 Me, as a boy or woman, would'st thou fright, 285
 New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
 Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:

V. 273. *Hector! approach my arm, &c.*] I think it needless to observe how exactly this speech of *Ajax* corresponds with his blunt and soldier-like character. The same propriety, in regard to this hero, is maintained throughout the *Iliad*. The business he is about, is all that employs his head, and he speaks of nothing but fighting. The last line is an image of his mind at all times.

No more——be sudden, and begin the fight.

V. 285. *Me, as a boy or woman, would'st thou fright.*] This reply of *Hector* seems rather to allude to some gesture *Ajax* had used in his approach to him, as *shaking his spear*, or the like, than to any thing he had said in his speech. For what he had told him amounts to no more than that there were several in the *Grecian* army who had courted the honour of this combat as well as himself. I think one must observe many things of this kind in *Homer*, that allude to the particular attitude or action, in which the author supposes the person to be at that time.

I know

I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
 Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war, 290
 To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,
 And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
 But open be our fight, and bold each blow ;
 I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and rising, high above the field 295
 Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield.
 Full on the brass descending from above
 Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
 Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then *Ajax* threw,
 Thro' *Hector's* shield the forceful jav'lin flew, 300
 His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
 And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
 The wary *Trojan* shrinks, and bending low
 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow. 304
 From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,
 Then close impetuous, and the charge renew :
 Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
 At *Ajax Hector* his long lance extends ;
 The blunted point against the buckler bends. 310

V. 290. *Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war.*] The Greek is, *To move my feet to the sound of Mars*, which seems to shew that those military dances were in use even in *Homer's* time, which were afterwards practised in Greece.

V. 305. *From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew.*] *Homer* in this combat makes the heroes perform all their exercises with all sorts of weapons ; first darting lances at distance, then advancing closer and pushing with spears, then casting stones, and lastly attacking with swords ; in every one of which the Poet gives the superiority to his countryman. It is farther observable, (as *Eustathius* remarks) that *Ajax* allows *Hector* an advantage in throwing the first spear.

But *Ajax* watchful as his foe drew near,
 Drove thro' the *Trojan* targe the knotty spear;
 It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd,
 Spouts the black gore, and dims the shining shield.
 Yet ceas'd not *Hector* thus; but, stooping down, 315
 In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
 Black, craggy, vast: To this his force he bends;
 Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
 The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
 Then *Ajax* seiz'd the fragment of a rock, 320
 Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
 With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
 The huge stone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke;
 His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numb'ning stroke;
 Great *Hector* falls extended on the field, 325
 His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield.
 Nor wanted heav'nly aid: *Apollo's* might
 Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.
 And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew; 330
 In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
 But then by Heralds voice the word was given,
 The sacred ministers of earth and heav'n:

Divine

V. 328. *Apollo's might*]. In the beginning of this book we left *Apollo* perched upon a tree, in the shape of a vulture, to behold the combat: He comes now very opportunely to save his favourite *Hector*. *Eustathius* says that *Apollo* is the same with *Destiny*, so that when *Homer* says *Apollo* saved him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as *Helenus* had foretold him.

V. 332. *Heralds, the sacred ministers*.] The heralds of old were sacred persons, accounted the delegates of *Mercury*, and inviolable by the law of nations. The ancient histories have many examples of the severity exercised against those who committed any outrage upon them.

Divine *Talthybius* whom the *Greeks* employ,
 And sage *Idæus* on the part of *Troy*, 335
 Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
 And first *Idæus*' awful voice was heard.

Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
 Both dear to men, and both belov'd of *Jove*.
 To either host your matchless worth is known, 340
 Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
 But now the Night extends her awful shade;
 The Goddess parts you: Be the Night obey'd.

To whom great *Ajax* his high soul express'd;
 O sage! to *Hector* be these words address'd. 345
 Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,
 Let him demand the sanction of the night;
 If first he ask it, I content obey,
 And cease the strife when *Hector* shows the way.

them. Their office was to assist in the sacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command silence at ceremonies or single combats, to part the combatants, and to declare the conqueror, &c.

V. 334. *Divine Talthybius, &c.*] This interposition of the two heralds to part the combatants, on the approach of the night, is applied by *Tasso* to the single combat of *Tancred* and *Argantes*, in the sixth book of his *Jerusalem*. The herald's speech, and particularly that remarkable injunction to *obey the night*, are translated literally by that author. The combatants there also part not without a promise of meeting again in battle, on some more favourable opportunity.

V. 337. *And first Idæus.*] *Homer* observes a just decorum in making *Idæus* the *Trojan* herald speak first, to end the combat wherein *Hector* had the disadvantage. *Ajax* is very sensible of this difference, when in his reply he requires that *Hector* should first ask for a cessation, as he was the challenger. *Eustathius*.

O first of *Greeks*! (his noble foe rejoin'd) 350 }
 Whom heav'n adorns, superior to thy kind,
 With strength of body, and with worth of mind! }
 Now martial law commands us to forbear;
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife, 355
 And let the Gods decide of death or life!
 Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
 And heav'n enjoins it, be the Night obey'd.
 Return, brave *Ajax*, to thy *Grecian* friends,
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends; 360
 As I shall glad each chief, and *Trojan* wife,
 Who wearies heav'n with vows for *Hector's* life.
 But let us, on this memorable day,
 Exchange some gift; that *Greece* and *Troy* may say,
 "Not

V. 350. *O first of Greeks, &c.*] *Hector*, how hardly soever he is press'd by his present circumstance, says nothing to obtain a truce that is not strictly consistent with his honour. When he praises *Ajax* it lessens his own disadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the *Greeks*, without acknowledging him more valiant than himself to the *Trojans*: *Hector* is always jealous of the honour of his country. In what follows we see he keeps himself on a level with his adversary; *Hereafter we shall meet—Go thou, and give the same joy to thy Grecians for thy escape, as I shall to my Trojans.* The point of honour in all this is very nicely preserved.

V. 362. *Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.*] *Eupathius* gives many solutions of the difficulty in these words, *Θεῶν ἀγῶνα*: They mean either that the *Trojan Ladies* will pray to the Gods for him *ἀγωνίως* (or *certatim*) with the utmost zeal and transport; or that they will go in procession to the temples for him *εἰς θεῶν ἀγῶνα*, *cælum Decorum*; or that they will pray to him as to a God, *ὅσα θεῶ τινι ἐξορταί ποί.*

V. 364. *Exchange some gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater pleasure in reading an heroic Poem, than the generosity which one brave enemy shews to another

“ Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ;
 “ And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.” 366

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
 The baldric studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
 He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* bestow'd
 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd. 370
 Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ;
 This seeks the *Grecian*, that the *Phrygian* train.

The *Trojan* bands returning *Hector* wait,
 And hail with joy the champion of their state:
 Escap'd great *Ajax*, they survey'd him round, 375
 Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound.
 To *Troy's* high gates the god-like man they bear,
 Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But *Ajax*, glorying in his hardy deed,
 The well-arm'd *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* led. 380
 A steer for sacrifice the King design'd,
 Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
 The victim falls ; they strip the smoaking hide,
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide ;

another. The proposal made here by *Hector*, and so readily embraced by *Ajax* makes the parting of these two heroes more glorious to them than the continuance of the combat could have been. A *French* critic is shocked at *Hector's* making proposals to *Ajax* with an air of equality ; he says that a man that is vanquished, instead of talking of presents, ought to retire with shame from his conqueror. But that *Hector* was vanquished, is by no means to be allowed : *Homer* had told us that his strength was restored by *Apollo*, and that the two combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their swords. So that this criticism falls to nothing. For the rest, it is said that this exchange of presents between *Hector* and *Ajax* gave birth to a proverb, That the presents of enemies are generally fatal. For *Ajax* with this sword afterwards killed himself, and *Hector* was dragged by this belt at the chariot of *Achilles*.

Then spread the tables, the repast prepare, 385
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

The King himself (an honorary sign)

Before great *Ajax* plac'd the mighty chine.

When now the rage of hunger was remov'd ;

Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd, 390

The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,

In words like these his prudent thought exprest.

How dear, O Kings ! this fatal day has cost,

What *Greeks* have perish'd ? what a people lost ? 394

What tides of blood has drench'd *Scamander's* shore ?

What crowds of Heroes sunk, to rise no more ?

V. 388. *Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.*] This is one of those passages that will naturally fall under the ridicule of a true modern critic. But what *Agamemnon* here bestows on *Ajax* was in former times a great mark of respect and honour: Not only as it was customary to distinguish the quality of their guests by the largeness of the portions assigned them at their tables, but as this part of the victim peculiarly belonged to the King himself. It is worth remarking on this occasion, that the simplicity of those times allowed the eating of no other flesh but beef, mutton, or kid: This is the food of the heroes of *Homer*, and the Patriarchs and Warriors of the Old Testament. Fishing and fowling were the arts of more luxurious nations, and came much later into *Greece* and *Israel*.

One cannot read this passage without being pleased with the wonderful simplicity of the old heroic ages. We have here a gallant warrior returning victorious (for that he thought himself so, appears from those words *καρπύα νίκην*) from a single combat with the bravest of his enemies; and he is no otherwise rewarded, than with a larger portion of the sacrifice at supper. Thus an upper seat, or a more capacious bowl, was a recompence for the greatest actions; and thus the only reward in the olympic games was a pine-branch, or a chaplet of parsley or wild olive. The latter part of this note belongs to *Eustathius*.

Then

Then hear me, Chief! nor let the morrow's light
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight :
 Some space at least permit the war to breathe, 399
 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath,
 From

V. 400. *While we to flames, &c.*] There is a great deal of artifice in this council of *Nestor*, of burning the dead, and raising a fortification; for though piety was the specious pretext, their security was the real aim of the truce, which they made use of to finish their works. Their doing this at the same time they erected the funeral piles, made the imposition easy upon the enemy, who might naturally mistake one work for the other. And this also obviates a plain objection, *viz.* Why the *Trojans* did not interrupt them in this work? The truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for discharging the rites of the dead.

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the reader to enlarge a little upon the way of *disposing the dead* among the ancients. It may be proved from innumerable instances, that the *Hebrews* interred their dead; thus *Abraham's* burying place is frequently mentioned in scripture. And that the *Ægyptians* did the same is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of opinion that the usage of burning the dead was originally to prevent any outrage of the bodies from their enemies; which imagination is rendered not improbable in that passage in the first book of *Samuel*, where the *Israelites* burn the bodies of *Saul* and his sons, after they had been misused by the *Philistines*, even though their common custom was to bury their dead: And so *Sylla* among the Romans was the first of his family who ordered his body to be burnt, for fear the barbarities he had exercised on that of *Marius* might be retaliated upon his own. Tully, *de legibus*, lib. 2. *Proculdubio cremandus à Græcis venit, nam sepultum legimus Numam ad Anienis fontem; totique genti Cornelia solum fuisse sepulchrum usque ad Syllam, qui primus ex ea gente crematus est.* The *Greeks* used both ways of interring and burning; *Patroclus* was burned, and *Ajax* laid in the ground, as appears from *Sophocles's Ajax*, lin. 1185,

Σπύσσον κοῖλῃν κάπετόν τιν' ἰδὲν
 Τῷ δὲ τάφος.

Hebet,

From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,
 And nigh the fleet the fun'ral structure rear :
 So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
 And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
 Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd, 405
 High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd :
 Next to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,
 Rise an embattel'd wall with lofty tow'rs;
 From space to space be ample gates around,
 For passing chariots, and a trench profound. 410
 So *Greece* to combat shall in safety go,
 Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.
 'Twas thus the Sage his wholesome counsel mov'd ;
 The sceptred Kings of *Greece* his words approv'd.
 Meanwhile, conven'd at *Priam's* palace-gate, 415
 The *Trojan* Peers in nightly council sate :

A senate

Hasten (says the chorus) *to prepare a hollow hole, a grave for this man.*

Thucydides, in his second book, mentions *λάρνακες* *κνπαρασσίνας* : coffins and chests made of cypress wood, in which the *Athenians* kept the bones of their friends that died in the wars.

The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* both these customs of burning and burying: *In urbe neve SEPELITO neve URITO*, says the law of the twelve tables. The place where they burned the dead was set apart for this religious use, and called *Glebe*; from which practice the name is yet applied to all the grounds belonging to the church.

Plutarch observes that *Homer* is the first who mentions one general tomb for a number of dead persons. Here is a *Tumulus* built round the *Pyre*, not to bury their bodies, for they were to be burned; nor to receive the bones, for those were to be carried to *Greece*; but perhaps to inter their ashes, (which custom may be gathered from a passage in *Iliad* 23. V. 255) or it might be only a *Cænotaph* in remembrance of the dead.

V. 416.

A senate void of order, as of choice,
 Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear :
 Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliars hear ! 420
 'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires,
 And I but move what ev'ry God requires :
 Let *Sparta's* treasures be this hour restor'd,
 And *Argive Helen* own her ancient Lord.
 The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke, 425
 Our impious battles the just Gods provoke.
 As this advice ye practise, or reject,
 So hope success, or dread the dire effect.
 The senior spoke, and fate. To whom reply'd
 The graceful husband of the *Spartan* bride. 430
 Cold counsels, *Trojan*, may become thy years,
 But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears :
 Old man, if void of fallacy or art
 Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
 Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast giv'n ; 435
 But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heav'n.

V. 416. *The Trojan Peers in nightly counsel fate.*]
 There is a great beauty in the two Epithets *Homer*
 gives to this council, *δεινὴ, τειρεχυνία, timida, turbulenta*.
 The unjust side is always fearful and discordant. I think
 M. *Dacier* has not entire'y done justice to this thought
 in her translation. *Horace* seems to have accounted this
 a useful and necessary part that contained the great
 moral of the *Iliad*, as may be seen from his selecting it
 in particular from the rest, in his epistle to *Lollius*.

*Fabula, qua Paris propter narratur amorem,
 Gracia Barbarie lento collisa duello.
 Stultorum regum & populorum continet ætus.
 Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.
 Quid Paris ? Ut saluus regnet vivatque beatus,
 Cogi posse negat.* —

Then

Then hear me, Princes of the *Trojan* name !
 Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame ;
 My treasures too, for peace, I will resign ;
 But be this bright possession ever mine. 440

'Twas then the growing discord to compose,
 Slow from his seat the rev'rend *Priam* rose :
 His god-like aspect deep attention drew :
 He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliar bands ! 445
 Now take refreshment as the hour demands :
 Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
 'Till the new sun restores the chearful light :
 Then shall our herald to th' *Atrides* sent,
 Before their ships, proclaim my son's intent. 450
 Next let a truce be ask'd, that *Troy* may burn
 Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn ;

V. 442. *The rev'rend Priam rose.*] *Priam* rejects the wholesome advice of *Antenor*, and complies with his son. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent character and easy nature of the old King, of which the whole *Trojan* war is a proof ; but I could wish *Homer* had not just in this place celebrated his wisdom in calling him *Θέσφι μῆτορ ἀτάλαντος*. *Spondanus* refers this blindness of *Priam* to the power of fate, the time now approaching when *Troy* was to be punished for its injustice. Something like this weak fondness of a father is described in the story of *David* and *Abulom*.

V. 451. *Next let a truce be asked.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is remarkable: He makes *Priam* propose in council to send to the *Greeks* to ask a truce to bury the dead. This the *Greeks* themselves had before determined to propose: But it being more honourable to his country, the Poet makes the *Trojan* herald prevent any proposition that could be made by the *Greeks*. Thus they are requested to do what they themselves were about to request, and have the honour to comply with a proposal which they themselves would otherwise have taken as a favour. *Engelthius*.

That

That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide!

The monarch spoke: The warriors snatch'd with
haste 455

(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ships *Idæus* bent his way;
There, to the sons of *Mars*, in council found,
He rais'd his voice: The hosts stood list'ning round: 460
Ye sons of *Atreus*, and ye *Greeks*, give ear!
The words of *Troy*, and *Troy's* great Monarch hear.
Pleas'd may ye hear (so heav'n succeed my pray'rs)
What *Paris*, author of the war, declares.

V. 456. *Each at his post in arms.*] We have here the manner of the *Trojans* taking their repast: Not promiscuously, but each at his post. *Homer* was sensible that military men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refresh themselves, but in every action display the soldier. *Eustathius*.

V. 461. *The speech of Idæus.*] The proposition of restoring the treasures, and not *Helen*, is sent as from *Paris* only; in which his father seems to permit him to treat by himself as a sovereign Prince, and the sole author of the war. But the herald seems to exceed his commission in what he tells the *Greeks*. *Paris* only offered to restore the treasure he took from *Greece*, not including those he brought from *Sidon* and other coasts, where he touched in his voyage: But *Idæus* here proffers all that he brought to *Troy*. He adds, as from himself, a wish that *Paris* had perished in that voyage. Some ancient expositors suppose those words to be spoken aside, or in a low voice, as is usual in Dramatic Poetry. But without that *salvo*, a generous love for the welfare of his country might transport *Idæus* into some warm expressions against the author of its woes. He lays aside the Herald to act the Patriot, and speaks with indignation against *Paris* that he may influence the *Grecian* captains to give a favourable answer. *Eustathius*.

The

The spoils and treasure he to *Ilion* bore,
 (Oh had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore)
 He proffers injur'd *Greece* ; with large encrease
 Of added *Trojan* wealth to buy the peace.
 But, to restore the beauteous bride again,
 This *Greece* demands, and *Troy* requests in vain. 470
 Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn
 Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.
 That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
 And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide !

The *Greeks* gave ear, but none the silence broke; 475
 At length *Tydidēs* rose, and rising spoke.
 Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
 Their proffer'd wealth, not ev'n the *Spartan* dame.
 Let conquest make them ours : Fate shakes their wall,
 And *Troy* already totters to her fall. 480

V. 475. *The Greeks gave ear; but none the silence broke.*] This silence of the *Greeks* might naturally proceed from an opinion that however delicious they were to put an end to this long war, *Menelaus* would never consent to relinquish *Helen*, which was the thing insisted upon by *Paris*. *Eustathius* accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him *M. Dacier* has taken her remark. The Princes (says he) were silent, because it was the part of *Agamemnon* to determine in matters of this nature ; and *Agamemnon* is silent, being willing to hear the inclinations of the Princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of exposing the *Greeks* to dangers for his advantage and glory ; since he only gave the answer which was put into his mouth by the Princes, with the general applause of the army.

V. 477. *Oh take not, Greeks, &c.* There is a peculiar decorum in making *Diomed* the author of this advice, to reject even *Helen* herself if she were offered ; this had not agreed with an amorous husband like *Menelaus*, nor with a cunning politician like *Ulysses*, nor with a wise old man like *Nestor*. But it is proper to *Diomed*, not only as a young and fearless warrior, but as he is in particular an enemy to the interests of *Venus*.

Th'

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the *Grecian* name,
 With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
 Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
 Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of *Greece*.
 For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed 485
 With heroes corps: I war not with the dead:
 Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
 And gratify the *Manes* of the slain.
 Be witness, *Jove*, whose thunder rolls on high!
 He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky. 490
 To sacred *Troy*, where all her Princes lay
 To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
 He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
 The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
 Strait to their sev'ral cares the *Trojans* move, 495
 Some search the plain, some fell the sounding grove:
 Nor less the *Greeks*, descending on the shore,
 Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
 And now from forth the chambers of the main,
 To shed his sacred light on earth again, 500
 Arose the golden chariot of the day,
 And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
 In mingled throngs the *Greek* and *Tyrian* train
 Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
 Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore. 506
 The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
 And laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.

Sage

V. 508. *And laid along their cars.*] These probably
 were not chariots, but carriages; for *Homer* makes
Nestor say in V. 332 of the *orig.* that this was to be
 one with mules and oxen, which were not commonly
 joined

Sage *Priam* check'd their grief: With silent haste
 The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd: 510
 With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
 And sadly slow, to sacred *Troy* return'd.
 Nor less the *Greeks* their pious sorrow shed,
 And decent on the pile dispose the dead,
 The cold remains consume with equal care; 515
 And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.
 Now, ere the morn had streak'd with red'ning light
 The doubtful confines of the day and night;
 About the dying flames the *Greeks* appear'd,
 And round the pile, a gen'ral tomb they rear'd. 520
 Then, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs,
 They rais'd embattel'd walls with lofty tow'rs:
 From space to space were ample gates around,
 For passing chariots; and a trench profound,

Of

joined to chariots, and the word *κυκλίσσμεν* there, may be applied to any vehicle that runs on wheels. *ἄμαξα* signifies indifferently *plaustrum* and *currus*; and our *English* word *car* implies either. But if they did use chariots in bearing their dead, it is at least evident, that those chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at funeral solemnities. *Homer's* using the word *ἄμαξα*, and not *δίφρος*, confirms this opinion.

V. 523. *Then to secure the camp, &c.*] *Homer* has been accused of an offence against probability, in causing this fortification to be made so late as in the last year of the war. *M. Dacier* answers to this objection, That the *Greeks* had no occasion for it till the departure of *Achilles*: He alone was a greater defence to them; and *Homer* had told the reader in a preceding book, that the *Trojans* never durst venture out of the walls of *Troy* while *Achilles* fought: These intrenchments therefore serve to raise the glory of his principal hero, since they become necessary as soon as he withdraws his aid. She might have added that *Achilles* himself says all this, and makes *Homer's* apology in the ninth book, v. 460.

The

Of large extent ; and deep in earth below 525
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the *Greeks*: Mean while the Gods above,
In shining circle round their father *Jove*,
Amaz'd

The same author, speaking of this fortification, seems to doubt whether the use of intrenching camps was known in the *Trojan* war, and is rather inclined to think *Homer* borrowing it from what is practised in his own time. But I believe (if we consider the caution with which he has been observed in some instances already given, to preserve the manners of the age he writes of, in contradiction to what was practised in his own ;) we may easily conclude the art of fortification was in use even so long before him, and in the degree of perfection that he here describes it. If it was not, and if *Homer* was fond of describing an improvement in this art made in his own days ; nothing could be better contrived than his assigning *Nestor* to be the author of it, whose wisdom and experience in war rendered it probable that he might carry his projects farther than the rest of his contemporaries. We have here a fortification as perfect as in the modern times : A strong wall is thrown up, towers are built upon it from space to space, gates are made to issue out at, and a ditch sunk, deep, wide and long, to all which pallisadoes are added to compleat it.

V. 527. *Mean while the Gods.*] The fiction of this wall raised by the *Greeks*, has given no little advantage to *Homer's* Poem, in furnishing him with an opportunity of changing the scene, and in a great degree the subject and accidents of his battles ; so that the following descriptions of war are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes care at the first mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this work, by making the Gods immediately concerned about it. We see *Neptune* jealous lest the glory of his own work, the walls of *Troy*, should be effaced by it ; and *Jupiter* comforting him with a prophecy that it shall be totally destroyed in a short time. *Homer* was sensible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his descriptions) upon some antiquities or traditions of the country, so posterity might convict him of a falsity, when no remains of any such wall should be seen on the coast. Therefore (as *Aristotle* observes) he has found this way of an improbable fiction : The word

Amaz'd beheld the wondrous works of man:
 Then he, whose trident shakes the earth began. 530
 What mortals henceforth shall our pow'r adore,
 Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
 If the proud *Grecians* thus successful boast
 Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
 See the long walls extending to the main, 535
 No God consulted, and no victim slain!
 Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
 Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.
 While old *Laomedon's* divine abodes,
 Whose radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods, 540
 Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
 Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
 Th' Almighty thund'rer with a frown replies,
 That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.
 Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
 The solid earth's eternal basis shake! 546

of *Jove* was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the rivers, and the waves of the sea, demolished it. In the twelfth book he digresses from the subject of his poem, to describe the execution of this prophecy. The verses there are very noble, and have given the hint to *Milton* for those in which he accounts, after the same poetical manner, for the vanishing of the terrestrial paradise.

— All fountains of the deep
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, 'till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills: Then shall this mount
 Of *Paradise* by mighty waves be mov'd
 Out of its place, push'd by the horned flood,
 With all its verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulph,
 And there take root, an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals and orcs, and sea-mews clanging.

What

What cause of fear from mortal works cou'd move
 The meanest subject of our realms above?
 Where-e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
 Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last. 550
 But yon' proud work no future age shall view,
 No trace remain where once thy glory grew.
 The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
 And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall :
 Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore ; 555
 The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.

Thus they in heav'n : while, o'er the *Grecian* train,
 The rolling sun descending to the main
 Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew ;
 Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew ; 560
 And now the fleet, arriv'd from *Lemnos*' strands,
 With *Bacchus*' blessings cheer'd the gen'rous bands.
 Of fragrant wines the rich *Eunæus* sent
 A thousand measures to the royal tent.
 (*Eunæus*, whom *Hyppisyle* of yore 565
 To *Jason*, shepherd of his people, bore.)
 The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
 And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host :

V. 561. *And now the fleet, &c.*] The verses from hence to the end of the book, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity. As that *Jason* had a son by *Hyppisyle*, who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of *Lemnos* : That the isle of *Lemnos* was anciently famous for its wines, and drove a traffic in them ; and that coined money was not in use in the time of the *Trojan* war, but the trade of countries carried on by exchange in gross, brags, oxen, slaves, &c. I must not forget the particular term used here for slave, *ἀνδράποδος*, which is literally the same with our modern word *footman*.

Each,

Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave ;
Some brass, or iron, some an ox, or slave. 570
All night they feast, the *Greeks* and *Trojan* pow'rs ;
Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs.
But *Jove* averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade :
Humbled they stood ; pale horror seiz'd on all, 575
While the deep thunder shook th' aerial hall.
Each pour'd to *Jove* before the bowl was crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground ;
Then late refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night. 580

V. 573. *But Jove averse, &c.*] The signs by which *Jupiter* here shews his wrath against the *Grecians*, are a prelude to those more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the reader for that machine, which might otherwise seem too bold and violent.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE
ILLIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second Battle, and the Distress of the *Greeks*.

JUPITER *assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on mount Ida weighs in his balance the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks, with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field, (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires throughout the field, and pass the night under arms.*

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the Poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

T H E
* E I G H T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn ;
When *Jove* conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high *Olympus*' cloudy tops arise.

The

* *Homer*, like most of the *Greeks*, is thought to have travelled into *Ægypt*, and brought from the priests there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hieroglyphics. This is necessary to be considered by those who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and design of many parts of this author: For whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in those times, will make no doubt but there are several mysteries both of natural and moral philosophy involved in his fictions, which otherwise in the literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational; and it is but just, when these are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that something of this-kind may be hid under them. Nevertheless, as *Homer* travelled not with a direct view of writing philosophy or theology, so he might often use these hieroglyphical fables and traditions as embellishments of his poetry only, without taking the pains

The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke ; 5
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke.

Celestial states, immortal Gods ! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what you hear ;
The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move :
Thou Fate ! fulfil it ; and, ye pow'rs ! approve ; 10
What God but enters yon' forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield ;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n :
Or far, oh far from steep *Olympus* thrown, 15
Low in the dark *Tartarean* gulf shall groan,

to open their mystical meaning to his readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himself.

V. 16. *Low in the dark Tartarean Gulf, &c.*] This opinion of *Tartarus*, the place of torture for the impious after death, might be taken from the *Ægyptians* : for it seems not improbable, as some writers have observed, that some tradition might then be spread in the eastern world, of the fall of the angels, the punishment of the damned, and other sacred truths which were afterwards more fully explained and taught by the Prophets and Apostles. These *Homer* seems to allude to in this and other passages ; as where *Vulcan* is said to be precipitated from heaven in the first book, where *Jupiter* threatens *Mars* with *Tartarus* in the fifth, and where the Dæmon of Discord is cast out of heaven in the nineteenth. *Virgil* has translated a part of these lines in the sixth *Æneid*.

— *Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras,
Quantus ad æthereum cæli suspectus Olympum.*

And *Milton* in his first book,

As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

It may not be unpleasant just to observe the gradation in these three great Poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this idea of the depth of hell. *Homer* lays as far, *Virgil* twice as far, *Milton* thrice.

With

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' æthereal world. 20
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes ;
 And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
 League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of *Jove* :
 Let down our golden, everlasting chain, 25
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and
 main :

Strive

V. 25. *Let down our golden, everlasting chain.*] The various opinions of the ancients concerning this passage are collected by *Eustathius*. *Jupiter* says, *If he holds this chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but he can draw up them, the seas, and the earth, and cause the whole universe to hang unactive.* Some think that *Jupiter* signifies the *Æther*, the golden chain the *Sun* : If the *Æther* did not temper the rays of the sun as they pass through it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the Ocean in vapours, but also exhale the moisture from the veins of the earth, which is the cement that holds it together : by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all its powers suspended.

Others affirm, that by this golden chain may be meant the days of the world's duration, *ἡμέρας αἰῶνος*, which are as it were painted by the lustre of the sun, and follow one another in a successive chain till they arrive at their final period : While *Jupiter* or the *Æther* (which the ancients call the soul of all things) still remains unchanged.

Plato in his *Theætetus* says, that by this golden chain is meant the sun, whose rays enliven all nature, and cement the parts of the universe.

The *Stoics* will have it, that by *Jupiter* is implied destiny, which over rules every thing both upon and above the earth.

Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that *Homer* intended to represent the excellence of monarchy ; that the sceptre ought to be swayed by one

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
 To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth :
 Ye strive in vain ! If I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land ; 30
 I fix the chain to great *Olympus*' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !
 For such I reign, unbounded and above ;
 And such are Men, and Gods, compar'd to *Jove*.

Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the pow'rs re-
 ply, 35

A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky ;

Trembling

hand, and that all the wheels of government should be put in motion by one person.

But I fancy a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great reason to believe) that the *Ægyptians* understood the true system of the world, and that *Pythagoras* first learned it from them. They held that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the sun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer* ; and sometimes by the sun (as *Macrobius* informs us) is meant *Jupiter* himself : We see too that the most prevailing opinion of antiquity fixes it to the *sun* ; so that I think it will be no strained interpretation to say, that by the inability of the Gods to pull *Jupiter* out of his place with this *catena*, may be understood the superior attractive force of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the planets towards him.

V. 35. *Th' Almighty spoke.*] *Homer* in this whole passage plainly shews his belief of one supreme, omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a majesty and superiority worthy the great ruler of the universe. Accordingly *Justin Martyr* cites it as a proof of our author's attributing the power and government of all things to one first God, whose divinity is so far superior to all other Deities, that, if compared to him, they may be ranked among mortals. *Admon. ad gentes*. Upon this account, and with the authority of that learned father, I have ventured to apply to *Jupiter* in this place such appellatives as are suitable to the supreme Deity : a practice

Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look ;
At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of *Wisdom*,
spoke.

Oh first and greatest ! God, by Gods ador'd !
We own thy might, our father and our Lord ! 40
But ah ! permit to pity human state :
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submit to refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our *Argives* slain ;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move, 45
Or all must perish in the wrath of *Jove*.

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
And smil'd superior on his best-belov'd.
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took ;
The steadfast firmament beneath them shook : 50
Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd ;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heav'n's undrossy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he shines : His coursers fly 55
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.

practice I would be cautious of using in many other passages, where the notions and descriptions of our Author must be owned to be unworthy of the divinity.

V. 39. *O first and greatest ! &c.*] *Homer* is not only to be admired for keeping up the characters of his Heroes, but for adapting his speeches to the characters of his Gods. Had *Juno* here given the reply, she would have begun with some mark of resentment, but *Pallas* is all submission ; *Juno* would probably have contradicted him, but *Pallas* only begs leave to be sorry for those whom she must not assist ; *Juno* would have spoken with the prerogative of a wife, but *Pallas* makes her address with the obsequiousness of a prudent daughter. *Eustathius*.

But when to *Ida's* topmost height he came,
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
 Where o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
 His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blaz'd : 60
 There, from his radiant car, the sacred Sire
 Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire :
 Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd ;
 High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd ;
 Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys, 65
 The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the *Grecians* snatch'd a short repaste,
 And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rouz'd as soon ; for on this dreadful day
 The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay. 70
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ;
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain,

Men,

V. 69. *For on this dreadful day the fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.*] It may be necessary to explain why the *Trojans* thought themselves obliged to fight in order to defend their wives and children. One would think they might have kept within their walls ; the *Grecians* made no attempt to batter them, neither were they invested ; and the country was open on all sides except towards the sea, to give them provisions. The most natural thought is, that they and their auxiliaries being very numerous, could not subsist but from a large country about them ; and perhaps not without the sea, and the rivers, where the *Greeks* encamped : That in time the *Greeks* would have surrounded them, and blocked up every avenue to their town : That they thought themselves obliged to defend the country with all the inhabitants of it ; and that indeed at first this was rather a war between two nations, and became not properly a siege till afterwards.

V. 71. *The gates unfolding, &c.*] There is a wonderful sublimity in these lines ; one sees in the description the gates of a warlike city thrown open, and an army pouring

Men, fleeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
 And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd, 75
 To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
 Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
 The founding darts in iron tempests flew,
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise; 80
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
 Long as the morning beams encreasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light;
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds, 85
 Each adverse battle goar'd with equal wounds.
 But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends;
 The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,

With

pouring forth; and hears the trampling of men and horses rushing to the battle.

These verses are, as *Eustathius* observes, only a repetition of a former passage; which shews that the poet was particularly pleas'd with them, and that he was not ashamed of a repetition, when he could not express the same image more happily than he had already done.

V. 84. *The sacred light.*] *Homer* describing the advance of the day from morning till noon, calls it *ispov*, or sacred, says *Eustathius*, who gives this reason for it, because that part of the day was allotted to sacrifice and religious worship.

V. 88. *The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends.*] This figure, representing God as weighing the destinies of men in his balances, was first made use of in holy writ. In the book of *Job*, which is acknowledged to be one of the most ancient of the scriptures, he prays to be weighed in an even balance, that God may know his integrity. *Daniel* declares from God to *Belshazzar*, thou art weighed in the balances, and found light. And *Proverbs*, ch. 16. v. 11. *A just weight and balance are*

With equal hand : In these explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight. 90
Pref's'd

the Lord's. Our author has it again in the twenty-second *Iliad*, and it appeared so beautiful to succeeding Poets, that *Æschylus* (as we are told by *Plutarch de aud. Poetis*) writ a whole tragedy upon this foundation, which he called *Psychoſtasia*, or the weighing of souls. In this he introduced *Thetis* and *Aurora* standing on either side of *Jupiter's* scales, and praying each for her son while the heroes fought.

Καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πάλῃ ἐτίτανε τάλαντα,
Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε ταηλεγέος θανάτοιο,
Ἐλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· ῥέπει δ' Ἐκτορος αἵσιμος ἥμαρ.

It has been copied by *Virgil* in the last *Æneid*.

*Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet, & sata imponit diversa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.*

I cannot agree with *Madam Dacier* that these verses are inferior to *Homer's*; but *Macrobius* observes with some colour, that the application of them is not so just as in our author; for *Virgil* had made *Juno* say before, that *Turnus* would certainly perish.

*Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis,
Parcarumque dies & vis inimica propinquat.*

So that there was less reason for weighing his fate with that of *Æneas* after that declaration. *Scaliger* trifles miserably, when he says, *Juno* might have learned this from the fates, though *Jupiter* did not know it, before he consulted them by weighing the scales. But *Macrobius's* excuse in behalf of *Virgil* is much better worth regard: I shall transcribe it entire, as it is perhaps the finest period in all that author. *Hæc & alia ignoscenda Virgilio, qui studii circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem poesim suam hoc uno est præcipue usus archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut æmularetur ejus non modo magnitudinem sed & simplicitatem, & præsentiam orationis, & tacitam majestatem: Hinc diversarum inter heroas suos personarum varia magnificatio, hinc affectuum naturalium expressio, hinc monumentorum persecutio, hinc parabolarum*

Prefs'd with its load, the *Grecian* balance lies
 Low sunk on earth, the *Trojan* strikes the skies.
 Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his horrors spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the *Grecian* heads;
 Thick

larum exaggeratio, hinc torrentis orationis sonitus, hinc rerum singularum cum splendore fastidium. Sat. l. 5. c. 13.

As to the ascent or descent of the scales, *Eustathius* explains it in this manner. The descent of the scale toward earth signifies unhappiness and death, the earth being the place of misfortune and mortality; the mounting of it signifies prosperity and life, the superior regions being the seats of felicity and immortality.

Milton has admirably improved upon this fine fiction; and with an alteration agreeable to a Christian Poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed *Satan* in such scales, but judiciously makes this difference, that the mounting of his scale denoted ill success; whereas the same circumstance in *Homer* points the victory. His reason was, because *Satan* was immortal, and therefore the sinking of the scale could not signify death, but the mounting of it did his *lightness*, conformable to the expression we just now cited from *Daniel*.

Th' eternal to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
 Between *Astra* and the *Scorpion* sign:
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
 In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms: In these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight:
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam.

I believe upon the whole this may with justice be preferred both to *Homer's* and *Virgil's*, on account of the beautiful allusion to the sign of *Libra* in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it since; so correspondent at once to philosophy, and to the style of the scriptures.

V. 93. *Then Jove from Ida's top, &c.*] This distress of the *Greeks* being supposed, *Jupiter's* presence was absolutely necessary to bring them into it: for the in-

Thick light'nings flash; the mutt'ring thunder
rolls;

95

Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.

Before

ferior Gods that were friendly to *Greece* were rather more in number and superior in force to those that favoured *Troy*; and the Poet had shewed before, when both armies were left to themselves, that the *Greeks* could overcome the *Trojans*; besides, it would have been an indelible reflection upon his countrymen to have been vanquished by a smaller number. Therefore nothing less than the immediate interposition of *Jupiter* was requisite, which shews the wonderful address of the Poet in his machinery. *Virgil* makes *Turnus* say in the last *Æneid*,

— *Dii me terrent & Jupiter hostis.*

And indeed this defeat of the *Greeks* seems more to their glory than all their victories, since even *Jupiter's* omnipotence could with difficulty effect it.

V. 95. *Thick lightnings flash.*] This notion of *Jupiter's* declaring against the *Greeks* by thunder and lightning is drawn (says *Dacier*) from truth itself: *Sam. 1. ch. 7. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: But the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel.* To which may be added that in the 18th Psalm: *The Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; he shot out lightnings and discomfited them.*

Upon occasion of the various successes given by *Jupiter*, now to *Grecians*, now to *Trojans*, whom he suffers to perish interchangeably; some have fancied this supposition injurious to the nature of the sovereign being, as representing him variable or inconstant in his rewards and punishments. It may be answered, that as God makes use of some people to chastise others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to punish those very persons for lesser sins; whom he makes his instruments to punish others for greater: so purging them from their own iniquities before they become worthy to be chastisers of other men's. This is the case of the *Greeks* here, whom *Jupiter* permits to suffer many ways, though he had destined them to revenge the rape of

of

Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire ;
 The God in terrors and the skies on fire.
 Nor great *Idomeneus* that fight could bear,
 Nor each stern *Ajax*, thunderbolts of war : 100
 Nor he, the King of Men, th' alarm sustain'd ;
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
 Unwilling he remain'd, for *Paris*' dart
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part ;
 Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane 105
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain ;

of *Helen* upon *Troy*. There is a history in the Bible just of this nature. In the 20th chapter of *Judges*, the *Israelites* are commanded to make war against the tribe of *Benjamin*, to punish a rape on the wife of a *Levite* committed in the city of *Gibeah*: When they have laid siege to the place, the *Benjamites* sally upon them with so much vigour, that a great number of the besiegers are destroyed: They are astonished at these defeats, as having undertaken the siege in obedience to the command of God: But they are still ordered to persist, 'till at length they burn the city, and almost extinguish the race of *Benjamin*. There are many instances in scripture, where heaven is represented to change its decrees according to the repentance or relapses of men: *Hezekias* is ordered to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life. It is foretold to *Achab*, that he shall perish miserably, and then upon his humiliation God defers the punishment till the reign of his successor, &c.

I must confess, that in comparing passages of the sacred books with our Author, one ought to use a great deal of caution and respect. If there are some places in scripture that in compliance to human understanding represent the Deity as acting by motives like those of men; there are infinitely more that shew him as he is, all perfection, justice, and beneficence; whereas in *Homer* the general tenor of the poem represents *Jupiter* as a being subject to passion, inequality, and imperfection. I think M. *Dacier* has carried these comparisons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occasion in the points of theology and doctrine.

Mad with his anguish he begins to rear,
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
 Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
 Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed, 110
 When dreadful *Hector* , thund'ring thro' the war,
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
 The hoary monarch of the *Pylian* band,
 But *Diomed* beheld ; from forth the crowd 115
 He rush'd, and on *Ulysses* call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does *Ulysses* run ?
 Oh flight unworthy great *Laertes'* son !
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
 Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound ? 120
 Oh turn, and save from *Hector's* direful rage
 The glory of the *Greeks* , the *Pylian* sage.

His

V. 115. *But Diomed beheld.*] The whole following story of *Nestor* and *Diomed* is admirably contrived to raise the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures singly to bring off the old hero, notwithstanding the general consternation. The art of *Homer* will appear wonderful to any one who considers all the circumstances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of *Diomed* to that undaunted character. The thunderbolt falls just before him ; that is not enough ; *Nestor* advises him to submit to heaven ; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of flight ; *Nestor* drives back the chariot without his consent ; he is again inclined to go on till *Jupiter* again declares against him. These two heroes are very artfully placed together, because none but a person of *Nestor's* authority and wisdom should have prevailed upon *Diomed* to retreat : A younger warrior could not so well in honour have given him such counsel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cause *Diomed* to fly, requir'd both the counsel of *Nestor* , and the thunder of *Jupiter* .

V. 121.

His fruitless words are lost unheard in air ;
Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
 But bold *Tydidēs* to the rescue goes, 125
 A single warrior 'midst a host of foes ;
 Before the coursers with a sudden spring
 He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the King.
 Great perils, father ! wait th' unequal fight ;
 These younger champions will oppress thy might. 130
 Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
 Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.
 Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car
 Observe the steeds of *Tros*, renown'd in war,
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase, 135
 To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race :
 These late obey'd *Æneas*' guiding rein ;
 Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train :

V. 121. *O turn and save, &c.*] There is a decorum in making *Diomed* call *Ulysses* to the assistance of his brother sage ; for who better knew the importance of *Nestor* than *Ulysses* ? But the question is whether *Ulysses* did not drop *Nestor*, as one great minister would do another, and fancied he should be the wise man when the other was gone ? *Eustathius* indeed is of opinion that *Homer* meant not to cast any aspersion on *Ulysses*, nor would have given him so many noble appellations, when in the same breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may be ill grounded, if we observe the manner of *Homer*'s expression, *Diomed* called *Ulysses*, but *Ulysses* was deaf, he *did not hear* ; and whereas the Poet says of the rest, that they had not the *hardiness* to stay, *Ulysses* is not only said to *fly*, but *παρήξειν*, to make *violent haste* towards the navy. *Ovid* at least understood it thus, for he puts an objection in *Ajax*'s mouth, *Metam.* 13. drawn from this passage, which would have been improper, had not *Ulysses* made more speed than he ought ; since *Ajax* on the same occasion retreated as well as he.

With

With these against yon' *Trojans* will we go,
 Nor shall great *Hector* want an equal foe ; 140
 Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
 The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief ; and *Nestor* skill'd in war,
 Approves his counsel, and ascends the car :
 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold ; 145
Eurymedon, and *Sthenelus* the bold.
 The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.
Hector they face ; unknowing how to fear,
 Fierce he drove on ; *Tydidēs* whirl'd his spear. 150
 The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
 But plung'd in *Eniopus*' bosom lay.
 His opening hand in death forfakes the rein ;
 The steeds fly back : He falls, and spurns the plain.
 Great *Hector* sorrows for his servant kill'd, 155
 Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field ;
 Till to supply his place and rule the car,
 Rose *Archeptolemus*, the fierce in war.
 And now had death and horror covered all ;
 Like tim'rous flocks the *Trojans* in their wall 160

Inclos'd

V. 142. *The thirsty fury of my flying spear.*] *Homer* has figures of that boldness which it is impossible to preserve in another language. The words in the original are *Δορυ μάλιστα*, *Hector shall see if my spear be mad in my hands*. The translation pretends only to have taken some shadow of this, in animating the spear, giving it *fury*, and strengthening the figure with the epithet *thirsty*.

V. 159. *And now had death, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes how wonderful *Homer* still advances the character of *Diomed*: When all the leaders of *Greece* were retreated, the Poet says that had not *Jupiter* interposed,
Diomed

Inclos'd had bled : but *Jove* with awful sound
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound :
 Full in *Tyrides'* face the light'ning flew ;
 The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue ;

Diomed alone had driven the whole army of *Troy* to their walls ; and with his single hand have vanquished an army.

V. 164. *The ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a battle described with so much fire, that the warmest imagination of an able painter cannot add a circumstance to heighten the surprize or horror of the picture. Here is what they call the *Fracas*, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmost strength of colouring, upon the fore-ground ; and the *repose* and *solemnity* at a distance with great propriety and judgment. First, in the *Elogiment*, we behold *Jupiter* in golden armour, surrounded with glory, upon the summit of mount *Ida* ; his chariot and horses by him, wrapt in dark clouds. In the next place below the horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, through which the lightning flashes in the face of the *Greeks*, who are flying on all sides ; *Agamemnon* and the rest of the commanders in the rear, in postures of astonishment. Towards the middle of the piece, we see *Nestor* in the utmost distress, one of his horses having a deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe, and disorder the rest. *Nestor* is cutting the harness with his sword, while *Hector* advances driving full speed. *Diomed* interposes, in an action of the utmost fierceness and intrepidity : These two heroes make the principal figures and subject of the picture. A burning thunderbolt falls just before the feet of *Diomed's* horses, from whence a horrid flame of sulphur arises.

This is only a specimen of a single picture designed by *Homer*, out of the many with which he has beautified the *Iliad*. And indeed every thing is so natural and so lively, that the History-painter would generally have no more to do but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumstances, just as he finds them described by this great master. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been so often said of *Homer's* furnishing ideas to the most famous painters of antiquity.

The

The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the sight ; 165
 And *Nestor's* trembling hand confess'd his fright :
 He dropt the reins ; and shook with sacred dread,
 Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid *Diomed*.

O chief ! too daring in thy friend's defence,
 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence. 170
 This day, averse, the sov'reign of the skies
 Assists great *Hector*, and our palm denies.
 Some other sun may see the happier hour,
 When *Greece* shall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move : 175
 The great will glory to submit to *Jove*.

O rev'rend Prince ! (*Tydid*es thus replies)
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But ah, what grief ! should haughty *Hector* boast,
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast. 180
 Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me, earth ! and hide a warrior's shame.
 To whom *Gerenian Nestor* thus reply'd :
 Gods ! can thy courage fear the *Phrygian's* pride ?
Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast ? 185
 Not those who felt thy arm, the *Dardan* host ;
 Nor *Troy*, yet bleeding in her heroes lost ;
 Not ev'n a *Phrygian* dame, who dreads the sword
 That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.
 He said ; and hasty, o'er the gasping throng 190
 Drives the swift steeds ; the chariot smoaks along.
 The shouts of *Trojans* thicken in the wind ;
 The storm of hissing jav'lins pours behind.
 Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
 Pleas'd *Hector* braves the warrior as he flies. 195

Go,

Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the rest
 In seats of council and the sumptuous feast:
 Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
 Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
 To scale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames, 200
 To lead in exile the fair *Phrygian* dames,
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous Prince! are
 fled;

This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
 To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight; 205
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial *Jove*
 On *Ida's* summits thunder'd from above.

Great *Hector* heard; he saw the flashing light,
 (The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight.

Hear ev'ry *Trojan*, *Lycian*, *Dardan* band, 210
 All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
 Your great fore-fathers glories, and your own.

Heard ye the voice of *Jove*? Success and fame
 Await on *Troy*, on *Greece* eternal shame. 215
 In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
 Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.

V. 194. *The solid skies.*] *Homer* sometimes calls the heavens *brazen*, Οὐρανὸν πολύχαλκον, and *Jupiter's* palace χαλκοβαλὴς δᾶ. One might think from hence that the notion of the *solidity of the heavens*, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally received. The scripture uses expressions agreeable to it, *A heaven of brass*, and the *firmament*.

V. 214. *Heard ye the voice of Jove?*] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the troops, by telling them that God was surely on their side: This, it seems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been used in modern times by those who never read *Homer*.

High

High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound,
And pass victorious o'er the level'd mound.

Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand, 220

• Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;
Till their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All *Greece*, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke. 225

Now *Xanthus*, *Æthon*, *Lampus*! urge the chace,

And thou, *Podargus*! prove thy gen'rous race:

Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,

And all your master's well-spent care repay.

For this, high fed in plenteous stalls ye stand, 230

Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a Princess' hand;

For this, my spouse, of great *Ætion*'s line,

So oft has sleep'd the strength'ning grain in wine.

Now

V. 226. *Now Xanthus, Æthon, &c.*] There have been Critics who blame this manner, introduced by *Homer* and copied by *Virgil*, of making a hero address his discourse to his horses. *Virgil* has given human sentiments to the horse of *Pallas*, and made him weep for the death of his master. In the tenth *Æneid*, *Mezentius* speaks to his horse in the same manner as *Hector* does here. Nay, he makes *Turnus* utter a speech to his spear, and invoke it as a divinity. All this is agreeable to the art of oratory, which makes it a precept to speak to every thing, and make every thing speak; of which there are innumerable applauded instances in the most celebrated orators. Nothing can be more spirited and affecting than this enthusiasm of *Hector*, who in the transport of his joy at the sight of *Diomed* flying before him, breaks out into this apostrophe to his horses as he is pursuing. And indeed the air of this whole speech is agreeable to a man drunk with the hopes of success, and promising himself a series of conquests. He has in imagination already forced the *Grecian* retrenchments, set the fleet in flames, and destroyed the whole army.

V. 232. *For this my spouse.*] There is says M. *Dacier*)
a secret

Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
 Give me to seize rich *Nestor's* shield of gold; 235
 From *Tydeus'* shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
 These if we gain, then Victory, ye pow'rs!
 This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung *Saturnia's* soul; 240
 She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
 And thus to *Neptune*: Thou, whose force can make
 The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,
 See'st thou the *Greeks* by fates unjust oppress,
 Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast? 245
 Yet *Ægæ*, *Helicè*, thy pow'r obey,
 And gifts unceasing on thy altars lay.

a secret beauty in this passage, which perhaps will only be perceived by those who are particularly versed in *Homer*. He describes a Princess so tender in her love to her husband, that she takes care constantly to go and meet him at his return from every battle, and in the joy of seeing him again, runs to his horses and gives them bread and wine as a testimony of her acknowledgment to them for bringing him back. Notwithstanding the raillery that may be cast upon this remark, I take a lady to be the best judge to what actions a woman may be carried by fondness to her husband. *Homer* does not expressly mention bread, but wheat; and the commentators are not agreed whether she gives them wine to drink, or steeped the grain in it. *Hobbes* translates it as I do.

V. 237. *Vulcanian Arms, the labour of a God.*] These were the arms that *Diomed* had received from *Glaucus*, and a prize worthy *Hector*, being (as we are told in the sixth book) entirely of gold. I do not remember any other place where the shield of *Nestor* is celebrated by *Homer*.

V. 246. *Yet Ægæ, Helicè.*] These were two cities of *Greece* in which *Neptune* was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a temple and a statue of him.

Would

Would all the Deities of *Greece* combine,
 In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine :
 Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend, 250
 And see his *Trojans* to the shades descend:
 Such be the scene from his *Idæan* bow'r ;
 Ungrateful prospect to the sullen pow'r !

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design :
 What rage, what madness, furious *Queen* ! is thine ?
 I war not with the Highest. All above 256
 Submit and tremble at the hand of *Jove*.

Now god-like *Hector*, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
 Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields 260
 With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
 Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
 Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
 A dreadful front ! they shake the bands, and threat
 With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. 265
 The King of Men, by *Juno's* self inspir'd,
 Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.
 Swift as he mov'd, he lift'd in his hand
 His purple robe, bright ensign of command.

V. 262. *Where the deep trench.*] That is to say, the space betwixt the ditch and the wall was filled with the men and chariots of the *Greeks* : *Hector* not having yet past the ditch. *Eustathius*.

V. 269. *His purple robe.*] *Agamemnon* here addresses himself to the eyes of the army : his voice might have been lost in the confusion of the retreat, but the motion of this purple robe could not fail of attracting the regards of the soldiers. His speech also is very remarkable ; he first endeavours to shame them into courage, and then begs of *Jupiter* to give that courage success ; at least so far as not to suffer the whole army to be destroyed. *Eustathius*.

High

High on the midmost bark the King appear'd; 270
 There, from *Ulysses'* deck, his voice was heard.
 To *Ajax* and *Achilles* reach'd the sound,
 Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
 Oh *Argives*! shame of human race; he cry'd,
 (The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd) 275
 Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
 Your hasty triumphs on the *Lemnian* shore?
 Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
 While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;
 But who to meet one martial man is found, 280
 When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
 O mighty *Jove*! oh Sire of the distress'd!
 Was ever King like me, like me oppress'd?
 With pow'r immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
 My glory ravish'd, and my people slain? 285
 To thee my vows were breath'd from ev'ry shore;
 What altar smoak'd not with our victims' gore?
 With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
 And ask'd destruction to the *Trojan* name.
 Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand; 290
 Give these at least to 'scape from *Hector's* hand,
 And save the reliques of the *Grecian* land! }

V. 270. *High on the midmost bark, &c.*] We learn from hence the situation of the ships of *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*. The two latter, being the strongest heroes of the army, were placed to defend either end of the fleet, as most obnoxious to the incursions of the enemy; and *Ulysses*, being the ablest head, was allotted the middle place, as more safe and convenient for the council, and that he might be the nearer, if any emergency required his advice. *Eustathius*, *Spondanus*.

Thus

Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Father
heard

His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
The wrath appeas'd by happy signs declares, 295
And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.
His eagle, sacred bird of heav'n! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)

V. 293. *Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Father heard.*] It is to be observed in general, that *Homer* hardly makes his heroes succeed, unless they have first offered a prayer to heaven. Whether they engage in war, go upon an embassy, undertake a voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprize, they almost always supplicate some God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect some adversity befall them in the course of the story.

V. 297. *His eagle, sacred bird!*] *Jupiter* upon the prayers of *Agamemnon* sends an omen to encourage the *Greeks*. The application of it is obvious: The eagle signified *Hector*, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the *Greeks*, and being dropt at the altar of *Jupiter*, shewed that they would be saved by the protection of that God. The word Πανουφαῖος (says *Eustathius*) has a great significance in this place. The *Greeks* having just received this happy omen from *Jupiter*, were offering oblations to him under the title of the *Father of Oracles*. There may also be a natural reason for this appellation, as *Jupiter* signified the *Æther*, which is the vehicle of all sounds.

Virgil has a fine imitation of this passage, but diversified with many more circumstances, where he makes *Juturna* shew a prodigy of the like nature to encourage the *Latins*, *Æn.* 12.

*Namque volans rubrâ fulvus Jovis ales in æthrâ,
Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque sonantem
Agminis aligeri: subito cum lapsus ad undas
Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
Arrexere animos Itali: cunctæque volucres
Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile visu)
Ætheraque obscurant pennis, hostemque per auras
Facta nube premunt: donec vi victus & ipso
Pondere defecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales
Projecit flavio, penitusque in nubila fugit.*

High

High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,
 Who paid their vows to *Panomphean Jove* : 300
 Then let the prey before his altar fall;
 The *Greeks* beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:
 Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
 And fierce on *Troy* with doubled fury drive.
Tydidēs first, of all the *Grecian* force, 305
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
 And dy'd his jav'lin red with *Trojan* gore.
 Young *Agelaus* (*Phradmon* was his sire)
 With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire : 310
 Strook thro' the back the *Phrygian* fell oppress;
 The dart drove on, and issu'd at his breast:
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound;
 His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
 Forth rush a tide of *Greeks*, the passage freed; 315
 Th' *Atridae* first, th' *Ajaces* next succeed:
Meriones, like *Mars*, in arms renown'd,
 And god-like *Idomen*, now pass'd the mound;
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
 And last, young *Teucer* with his bended bow. 320
 Secure behind the *Telamonian* shield
 The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,

With

V. 305. *Tydidēs first.*] *Diomed*, as we have before seen, was the last that retreated from the thunder of *Jupiter*; he is now the first that returns to the battle. It is worth while to observe the behaviour of the hero upon this occasion: He retreats with the utmost reluctance, and advances with the utmost ardour; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himself in safety. *Eustathius*.

V. 321. *Secure behind the Telamonian shield.*] *Eustathius*

With ev'ry shaft some hostile victim flew,
 Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew :
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, 325
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
 Thus *Ajax* guards his brother in the field,
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
 Who first by *Teucer's* mortal arrows bled ?
Orsilochns; then fell *Ormenus* dead : 330
 The god-like *Lycophon* next press'd the plain,
 With *Chromius*, *Dator*, *Ophelestes* slain :
 Bold *Hamopaon* breathless sunk to ground ;
 The bloody pile great *Melanippus* crown'd.
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, 335
 A *Trojan* ghost attending ev'ry dart.
 Great *Agamemnon* views with joyful eye
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly :

Thus observes that *Teucer* being an excellent archer, and using only the bow, could not wear any arms which would encumber him, and render him less expedite in archery. *Homer*, to secure him from the enemy, represents him as standing behind *Ajax's* shield, and shooting from thence. Thus the Poet gives us a new circumstance of a battle, and though *Ajax* achieves nothing himself, he maintains a superiority over *Teucer*: *Ajax* may be said to kill these *Trojans* with the arrows of *Teucer*.

There is also a wonderful tenderness in the simile with which he illustrates the retreat of *Teucer* behind the shield of *Ajax*: Such tender circumstances soften the horrors of a battle, and diffuse a sort of serenity over the soul of the reader.

V. 337. *Great Agamemnon views.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Homer* would here teach the duty of a General in a battle. He must observe the behaviour of his soldiers: He must honour the hero, reproach the coward, reduce the disorderly; and for the encouragement of the deserving, he must promise rewards, that desert in arms may not be paid with glory only.

Oh

Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd; 340
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
 Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,
 The vig'rous offspring of a stol'n embrace,
 Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame, 345
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
 Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high pow'rs
 Give me to raze *Troy's* long-defended tow'rs;
 Whatever treasures *Greece* for me design,
 The next rich honorary gift be thine: 350
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
 With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war,
 Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
 Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.

To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire, 355
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.

What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
 'Till ev'ry shaft in *Phrygian* blood be dy'd.
 Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
 Still aim'd at *Heclor* have I bent my bow; 360
 Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead.

V. 343. *Sprung from an alien's bed.*] *Agamemnon* here, in the height of his commendations of *Teucer*, tells him of his spurious birth: This (says *Eustathius*) was reckoned no disgrace among the ancients; nothing being more common than for heroes of old to take their female captives to their beds; and as such captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be descended from them. Thus *Teucer* (says *Eustathius*) was descended from *Telamon*, and *Hesione*, the sister of *Priam*, a female captive.

But sure some God denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of *Troy*.

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon
flies 365

At *Hector's* breast, and sings along the skies :
He miss'd the mark ; but pierc'd *Gorgythio's* heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
(Fair *Castianira*, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to King *Priam's* line.) 370
As full-blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain ;

So

V. 364. *This dog of Troy.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and I have ventured it, as no improper expression of the rage of *Teucer*, for having been so often disappointed in his aim, and of his passion against that enemy who had so long prevented all the hopes of the *Grecians*. *Milton* was not scrupulous of imitating even these, which the modern refiners call unmannerly strokes of our author, (who knew to what extremes human passions might proceed, and was not ashamed to copy them.) He has put this very expression, into the mouth of God himself, who upon beholding the havoc which *Sin* and *Death* made in the world, is moved in his indignation to cry out,

‘ See with what heat these dogs of hell advance !’

V. 367. *He miss'd the mark.*] These words, says *Eustathius*, are very artfully inserted ; the reader might wonder why so skilful an archer should so often miss his mark, and it was necessary that *Teucer* should miss *Hector*, because *Homer* could not falsify the history : This difficulty he removes by the intervention of *Apollo*, who wafts the arrow aside from him : The Poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, 'till the arrow of *Teucer* came so near *Hector* as to kill his charioteer, which made some such contrivance necessary.

V. 371: *As full-blown poppies.*] This simile is very beautiful, and exactly represents the manner of *Gorgythion's* death : There is such a sweetness in the comparison

So sinks the youth : His beauteous head depress'd
 Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
 Another shaft the raging archer drew ; 375
 That other shaft with erring fury flew,
 (From *Hector Phæbus* turn'd the flying wound)
 Yet fell not dry, or guiltless to the ground:
 Thy breast, brave *Archeptolemus* ! it tore,
 And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore. 380
 Headlong he falls : his sudden fall alarms
 The steeds that startle at his sounding arms.

parison, that it makes us pity the youth's fall, and almost feel his wound. *Virgil* has applied it to the death of *Euryalus*

—*Inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit :*
Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescat moriens ; lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

This is finely improved by the *Roman* author, with the particulars of *succisus aratro*, and *lasso collo*. But it may on the other hand be observed in the favour of *Homer*, that the circumstance of the head being oppressed and weighed down by the helmet, is so remarkably just, that it is a wonder *Virgil* omitted it, and the rather because he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the helmet of *Euryalus* which occasioned the discovery and unfortunate death of this young hero and his friend.

One may make a general observation, that *Homer* in those comparisons that breathe an air of tenderness, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the subject which he is to illustrate : But in other comparisons where he is to inspire the soul with sublime sentiments, he gives a loose to his fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correspond. I take the reason of it to be this : In the first, the copy must be like the original to cause it to affect us ; the glass needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful : whereas, in the other, a succession of noble ideas will cause the like sentiments in the soul ; and though the glass should enlarge the image, it only strikes us with such thoughts as the Poet intended to raise, sublime and great.

Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
 All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
 Then bids *Cebriones* direct the rein, 385
 Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
 Dreadful he shouts: From earth a stone he took,
 And rush'd on *Teucer* with the lifted rock.
 The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;
 The shaft already to his shoulder drew; 390
 The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
 Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
 There, where the juncture knits the channel-bone,
 The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone:
 The bow-string burst beneath the pond'rous blow, 395
 And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.
 He fell: But *Ajax* his broad shield display'd,
 And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
 'Till great *Alastor*, and *Mecisteus*, bore
 The batter'd archer groaning to the shore. 400
Troy yet found grace before th' *Olympian* Sire,
 He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.
 The *Greeks*, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
 Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
 First of the foe great *Hector* march'd along, 405
 With terror cloath'd, and more than mortal strong.
 As the bold hound that gives the lion chase,
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
 Hangs

V. 407: *As the bold hound that gives the lion chase.*
 This simile is the justest imaginable; and gives the most
 lively picture of the manner in which the *Grecians* fled,
 and *Hector* pursued them, still slaughtering the hindmost.
Gratius and *Oppian* have given us particular descrip-
 tions of those sort of dogs, of prodigious strength and
 size, which were employed to hunt and tear down wild
 beasts

Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels : 410
 Thus oft' the *Grecians* turn'd, but still they flew ;
 Thus following *Heſtor* ſtill the hindmoſt flew.
 When flying they had paſſ'd the trench profound,
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground ;
 Before the ſhips a deſp'rate ſtand they made, 415
 And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
 Fierce on his ratt'ling chariot *Heſtor* came :
 His eyes like *Gorgon* ſhot a ſanguin flame
 That wither'd all their hoſt : Like *Mars* he ſtood,
 Dire as the monſter, dreadful as the God ! 420
 Their ſtrong diſtreſs the wife of *Jove* ſurvey'd ;
 Then penſive thus, to War's triumphant maid.
 Oh daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the ſable ſhield !
 Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair, 425
 Shall wretched *Greece* no more confeſs our care,
 Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of Fate,
 And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentless hate ?
 Gods ! ſhall one raging hand thus level all ?
 What numbers fell ! what numbers yet ſhall fall ! 430
 What pow'r divine ſhall *Heſtor*'s wrath aſſuage ?
 Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage !

beaſts. To one of theſe fierce animals he compares
Heſtor, and one cannot but obſerve his care not to diſ-
 grace his *Grecian* countrymen by an unworthy compa-
 riſon : Though he is obliged to repreſent them flying, he
 makes them fly like lions ; and as they fly, turn fre-
 quently back upon their purſuer ; ſo that it is hard to
 ſay, if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the
 contrary, when any of the *Grecian* heroes purſues the
Trojans, it is he that is the lion, and the flyers are but
 ſheep or trembling deer.

So spoke th' imperial regent of the skies;
 To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes :
 Long since had *Heñor* stain'd these fields with gore,
 Stretch'd by some *Argive* on his native shore : 436
 But He above, the Sire of heav'n, withstands,
 Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.
 The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward : 440
 Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite son * distress'd,
 By stern *Euristheus* with long labours press'd ?
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay ;
 I shot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event, 445
 When to grim *Pluto's* gloomy gates he went ;
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,
 Nor *Styx* been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
 Averse to me of all his heav'n of Gods,
 At *Thetis'* suit the partial Thund'rer nods. 450
 To grace her gloomy, scize, resenting son,
 My hopes are frustrate, and my *Greeks* undone.
 Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
 To call his blue-ey'd maid his best belov'd.

* *Hercules.*

V. 439. *The stubborn God, inflexible and hard*] It must be owned that this speech of *Minerva* against *Jupiter*, shocks the Allegory more than perhaps any in the poem. Unless the Deities may sometimes be thought to mean no more than beings that presided over those parts of nature, or those passions and faculties of the mind. Thus as *Venus* suggests unlawful as well as lawful desires, so *Minerva* may be described as the Goddess not only of Wisdom but of Craft ; that is, both of true and false Wisdom. So the moral of *Minerva's* speaking rashly of *Jupiter*, may be, that the wisest of finite beings is liable to passion and indiscretion, as the commentators have already observed.

Haste,

Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon' ranks to
ride ; 455

Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.

Then, Goddess! say, shall *Hector* glory then,

(That terror of the *Greeks*, that Man of men)

When *Juno*'s self, and *Pallas* shall appear,

All dreadful in the crimson walks of war? 460

What mighty *Trojan* then, on yonder shore,

Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,

Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore! }

She ceas'd, and *Juno* rein'd the steeds with care ;

(Heav'n's awful empress, *Saturn*'s other heir) 465

Pallas meanwhile, her various veil unbound,

With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd ;

The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove

Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of *Jove*,

Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest, 470

His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.

'The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends ;

Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends ;

Huge, pond'rous, strong ! that when her fury burns

Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 475

Saturnia lends the lash ; the coursers fly ;

Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky.

Heav'n-

V. 461. *What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore.*] She means *Hector*, whose death the Poet makes her foresee in such a lively manner, as if the image of the hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the observation we formerly made of *Homer*'s method of prophesying in the spirit of poetry.

V. 469. *Floats in rich waves*] The Greek word is *κατέχευεν*, pours the veil on the pavement. I must just take notice that here is a repetition of the same beautiful verses which the author had used in the fifth book.

Heav'n-gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged *Hours*,
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 480
 The Sun's bright portals and the skies command;
 Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
 Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away:
 The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
 Prone down the steep of heav'n their course they guide.
 But *Jove* incens'd from *Ida*'s top survey'd, 486
 And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.

Thaumania! mount the winds, and stop their car;
 Against the Highest who shall wage the war?
 If furious yet they dare the vain debate, 490
 Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is Fate.
 Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
 Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
 My light'ning these rebellious shall confound,
 And hurl them flaming headlong to the ground, 495
 Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
 The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
 So shall *Minerva* learn to fear our ire,
 Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
 For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still, 500
 She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift

V. 477. *Smooth glides the chariot, &c.*] One would almost think *Homer* made his Gods and Goddeesses descend from *Olympus*, only to mount again, and mount only to descend again, he is so remarkably delighted with the description of their horses, and their manner of flight. We have no less than three of these in the present book.

V. 500. *For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, she claims, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes here, if a good man does a wrong we are justly angry at it; but if it proceeds

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid
 From *Ida*'s top her golden wings display'd ;
 To great *Olympus*' shining gates she flies,
 There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, 505
 Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
 And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move
 Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of *Jove*?
 Desist, obedient to the high command; 510
 'This is his word: and know his word shall stand.
 His light'ning your rebellion shall confound,
 And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:
 Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
 Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky; 515
 Yourself condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
 'The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
 So shall *Minerva* learn to fear his ire,
 Nor dare to combat her's and nature's fire.
 For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still, 520
 She claims some title to transgress his will:
 But thee what desp'rate insolence has driv'n,
 To lift thy lance against the King of heav'n.

Then

ceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected,
 we are not at all surprized, and we bear it with patience.

There are many such passages as these in *Homer*,
 which glance obliquely at the fair sex; and *Jupiter* is
 here forced to take upon him the severe husband, to
 teach *Juno* the duty of a wife.

V. 522. *But thee what desp'rate insolence.*] It is ob-
 servable that *Homer* generally makes his messengers,
 divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering
 their messages in the very words of the persons who com-
 mission'd them. *Iris* however in the close of her speech
 has ventured to go beyond her instructions and all rules
 of decorum, by adding these expressions of bitter re-

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and *Juno* thus her rage resign'd: 525

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
No more let beings of superior birth
Contend with *Jove* for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530
They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.
But *Jove's* high counsels full effect shall find,
And ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright. 535
The *Hours* unloos'd them, panting as they stood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

proach to a Goddess of superior rank. The words of the original, *Κτόν ἀδελφίς*, are too gross to be literally translated.

V. 525. *Juno her rage resign'd.*] *Homer* never intended to give us the picture of a good wife in the description of *Juno*: She obeys *Jupiter*, but it is forced obedience: she submits rather to the governor than to the husband, and is more afraid of his lightning than his commands.

Her behaviour in this place is very natural to a person under a disappointment: she had set her heart upon preferring the *Greeks*; but failing in that point, she assumes an air of indifference, and says, that whether they live or die, she is unconcerned.

V. 531. *They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.*] The translator has turn'd this line in compliance to an old observation upon *Homer*, which *Macrobius* has written, and several others since have fallen into: They say he was so great a fatalist, as not so much as to name the word *Fortune* in all his works, but constantly *Fate* instead of it. This remark seems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general tenor and doctrine of this Poet; but unluckily it is not true, the word which they have proscribed being implied in the original of this, v. 430. *Ὅσπερ τύχη*.

There

There ty'd, they rest in their celestial stalls ;
 The chariot propt against the crystal walls.
 The pensive Goddesfes, abash'd, controul'd, 540
 Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of Gold.

And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight
 From *Ida's* summits to th' *Olympian* height.
 Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
 Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky. 545
 'Twas *Neptune's* charge his coursers to unbrace,
 And fix the car on its immortal base ;
 There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
 Till with a snowy veil he skreen'd the blaze.
 He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold, 550
 Th' eternal Thunderer, sate thron'd in gold.
 High heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,
 And, wide beneath him, all *Olympus* shakes.
 Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd,
 Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd. 555
 He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts;
Pallas and *Juno* ! say, why heave your hearts ?
 Soon was your battle o'er : Proud *Troy* retir'd
 Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
 But know, whoe'er almighty pow'r withstand! 560
 Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand :

V. 547. *And fix the car on its immortal base.*] It is remarked by *Eustathius* that the word βασιλῆς signifies not only altars, but pedestals or bases, of statues, &c. I think our language will bear this literally, though *M. Dacier* durst not venture it in the *French*. The solemnity with which this chariot of *Jupiter* is set up by the hands of a God, and covered with a fine veil, makes it easy enough to imagine that this distinction also might be shewn it.

Who

Who shall the Sov'reign of the skies controul?
 Not all the gods that crown the starry pole.
 Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
 And each immortal nerve with horror shake. 565
 For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;
 What pow'r foe'er provokes our lifted hand,
 On this our hill no more shall hold his place,
 Cut off, and exil'd from th' ætherial race.

Juno and *Pallas* grieving hear the doom, 570
 But feast their souls on *Ilion's* woes to come.

Tho'

V. 570. *Juno* and *Pallas*.] In the beginning of this book *Juno* was silent, and *Minerva* replied: Here, says *Eustathius*, *Homer* makes *Juno* reply with great propriety to both their characters. *Minerva* resents the usage of *Jupiter*, but the reverence she bears, to her father and her King, keeps her silent; she has no less anger than *Juno*, but more reason. *Minerva* there spoke with all the submission and deference that was owing from a child to a father, or a subject to a King; but *Juno* is more free with her husband, she is angry, and lets him know it by the first word she utters.

Juno here repeats the same words which had been used by *Minerva* to *Jupiter* near the beginning of this book. What is there uttered by wisdom herself, and approved by him, is spoken by a Goddess, who (as *Homer* tells us at this very time) imprudently manifested her passion, and whom *Jupiter* answers with anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my Author, any more than some other of his repetitions; as when *Ajax* in the fifteenth *Iliad*, v. 668. uses the same speech word for word to encourage the *Greeks*, which *Agamemnon* had made in the fifth, v. 653. I think it equally an extreme, to vindicate all the repetitions of *Homer*, and to excuse none. However *Eustathius* very ingeniously excuses this, by saying that the same speeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. *Minerva* addressed herself to *Jupiter* with words full of respect, but *Juno* with terms of resentment. This, says he, shews the effect of opening our speeches with art: it prejudices the audience in our favour, and makes us speak to friends: whereas the auditor naturally

Tho' secret anger swell'd *Minerva's* breast,
 The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress;
 But *Juno*, impotent of rage, replies:
 What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies! 575
 Strength and Omnipotence invest thy throne;
 'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.
 For *Greece* we grieve, abandon'd by her fate
 To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate;
 From fields forbidden we submit refrain, 580
 With arms unaiding see our *Argives* slain;
 Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,
 Lest all should perish in the rage of *Jove*.

The Goddess thus: and thus the God replies
 Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies. 585
 The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,
 Shall see th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.
 What heaps of *Argives* then shall load the plain,
 Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.
 Nor shall great *Hector* cease the rage of fight, 590
 The navy flaming, and the *Greeks* in flight,
 Ev'n 'till the day, when certain fates ordain,
 Then stern *Achilles* (his *Patroclus* slain)
 Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain. }

rally denies that favour, which the orator does not seem to ask; so that what he delivers, though it has equal merit, labours under this disadvantage, that his judges are his enemies.

V. 590. *Nor shall great Hector cease, &c.*] Here, says *Eustathius*, the Poet prepares the reader for what is to succeed: he gives us the out-lines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progress of the poem. This is so far from cloying the reader's appetite, that it raises it, and makes him desirous to see the picture drawn in its full length.

For

For such is Fate, nor can'st thou turn its course 595
 With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
 Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound ;
 Where curs'd *Iapetus* and *Saturn* dwell,
 Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell ; 600
 No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,
 No chearful gales refresh the lazy air :
 There arm once more the bold *Titanian* band ;
 And arm in vain ; for what I will shall stand.

Now deep in Ocean sunk the lamp of light, 605
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night :
 The conqu'ring *Trojans* mourn his beams decay'd ;
 The *Greeks* rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field ; and *Hector* calls
 A martial council near the navy-walls : 610
 These to *Scamander's* bank apart he led,
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
 Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
 Attend his order, and their Prince surround.
 A massy spear he bore of mighty strength, 615
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;
 The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
 Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold :
 The noble *Hector* on his lance reclin'd,
 And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind. 620

Ye valiant *Trojans*, with attention hear !
 Ye *Dardan*-bands, and gen'rous Aids, give ear !

This

V 621. *Ye valiant Trojans, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes,
 that *Hector* here speaks like a soldier : He bears a spear,
 not a sceptre, in his hand ; he harangues like a soldier,
 but

This day, we hop'd would wrap in conqu'ring flame
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame:
 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, 625
 And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
 Obey the Night, and use her peaceful hours
 Our flocks to forage, and refresh our pow'rs.
 Strait from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
 And strength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be
 brought. 630

Wide o'er the field, high-blazing to the sky,
 Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply;
 The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
 Till the bright morn her purple beam displays:
 Lest in the silence and the shades of night, 635
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.
 Not unmolested let the wretches gain
 Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
 Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,
 Some lasting token of the *Phrygian* foe, 640
 Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses care,
 And warn their children from a *Trojan* war.
 Now thro' the circuit of our *Ilion* wall,
 Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
 To bid the Sires with hoary honours crown'd, 645
 And beardless youths our battlements surround.
 Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,
 And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:

Left

but like a victor; he seems to be too much pleased with himself, and in the vein of self-flattery, he promises a compleat conquest over the *Greeks*.

V. 648. *And let the matrons.*] I have been more observant of the decorum in this line than my Author himself

Lest under cover of the midnight shade,
 Th' insidious foe the naked town invade. 650
 Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey ;
 A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
 The Gods, I trust, shall give to *Hector's* hand,
 From these detested foes to free the land,
 Who plow'd, with fates averse, the wat'ry way ; 655
 For *Trojan* vultures a predestin'd prey.
 Our common safety must be now the care ;
 But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
 Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,
 And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage. 660
 Then, then shall *Hector* and *Tydid* prove,
 Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of *Jove*.
 To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
 Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,
 With this keen jav'lin shall his breast be gor'd, 665
 And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
 Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
 From age inglorious, and black death secure ;
 So might my life and glory know no bound,
 Like *Pallas* worship'd, like the Sun renown'd! 670
 As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
 Shall crush the *Greeks*, and end the woes of *Troy*.
 The leader spoke. From all the hosts around
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound.

himself. He calls the women *Ουλόμεναι*, an epithet of scandalous import, upon which *Porphyry* and the *Greek* Scholiast have said but too much. I know no man that has yet had the impudence to translate that remark, in regard of which it is politeness to imitate the Barbarians, and say, *Græcum est, non legitur*. For my part, I leave it as a motive to some very curious persons of both sexes to study the *Greek* language.

Each

Each from the yoke the smoaking steeds unty'd, 675
 And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side.
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
 With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
 The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore. 680
 Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the *Trojan* tow'rs;
 Nor *Priam* nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
 Proud *Troy* they hated, and her guilty race.
 The troops exulting fate in order round, 685
 And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
 As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene; 690

V. 679 *Full hecatombs, &c.*] These six lines that follow being a translation of four in the original, are added from the authority of *Plato* in Mr. *Barnes* his edition. That author cites them in his second *Alcibiades*. There is no doubt of their being genuine, but the question is only whether they are rightly placed here? I shall not pretend to decide upon a point which will doubtless be the speculation of future Critics.

V. 687. *As when the moon, &c.*] This comparison is inferior to none in *Homer*. It is the most beautiful night-piece that can be found in poetry. He presents you with a prospect of the heavens, the seas, and the earth: The stars shine, the air is serene, the world enlightened, and the moon mounted in glory. *Eustathius* remarks that *φαινήν* does not signify the moon at full, for then the light of the stars is diminished or lost in the greater brightness of the moon. And others correct the word *φαινήν* to *φάει νήν*, for *φάει νέην*; but this criticism is forced, and I see no necessity why the moon may not be said to be bright, though it is not in the full. A Poet is not obliged to speak with the exactness of Philosophy, but with the liberty of Poetry.

Around

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, 695
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the fight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud *Ilium* blaze,
 And lighten glimm'ring *Xanthus* with their rays: 700
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires;
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

V. 703. *A thousand piles.*] *Homer* in his catalogue of the *Grecian* ships, though he does not recount expressly the number of the *Greeks*, has given some hints from whence the sum of their army may be collected. But in the same book where he gives an account of the *Trojan* army, and relates the names of the leaders and nations of the auxiliaries, he says nothing by which we may infer the number of the army of the besieged. To supply therefore that omission, he has taken occasion, by this piece of poetical arithmetic, to inform his reader, that the *Trojan* army amounted to 50,000. That the assistant nations are to be included herein, appears from what *Dolon* says in l. 10. that the auxiliaries were encamped that night with the *Trojans*.

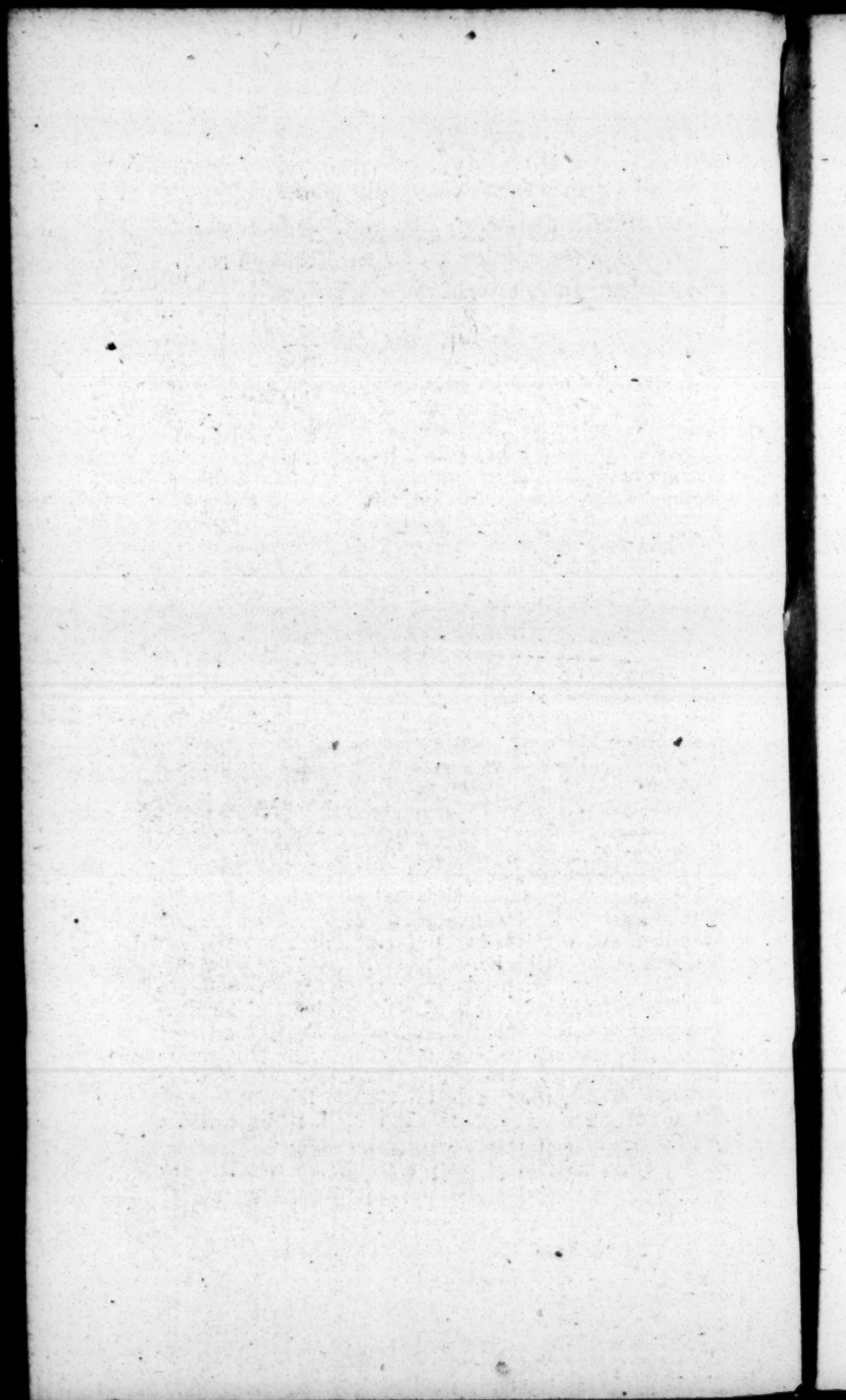
This passage gives me occasion to animadvert upon a mistake of a modern writer, and another of my own. The *Ablé Terrasson*, in a late treatise against *Homer*, is under a grievous error, in saying that all the forces of *Troy* and the auxiliaries cannot be reasonably supposed from *Homer* to be above ten thousand men. He had entirely overlooked this place, which says there were a thousand fires. And fifty men at each of them. See my observations on the second book, where these fires by a slip of my memory are called funeral piles: I should be glad it were the greatest error I have committed in these notes.

Full

Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, 705
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

V. 707. *The coursers o'er their heaps of corn.*] I durst not take the same liberty with M. Dacier, who has omitted this circumstance, and does not mention the horses at all. In the following line, the last of the book, *Homer* has given to the *Morning* the epithet *fair-sphered* or *bright throned*, εὐσφαιρον ἥμα. I have already taken notice in the preface of the method of translating the epithets of *Homer*, and must add here, that it is often only the uncertainty the moderns lie under, of the true genuine signification of an ancient word, which causes the many various constructions of it. So that it is probable the author's own words, at the time he used them, never meant half so many things as we translate them into. Madam Dacier generally observes one practice as to these throughout her version: She renders almost every such epithet in *Greek* by two or three in *French*, from a fear of losing the least part of its significance. This perhaps may be excusable in prose; though at best it makes the whole much more verbose and tedious, and is rather like writing a dictionary than rendering an author: But in verse, every reader knows such a redoubling of epithets would not be tolerable. A Poet has therefore only to chuse that, which most agrees with the tenour and main intent of the particular passage, or with the genius of poetry itself.

It is plain that too scrupulous an adherence to many of these, gives the translation an exotic, pedantic, and whimsical air, which is not to be imagined the original ever had. To call a hero the *great artificer of flight*, the *swift of foot*, or the *horse-tamer*, these give us ideas of little peculiarities, when in the author's time they were epithets used only in general to signify alacrity, agility, and vigour. A common reader would imagine from these servile versions, that *Diomed* and *Achilles* were foot-racers, and *Hector* a horse-courser, rather than that any of them were heroes. A man shall be called a faithful translator for rendering πῶδας ὠκύς in *English*, *swift-footed*; but laughed at if he should translate our *English* word *dexterous* into any other language, *right-handed*.



THE
NINTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

The A R G U M E N T.

The Embassy to *Achilles*.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

T H E
* N I N T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

THUS joyful *Troy* maintain'd the watch of night;
While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n bred horror, on the *Grecian* part,
Sate on each face, and sadden'd ev'ry heart.

As

* We have here a new scene of action opened; the Poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

It may be thought that *Homer* has crowded a great many actions, into a very short time. In the ninth book a council is convened, an embassy sent, a considerable time passes in the speeches and replies of the ambassadors and *Achilles*: in the tenth book a second council is called; after this a debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulysses* enter into the enemy's camp, kill *Rhesus*, and bring away his horses: and all this is done in the narrow compass of one night.

It must therefore be remembered, that the ninth book takes up the first part of the night only; that after the first council was dissolved, there passed some time before the second was summoned, as appears by the leaders being

As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth; 5
 A double tempest of the west and north
 Swells o'er the sea, from *Thracia's* frozen shore,
 Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' *Ægean* roar;
 This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
 Such various passions urg'd the troubled host. 10
 Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the rest;
 Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
 Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
 To bid to council all the *Grecian* Peers,
 But bid in whispers: these surround their Chief, 15
 In solemn sadness and majestic grief.

being awakened by *Menelaus*. So that it was almost morning before *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out upon their design, which is very evident from the words of *Ulysses*, book 10. v. 251.

Ἄλλ' ἵομεν· μάλα γὰρ νῆξ' ἀνεται, ἱγυῖθι δ' ἦώς.

So that although a great many incidents are introduced, yet every thing might easily have been performed in the allotted time.

V. 7. *From Thracia's shore.*] *Homer* has been supposed by *Eratosthenes* and others, to have been guilty of an error, in saying that *Zephyrus* or the west wind blows from *Thrace*, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the Poet speaks so either because it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds; or with respect to the particular situation of *Troy* and the *Ægean* sea. Either of these replies are sufficient to solve that objection.

The particular parts of this comparison agree admirably with the design of *Homer*, to express the distraction of the *Greeks*: the two winds representing the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclined to return, the other to stay. *Eustathius*.

V. 15. *But bid in whispers.*] The reason why *Agamemnon* commands his heralds to summon the leaders in silence, is for fear the enemy should discover their consternation, by reason of their nearness, or perceive what their designs were in this extremity. *Eustathius*.

The

The King amidst the mournful circle rose;
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows;
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
 In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20
 With more than vulgar grief he flood oppress;
 Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.
 Ye sons of Greece! partake your Leader's care,
 Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!

Of

V. 23. *Agamemnon's speech.*] The critics are divided in their opinion, whether this speech, which is word for word the same with that he makes in *Lib. 2.* be only a feint to try the army, as it is there, or the real sentiments of the General. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* explains it as the former, with whom *Dacier* concurs; she thinks they must be both counterfeit, because they are both the same, and believes *Homer* would have varied them, had the design been different. She takes no notice that *Eustathius* is of the contrary opinion; as is also *Monfieur de la Motte*, who argues as if he read him. "*Agamemnon* (says he) in the second *Iliad*, thought himself assured of victory from the dream which *Jupiter* had sent to him, and in that confidence was desirous to bring the *Greeks* to a battle: but in the ninth book his circumstances are changed, he is in the utmost distress and despair upon his defeat, and therefore his proposal to raise the siege is in all probability sincere. If *Homer* had intended we should think otherwise, he would have told us so, as he did on the former occasion: and some of the officers would have suspected a feint, the rather because they had been imposed upon by the same speech before. But none of them suspect him at all. *Diomed* thinks him so much in earnest as to reproach his cowardice. *Nestor* applauds *Diomed's* liberty, and *Agamemnon* makes not the least defence for himself." *Dacier* answers, that *Homer* had no occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the officers could not but remember it to have been so before; and as for the answers of *Diomed* and *Nestor*, they only carry the same feint, as *Dionysius* has proved, whose reasons may be seen in the following note.

Of partial *Jove* too justly we complain, 25
 And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain,
 A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils:
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
 Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30
 So *Jove* decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
 Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust.
 Hasten then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35
 Hasten to the joys our native country yields;
 Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

He said; deep silence held the *Grecian* band,
 Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40
 A pensive scene! 'till *Tydeus'* warlike son
 Roll'd on the King his eyes, and thus begun:

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way soever it be, I think *Agamemnon's* design was equally answered by repeating the same speech: so that the repetition at least is not to be blamed in *Homer*. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that feint, in the second book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army by being the cause of *Achilles's* departure; this made it but a necessary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battle, whether the *Greeks* were disposed to it: And it was equally necessary in case the event should prove unsuccessful, to free himself from the odium of being the occasion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the same words, was the readiest way to put them in mind that he had proposed the same advice to them before the battle; and to make it appear unjust that their ill fortune should be charged upon him. See the 5th and 8th notes on the second *Iliad*.

When

When Kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

V. 43. *The speech of Diomed.*] I shall here translate the Criticism of *Dionysius* on this passage. He asks "What can be the drift of *Diomed*, when he insults *Agamemnon* in his griefs and distresses? For what *Diomed* here says, seems not only very ill timed, but inconsistent with his own opinion, and with the respect he had shewn in the beginning of this very speech.

' If I upbraid thee, Prince, thy wrath with-hold.
' The Laws of Council bid my Tongue be bold.'

" This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is
" willing to soften and excuse the liberty of what is to
" follow, and what necessity obliges him to utter. But
" he subjoins a resentment of the reproach the king had
" formerly thrown upon him, and tells him that *Jupiter*
" had given him power and dominion without
" courage and virtue. These are things which agree
" but ill together, that *Diomed* should upbraid *Agamemnon*
" in his adversity, with past injuries, after he
" had endured his reproaches with so much moderation,
" and had reprov'd *Sthenelus* so warmly for the
" contrary practice in the fourth book. If any one answer,
" that *Diomed* was warranted in this freedom
" by the bravery of his warlike behaviour since that
" reproach, he supposes this hero very ignorant how to
" demean himself in prosperity. The truth is, the
" whole accusation of *Diomed's* is only a feint to serve
" the designs of *Agamemnon*. For being desirous to
" persuade the *Greeks* against their departure, he affects
" that design by this counterfeited anger, and licence of
" speech: and seeming to resent that *Agamemnon*
" should be capable of imagining the army would return
" to *Greece*, he artificially makes use of these reproaches
" to cover his argument. This is farther confirmed by what
" follows, when he bids *Agamemnon* return if he pleases,
" and affirms that the *Grecians* will stay without him. Nay,
" he carries the matter so far, as to boast, that if all the rest
" should depart, himself and *Sthenelus* alone would continue the war,
" which would be extremely childish and absurd in any
" other view than this."

If I oppose thee, Prince, thy wrath with-hold, 45
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
 Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
 Durst brand my courage and defame my might;
 Not from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
 The *Greeks* stood witness, all our army heard. 50
 The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours spring,
 The Gods have made thee but by halves a king;
 They gave thee scepters and a wide command,
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land,
 The noblest pow'r that might the world controul 55
 They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
 Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
 Fears like his own in ev'ry *Grecian* breast?
 Confiding in our want of worth he stands,
 And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. 60
 Go thou inglorious! from th' embattled plain,
 Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main,
 A nobler care the *Grecians* shall employ,
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.
 Here *Greece* shall stay; or if all *Greece* retire, 65
 Myself will stay, till *Troy* or I expire;

V. 53. *They gave thee scepters, &c.*] This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and say boldly, that courage is above scepters and crowns. Scepters and crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what art and haughtiness *Diomed* sets himself indirectly above *Agamemnon*! *Eustathius*.

V. 62. *And nearest to the main.*] There is a secret stroke of satyr in these words: *Diomed* tells the king, that his Squadron lies next the sea, insinuating that they were the most distant from the battle, and readiest for flight. *Eustathius*.

Myself

Myself, and *Sthenelus*, will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the *Greeks* loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resound *Tydides'* praise. 70
Wife *Nestor* then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He spoke: the host in still attention heard.

O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;

In

V. 68. *God bade us fight, and 't was with God we came.*] This is literally from the *Greek*, and therein may be seen the style of holy scripture, where 'tis said that they *came with God*, or that they did not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his order: *Nunquid sine Domino ascendi in terram istam?* says *Rahabekah* to *Hezekiah*, in *Isaiah* 36. v. 8. This passage seems to me very beautiful. *Homer* adds it to shew that the valour of *Diomed*, which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the *Greeks* were gone, is not a rash and mad boldness, but a reasonable one, founded on the promises of God himself, who cannot lye. *Dacier*.

V. 73. *The speech of Nestor.*] *Dionysius* gives us the design of this speech in the place above cited. "*Nestor*" (says he) seconds the oration of *Diomed*: We shall perceive the artifice of his discourse, if we reflect to how little purpose it would be without this design. "He praises *Diomed* for what he has said, but does it not without declaring, that he had not spoken fully to the purpose, but fallen short in some points, which he ascribes to his youth, and promises to supply them. "Then after a long preamble, when he has turned himself several ways, as if he was sporting in a new vein of oratory, he concludes by ordering the watch to their stations, and advising *Agamemnon* to invite the elders of the army to a supper, there, out of many counsels, to chuse the best. All this at first sight appears absurd: but we must know that *Nestor* too speaks in figure. *Diomed* seems to quarrel with *Agamemnon* purely to gratify him: but *Nestor* praises liberty of speech, as it were to vindicate a real quarrel with the King. The end of all this is to move *Agamemnon* to supplicate *Achilles*; and to that end

In conduct, as in courage, you excel, 75
 Still first to act what you advise so well.
 Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
 Applauding *Greece*, with common voice approves.
 Kings thou canst blame ; a bold, but prudent youth ;
 And blame ev'n Kings with praise, because with truth.
 And yet those years that since thy birth have run, 81
 Would hardly style thee *Nestor's* youngest son.
 Then let me add what yet remains behind,
 A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind ;

" he so much commends the young man's freedom. In
 " proposing to call a council only of the eldest, he con-
 " sults the dignity of *Agamemnon* that he might not be
 " exposed to make this condescension before the younger
 " officers. And he concludes by an artful inference of
 " the absolute necessity of applying to *Achilles* from the
 " present posture of affairs.

* See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
 * How near our fleet approach the *Trojan* fires!

" This is all *Nestor* says at this time before the general
 " assembly of the *Greeks* ; but in his next speech, when
 " the elders only are present, he explains the whole
 " matter at large, and openly declares that they
 " must have recourse to *Achilles*. *Dion. Hal. περὶ
 " χρημάτων*, p. 2.

Plutarch de aud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of
 decorum in *Nestor*, who when he intended to move for
 a mediation with *Achilles*, chose not to do it in public,
 but proposed a private meeting of the Chiefs to that
 end. If what these two great authors have said be con-
 sidered, there will be no room for the trivial objections
 some moderns have made to this proposal of *Nestor's*, as
 if in the present distress he did no more than impertin-
 ently advise them to go to supper.

V. 73. *O truly great.*] *Nestor* could do no less than
 commend *Diomed's* valour, he had lately been a witness
 of it when he was preserv'd from falling into the enemies
 hands till he was rescu'd by *Diomed*. *Euseb. Euseb.*

Age bids me speak ; nor shall th' advice I bring 85
Displease the people, or offend the king.

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care ;
That wretch, that monster, that delights in war : 90
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind destroy !
This night refresh and fortify thy train ;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain :

Be

V. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] *Nestor*, says the same author, very artfully brings in these words as a general maxim, in order to dispose *Agamemnon* to a reconciliation with *Achilles* ; he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the King to make the application. This passage is translated with liberty, for the original comprizes a great deal in a very few words, ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιτος, ἀνέσιος. It will be proper to give a particular explication of each of these ; ἀφρήτωρ, says *Eustathius*, signifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The *Athenians* kept a register, in which all that were born were enrolled, whence it easily appeared who were citizens, or not ; ἀφρήτωρ, therefore signifies one who is deprived of the privilege of a citizen. ἀθέμιτος is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his country. ἀνέσιος, one that has no habitation, or rather, one that was not permitted to partake of any family sacrifice. For Ἑστία is a family Goddess ; and *Jupiter* sometimes is called Ζεὺς ἑστιαχός.

There is a sort of gradation in these words. ἀθέμιτος signifies a man that has lost the privileges of his country ; ἀφρήτωρ those of his own tribe, and ἀνέσιος those of his own family.

V. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almost impossible to make such particularities as these appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry : And as they cannot be raised, so neither must they be omitted. This particular space here mentioned between the trench and wall, is what we must carry in our mind through this

Be that the duty of the young and bold ; 95
 But thou, O King, to council call the old :
 Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares ;
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars :
 With *Thracian* wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
 For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100
 Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,
 And such a monarch as can chuse the best.
 See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
 How near our fleet approach the *Trojan* fires?
 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light ? 105
 What eye beholds 'em, and can close to night ?
 This dreadful interval determines all ;
 To-morrow, *Troy* must flame, or *Greece* must fall.
 Thus spoke the hoary sage : the rest obey ;
 Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way. 110
 His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
 'The gen'rous *Thrasymed*, in arms renown'd ;
 Next him *Ascalaphus*, *Ialmen*, stood,
 The double offspring of the Warrior-God,
Deipyrus, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join, 115
 And *Lycomed*, of *Creon*'s noble line.
 Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
 And each bold chief a hundred spears commands,
 The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
 Some line the trench, and others man the wall. 120

and the following book: otherwise we shall be at a loss to know the exact scene of the actions and counsels that follow.

V. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up these fires that they might not seem to be under any consternation, but to be upon their guard against any alarm. *Eustathius*.

The

The king of men, on public counsels bent,
 Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
 Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
 But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceas't.
 Then *Nestor* spoke, for wisdom long approv'd, 125
 And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.

Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
 Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,
 The laws and scepters to thy hand are giv'n,
 And millions own the care of thee and heav'n. 130
 O King! the counsels of my age attend;
 With thee my cares begin, with thee must end;
 Thee, Prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood, 135
 And ratify the best for public good.
 Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
 But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.

V. 124. *When thirst and hunger ceas't.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long description of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and passes on to the consultation. *Eustathius*.

V. 138. *And make the wisdom thine.*] *Eustathius* thought that *Homer* said this, because in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the Princes, and the whole honour ascribed to them: but this is by no means *Homer's* thought. What he here says, is a maxim drawn from the profoundest philosophy. That which often does men the most harm, is envy, and the shame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatness and capacity in following good advice, than in proposing it; by executing it we render it our own, and we ravish even the property of it from our author; and *Eustathius* seems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards says, *Homer* makes him that follows good advice, equal to him that gives it; but he has not fully expressed himself. *Dacier*.

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
 At once my present judgment, and my past; 140
 When from *Pelides'* tent you forc'd the maid,
 I first oppos'd, and faithful, durst dissuade;
 But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
 You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145
 With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the King. With justice hast thou shown
 A Prince's faults, and I with reason own.
 That happy man whom *Jove* still honours most,
 Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150
 Blest in his love, this wondrous hero stands;
 Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
 Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
 The wrathful Chief and angry Gods assuage.
 If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155
 Hear, all ye *Greeks*, and witness what I vow.

Ten

V. 140. *At once my present judgment and my past.*] *Nestor* here, by the word *πάλαι*, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the first book: He says, as it was his opinion then, that *Agamemnon* ought not to disgrace *Achilles*, so after the maturest deliberation, he finds no reason to alter it. *Nestor* here launches out into the praises of *Achilles*, which is a secret argument to induce *Agamemnon* to regain his friendship, by shewing the importance of it. *Eustathius*.

V. 151. *This wondrous hero.*] It is remarkable that *Agamemnon* here never uses the name of *Achilles*: though he is resolved to court his friendship, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impression which the dissention made, is not yet worn off, though he expatiates in commendation of his valour. *Eustathius*.

V. 155. *If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow.*] The Poet, says *Eustathius*, makes a wise choice of the gifts that are to be proffered to *Achilles*: Had he been ambitious

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;
 Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame: 160
 Twelve

ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his resentment. If he had been addicted to the fair sex, there was a King's daughter, and seven fair captives to win his favour. Or if he had been ambitious of greatness, there were seven wealthy cities, and a kingly power, to court him to a reconciliation: but he takes this way to shew us that his anger was stronger than all his other passions. It is farther observable, that *Agamemnon* promises these presents at three different times; first, at this instant; secondly, on the taking of *Troy*; and lastly, after their return to *Greece*. This division in some degree multiplies them. *Dacier*.

V. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient critics have blamed one of the verses in the enumeration of these presents, as not sufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pause is ill placed, and one word does not fall easily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verse.

Ἀχρον ἐπὶ ῥηϊμῖνος ἄλος πολιοῖθεέσκον.

Ἀἰθωνας δὲ λέβητας εἴκοσι δωδεκα δ' ἵππους.

The ear immediately perceives the music of the former line; every syllable glides smoothly away, without offending the ear with any such roughness, as is found in the second. The first runs as swiftly as the coursers it describes; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verse. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the music of poetry is not necessary; the mind is entirely taken up in learning what presents *Agamemnon* intended to make *Achilles*: and is not at leisure to regard the ornaments of versification; and even those pauses are not without their beauties, as they would of necessity cause a stop in the delivery, and so give time for each particular to sink into the mind of *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

V. 159. *Sev'n sacred tripods.*] There were two kinds of tripods: in the one they used to boil water, the other was entirely for stew; to mix wine and water in, says *Athenæus*:

Twelve steeds unmatched in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course :
 (Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their wing'd speed)
 Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line, 165
 Skill'd in each art, unmatched in form divine,
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When *Lesbos* sunk beneath the hero's arms.
 All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid; 170
 With all her charms, *Briseïs* I resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
 These instant shall be his; and if the pow'rs 175
 Give to our arms proud *Ilion's* hostile tow'rs,
 Then shall he store (when *Greece* the spoil divides)
 With gold and brass, his loaded navy's sides.
 Besides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,
 With copious love shall crown his warm embrace; 180

drons, for common use, and made to bear the fire; the other were ἀπυροί, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be asked why this could be a proper present for *Achilles*, who was a martial man, and regarded nothing but arms? It may be answered, that these presents very well suited the person to whom they were sent, as tripods in ancient days were the usual prizes in games, and they were given by *Achilles* himself in those which he exhibited in honour of *Patroclus*: the same may be said of the female captives, which were also among the prizes in the games of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius*.

V. 161. *Twelve steeds unmatched.*] From hence it is evident that games used to be celebrated in the *Grecian* army during the time of war; perhaps in honour of the deceased heroes. For had *Agamemnon* given *Achilles* horses that had been victorious before the beginning of the *Trojan* war, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value. *Eustathius*.

Such

Such as himself will chuse ; who yield to none,
 Or yield to *Helen's* heav'nly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther : when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on *Argos'* fruitful shore,
 There shall he live my son, our honours share, 185
 And with *Orestes'* self divide my care.
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed,
Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
 And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair ; 190
 Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve,
 I ask no presents, no reward for love :

Myself

V. 189. *Laodice and Iphigenia, &c.*] These are the names of *Agamemnon's* daughters, among which we do not find *Electra*. But some affirm, says *Eustathius*, that *Laodice* and *Electra* are the same, (as *Iphianassa* is the same with *Iphigenia*) and she was called so either by way of sur-name, or by reason of her complexion, which was ἡλεκτρώδες, *flava*; or by way of derision ἡλεκτρά quæst̃ αἰκίρον, because she was an old maid, as appears from *Euripides*, who says that she remained long a virgin.

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος ἡλέκτρα χρόνῳ.

And in *Sophocles*, she says of herself, Ἀνύμφευτος αἶν' ὄρχνῳ, *I wander a disconsolate unmarried virgin*, which shews that it was ever looked upon as a disgrace to continue long so.

V. 192. *I ask no presents, — Myself will give the dow'r.*] For in *Greece*, the bridegroom, before he married, was obliged to make two presents, one to his betrothed wife, and the other to his father-in-law. This custom is very ancient; it was practised by the *Hebrews* in the time of the patriarchs. *Abraham's* servant gave necklaces and ear-rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Isaac*, *Genesis*, 24. 22. *Shechem* son of *Hamor* says to *Jacob* and his sons, whose sister he was desirous to espouse, "Ask me never so much dowry and gifts," *Genesis* 34. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This present served for her dowry, and the other presents

were

Myself will give the dow'r ; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway, 195
 Him *Enope*, and *Pheræ* him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred *Pedafus* for vines renown'd ;
Æpæa fair, the pastures *Hira* yields,
 And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields ; 200
 The whole extent to *Pylos*' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil ;
 Bold are the men and gen'rous is the soil ;
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice crown'd, 205
 And rule the tributary realms around.
 All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grizly God, who never spares,
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs, 210
 Lives

were for the father. In the first book of *Samuel* 18. 25. *Saul* makes them say to *David*, who by reason of his poverty said he could not be son-in-law to the King : " The King desireth not any dowry." And in the two last passages, we see the presents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in *Homer* of any present made to the father, but only that which was given to the married daughter, which was called *ιδνα*. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was called *μέλεια* wherefore *Agamemnon* says here *ἐπιμέλεια δώσω*. *Dacier*.

V. 209. *Pluto, the grizly God who never spares.*] The meaning of this may be gathered from *Æschylus*, cited here by *Eustathius*.

Μόνος θεῶν θάνατος ἔ δώρων ἐρᾷ,
 Οὐδ' ἂν τι θύων ἔδ' ἐπισπένδων λάβοις,
 'Οὐδ' ἔσι βαμὸς, ἐὸ δὲ παιωνίζεται.

"Death

Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
 Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus : the rev'rend *Nestor* then : 215
 Great *Agamemnon* ! glorious King of men !
 Such are thy offers as a Prince may take,
 And such as fits a gen'rous King to make.
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
 (Myself will name them) to *Pelides*' tent: 220
 Let *Phœnix* lead, rever'd for hoary age,
 Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the sage.

Yet

" Death is the only God who is not moved by offerings,
 " whom you cannot conquer by sacrifices and oblations;
 " and therefore he is the only God to whom no altar
 " is erected, and no hymns are sung."

V. 221. *Let Phœnix lead.*] How comes it to pass that *Phœnix* is in the *Grecian* camp: when undoubtedly he retired with his pupil *Achilles*? *Eustathius* says, the ancients conjectured that he came to the camp to see the last battle: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himself absent from the fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be satisfied by the ill success of the *Grecians*, it is highly probable that he sent *Phœnix* to enquire after it. *Eustathius* farther observes, *Phœnix* was not an ambassador, but only the conductor of the embassy. This is evident from the words themselves, which are all along delivered in the dual number; and farther from *Achilles*'s requiring *Phœnix* to stay with him when the other two departed.

V. 222. *Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.*] The choice of those persons is made with a great deal of judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phœnix* his guardian and tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulysses* had been disgraced in the first book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper persons to persuade him to forgive as they had forgiven: besides, it was the greatest honour that could be done to *Achilles*, to send the most worthy personages in the army to him.

Ulysses

Yet more to sanctify the word you send,

Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend.

Now pray to *Jove* to grant what *Greece* demands: 225

Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring

The cleansing water from the living spring.

The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,

And large libations drench the sands around. 230

The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,

Then from the royal tent they take their way;

Wise *Nestor* turns on each his careful eye,

Forbids t'offend, instructs them to apply:

Much he advis'd them all, *Ulysses* most, 235

To deprecate the Chief, and save the host,

Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar

Of murmur'ing billows on the sounding shore.

To *Neptune*, ruler of the seas profound,

Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround, 140

They pour forth vows, their embassy to blest,

And calm the rage of stern *Æacides*.

Ulysses was inferior to none in eloquence but to *Nestor*.

Ajax was second to none in valour but to *Achilles*.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a relation, by descent from *Æacus*; *Ulysses* as an orator: to these are joined *Hodius* and *Eurybates*, two heralds, which though it were not customary, yet was necessary in this place, both to certify *Achilles* that this embassy was the act of *Agamemnon* himself, and also to make these persons, who had been witnesses before God and man of the wrong done to *Achilles* in respect to *Briseis*, witnesses also of the satisfaction given him. *Eustathius*.

V. 235. Much he advis'd them all, *Ulysses* most.] There is a great propriety in representing *Nestor* as so particularly applying himself on this occasion to *Ulysses*. Though he of all men had the least need of his instructions; yet it is highly natural for one wise man to talk most to another.

And

And now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay
 The *Myrmidonian* tents and vessels lay;
 Amus'd at ease, the god-like man they found, 245
 Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
 (The well-wrought harp from conquer'd *Thebe* came,
 Of polish'd silver was its costly frame;)
 With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of Heroes and of Kings. 250
Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
 Full opposite he sate, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the *Grecian* embassy proceeds 255
 To his high tent; the great *Ulysses* leads.
Achilles starting as the Chiefs he spy'd,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside,

V. 246. *Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.*] "Homer (says *Plutarch*) to prove what an excellent use may be made of music, feigned *Achilles* to compose by this means the wrath he had conceived against *Agamemnon*. He sung to his harp the noble actions of the valiant, and the achievements of Heroes and Demigods, a subject worthy of *Achilles*. *Homer* moreover teaches us in this fiction, the proper season for music, when a man is at leisure and unemploy'd in greater affairs. For *Achilles*, so valorous as he was, had retired from action through his displeasure to *Agamemnon*. And nothing was better suited to the martial disposition of this hero, than these heroic songs, that prepared him for the deeds and toils he afterwards undertook, by the celebration of the like in those who had gone before him. Such was the ancient music, and to such purposes was it applied." *Plut. of Music*. The same author relates in the life of *Alexander*, that when the lyre of *Paris* was offered to that Prince, he made answer, "He had little value for it, but much desired that of *Achilles*, on which he sung the actions of heroes in former times."

With

With like surprize arose *Menæius*' son :

Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260

Princes, all hail ! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear ;

Welcome, tho' *Greeks* ! for not as foes ye came ;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led, 265
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.

Then thus——*Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.

Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said ; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire 271
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire :

The

V. 261. *Princes, all hail !*] This short speech is wonderfully proper to the occasion, and to the temper of the speaker. One is under a great expectation of what *Achilles* will say at the sight of these heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could satisfy it, but the very thing he here accosts them with.

V. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word ζωρότερον is dubious ; some say it signifies warm wine ζεω, *ferveo* : according to *Aristotle* it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it signifies pure wine. In this last sense *Herodotus* uses it. Επὶ ζωρότερον βέλονται οἱ Σπαρτιάται πιεῖν, ἐπισκύθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθῶν, οἳ φησιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενον πρόσχεις, ἐδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκρατοποιεῖν. Which in *English* is thus : " When the *Spartans* have an inclination to drink their wine pure and not diluted, they propose to drink after the manner of the *Scythians* ; some of whom coming ambassadors to *Sparta*, taught *Cleomenes* to drink his wine unmixed." I think this sense of the word is most natural, and *Achilles* might give this particular order not to dilute the wine so much as usually, because the ambassadors, who were brave men, might be supposed to be much fatigued in the late battle, and to want a more than usual refreshment. *Eustathius*. See *Plutarch*. *Symp.* l. 4. c. 5.

V. 271.

The brazen vase *Automedon* sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains :

Achilles

V. 271. Patroclus o'er the blazing fire, &c.] The reader must not expect to find much beauty in such descriptions as these : they give us an exact account of the simplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of *Homer's* design ; there being, no doubt, a considerable change of customs in *Greece*, from the time of the *Trojan* war to those wherein our author lived ; and it seemed demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an idea of the manners of their predecessors. But however that matter stood, it should methinks, be a pleasure to a modern reader, to see how such mighty men, whose actions have survived their persons three thousand years, lived in the earliest ages of the world. The ambassadors found this hero, says *Eustathius*, without any attendants ; he had no ushers or waiters to introduce them, no servile parasites about him : the latter ages degenerated into these pieces of state and pageantry.

The supper is also described with an equal simplicity : three Princes are busied in preparing it, and they who made the greatest figure in the field of battle, thought it no disparagement to prepare their own repast. The objection some have made, that *Homer's* Gods and Heroes do every thing for themselves, as if several of those offices were unworthy of them, proceeds from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur : whereas in truth it is rather a weakness and imperfection to stand in need of the assistance and ministry of others. But however it be, methinks those of the nicest taste might relish this entertainment of *Homer's*, when they consider these great men as soldiers in a camp, in whom the least appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

V. 271. Patroclus o'er the blazing fire.] Madam *Dacier's* general note on this passage deserves to be transcribed : "*Homer*, says she, is in the right not to avoid these descriptions, because nothing can be properly called vulgar which is drawn from the manners and usages of persons of the first dignity ; and also because in his tongue even the terms of cookery are so noble, and of so agreeable a sound, and he likewise knows how to place them so well, as to extract a perfect harmony from them : so that he may be said to be as excellent a poet when he describes these small matters

Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Mean while *Patroclus* sweats the fire to raise;
 The tent is bright'ned with the rising blaze:
 Then when the languid flames at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280
 Above the coals the smoaking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;

" matters, as when he treats of the greatest subjects.
 " 'Tis not so either with our manners, or our language.
 " Cookery is left to our servants, and all its terms so
 " low and disagreeable, even in the sound, that nothing
 " can be made of them, that has not some taint of their
 " meanness. This great advantage made me at first
 " think of abridging this preparation of the repast; but
 " when I had well considered it, I was resolved to pre-
 " serve and give *Homer* as he is, without retrenching
 " any thing from the simplicity of the heroic manners.
 " I do not write to enter the lists against *Homer*, I will
 " dispute nothing with him; my design is only to give
 " an idea of him, and to make him understood: the
 " reader therefore will forgive me if this description has
 " none of its original graces."

V. 271. *In a brazen vase.*] The word *κεσίον* signifies the vessel, and not the meat itself, as *Euphorion* conjectured, giving it as a reason that *Homer* makes no mention of boiled meat: but this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboiled in the vessel to make it roast the sooner. This with some other notes on the particulars of this passage, belong to *Eustathius*, and *Madame Dacier* ought not to have taken to herself the merit of his explanations.

V. 282. *And sprinkles sacred salt.*] Many reasons are given why salt is called sacred or divine, but the best is because it preserves things incorrupt, and keeps them from dissolution. " So thunder (says *Plutarch Sympos. 4. 5 qu. 10.*) is called divine, because bodies struck with
 " thunder will not putrify; besides generation is divine,
 " because God is the principle of all things, and salt
 " is most operative in generation. *Lycophron* calls it
 " ἀγνίτην τὸν ἅλα: for this reason *Venus* was feigned
 " by the poets to spring from the sea."

With

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board *Menæti*'s son bestow'd;
 Himself, oppos'd t' *Ulysses* full in sight, 285
 Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
 The first fat off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames *Patroclus* threw;
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290
 'That done, to *Phænix* *Ajax* gave the sign;
 Not unperceiv'd; *Ulysses* crown'd with wine
 The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
 His speech addressing to the God-like man.

Health to *Achilles*! happy are thy guests! 295
 Not those more honour'd whom *Atrides* feasts:
 Tho'

V. 291. *To Phænix Ajax gave the sign.*] *Ajax* who was a rough soldier and no orator, is impatient to have the business over: he makes a sign to *Phænix* to begin, but *Ulysses* prevents him. Perhaps *Ulysses* might flatter himself that his oratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and so obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himself: or if he were repulsed, there yet remained a second and third resource in *Ajax* and *Phænix*, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to shake his resolution: there would still be some hopes of success, as one of these was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to these reasons of *Eustathius*, that it would have been improper for *Phænix* to have spoken first, since he was not an ambassador; and therefore *Ulysses* was the fitter person, as being empowered by that function to make an offer of the presents in the name of the King.

V. 295. *Health to Achilles.*] There are no discourses in the *Iliad* better placed, better tim'd, or that give a greater idea of *Homer's* genius, than these of the ambassadors to *Achilles*. These speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the occasion, but disposed with art, and in such an order, as raises more and more the pleasure of the reader. *Ulysses* speaks the first, the character of whose discourse is a well-addressed eloquence;
 so

Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That *Agamemnon's* regal tent affords ;
 But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear !
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands :
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ; 305
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall :
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame !
 For them the father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. 310
 See, full of *Jove*, avenging *Hector* rise !
 See ! Heav'n and earth the raging Chief defies ; }
 What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his eyes !
 He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name. 315

so the mind is agreeably engaged by the choice of his reasons and applications : *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the sentiments of the hero : *Phanix* discourses in a manner touching and pathetic, whereby the heart is moved ; and *Ajax* concludes with a generous disdain, that leaves the soul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleases, by the arrangement of his matter ; and I believe it is not possible to propose a better model for the happy disposition of a subject. These words are *Monsieur de la Motte's*, and no testimony can be more glorious to *Homer* than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy.

V. 296. *Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts.]*
 I must just mention *Dacier's* observation : With what cunning *Ulysses* here slides in the odious name of *Agamemnon*, as he praises *Achilles*, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiarized to that name.

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Left fate accomplish all his rage-design'd.
 And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
 In *Trojan* dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, *Achilles*! oh return, tho' late, 320
 To save thy *Greeks*, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem; ah, yet to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain. 325
 Regard in time, O Prince divinely brave!
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last.
 My child! with strength, with glory and success, 330
 Thy arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bless!
 Trust that to Heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe; 335
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of humanity be thine——
 This, now despis'd, advice, thy father gave;
 Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.

V. 314. *He waits but for the morn to sink in flame*
The ships, the Greeks, &c.] There is a circumstance in
 the original which I have omitted, for fear of being too
 particular in an oration of this warmth and importance;
 but as it preserves a piece of antiquity, I must not for-
 get it here. He says that *Hector* will not only fire the
 fleet, but bear off the *statues of the Gods*, which were
 carved on the prows of the vessels. These were hung up
 in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to
 the custom of those times.

If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* pray'rs, 340
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
 If not—but hear me while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, and exhaustless store.
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mold; 345
 Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course:
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed 350
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)
 Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line,
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When *Lesbos* sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms: 355
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid;
 With all her charms, *Briſeis* he'll resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes, 360
 Pure from his arms and guiltless of his loves.

V. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er the proffer'd presents.*] Monsieur de la Motte finds fault with *Homer* for making *Ulyſſes* in this place repeat all the offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to answer that it was but necessary to make known to *Achilles* all the proposals, or that this distinct enumeration served the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any one of common taste, whether the solemn recital of these circumstances does not please him more than the simple narration could have done, which Monsieur de la Motte would have put in its stead. *Ulyſſes made all the offers Agamemnon had commissioned him.*

These

These instant shall be thine : and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud *Ilion's* hostile tow'rs,
Then shall thou store (when *Greece* the spoil divides)
With gold and brads thy loaded navy's sides. 365
Besides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace ;
Such as thyself shall chuse ; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen's* heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther : when our wars are o'er, 370
If safe we land on *Argos'* fruitful shore,
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with *Orestes'* self divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed; 375
Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair ;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve ;
He asks no presents, no reward for love:
Himself will give the dow'r : so vast a store, 380
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee *Enope*, and *Pheræ* thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred *Pedafus*, for vines renown'd : 385
Æpea fair, the pastures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields :
The whole extent to *Pylus'* sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil; 390
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.
There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
 Such the repentance of a suppliant King. 395
 But if all this relentless thou disdain,
 If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain ;
 Yet some redress to suppliant *Greece* afford,
 And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
 If no regard thy suff'ring country claim, 400
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame :
 For now that chief, whose unresisted ire
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
 Proud *Heſtor*, now, th' unequal fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405

Then thus the Goddess-born. *Ulyſſes*, hear
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
 What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
 Let *Greece* then know, my purpose I retain, 410
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
 Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend ; 415

V. 406 *Achilles's speech*] Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of *Homer* in this speech of *Achilles*. He begins with some degree of coolness, as in respect to the ambassadors, whose persons he esteems, yet even there his temper shews itself in the insinuation that *Ulyſſes* had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods rises into an open detestation of all artifice. He then falls into a sullen declaration of his resolves, and a more sedate representation of his past services ; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies into extravagance. His rage awakened by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that sinks and rises by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for those intermissions.

Long

Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
 From danger guards them, and from want defends;
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air, 426
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
 For thankless *Greece* such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the Main,
 And twelve lay smoaking on the *Trojan* Plain:

Then

V. 424. *As the bold bird, &c.*] This simile (says *La Motte*) must be allowed to be just, but was not fit to be spoken in a passion. One may answer, that the tenderness of the comparison renders it no way the less proper to a man in a passion: it being natural enough, the more one is disgusted at present, the more to recollect the kindness we have formerly shewn to those who are ungrateful. *Eustathius* observes, that so soft as the simile seems, it has nevertheless its *fiercé*; for *Achilles* herein expresses his contempt for the *Greeks*, as a weak defenceless people, who must have perished, if he had not preserved them. And indeed, if we consider what is said in the preceding note, it will appear that the passion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be at the height.

V. 432. *I sack'd twelve ample cities.*] *Eustathius* says, that the anger of *Achilles* not only throws him into tautology, but also into ambiguity: For, says he, these words may either signify that he destroyed twelve cities

Then at *Atrides*' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435
 Your mighty monarch these in peace posselt;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid;
 And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made;
 I only must refund of all his train; 440
 See what preheminance our merits gain!
 My spouse alone his greedy soul delights;
 My spoil alone must blest his lustful nights:
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
 But what's the quarrel then of *Greece to Troy*? 445
 What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
 Belov'd by none but those of *Atreus*' race?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve, 450
 Sure every wise and worthy man will love.

Nor

with his ships, or barely cities with twelve ships. But *Eustathius* in this place is like many other Commentators, who can see a meaning in a sentence, that never enter'd into the thoughts of an author. It is not easy to conceive how *Achilles* could have expressed himself more clearly. There is no doubt but *δωδεκα* agrees with the same word that *ἑνδεκα* does, in the following line, which is certainly *πόλεις*; and there is a manifest enumeration of the places he had conquered by sea, and by land.

V. 450. *The wife whom choice and passion both approve, Sure ev'ry wife and worthy man will love.*] The argument of *Achilles* in this place is very a-propos with reference to the case of *Agamemnon*. If I translated it *verbatim*, I must say in plain *English*, *Every honest man loves his wife*. Thus *Homer* has made this rash, this fiery soldier governed by his passions, and in the

rage

Nor did my fair one less distinction claim ;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain ;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not Kings again. 455
 Ye have my answer——what remains to do,
 Your King, *Ulysses*, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake ?

Has

rage of youth, bear testimony to his own respect for the ladies. But it seems *Poltis* King of *Thrace* was of another opinion, who would have parted with two wives, out of pure good nature to two mere strangers, as I have met with the story somewhere in *Plutarch*. When the *Greeks* were raising forces against *Troy*, they sent ambassadors to this *Poltis* to desire his assistance. He enquired the cause of the war, and was told it was the injury *Paris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his wife from him. "If that be all, said the good King, let me accommodate the difference: Indeed it is not just the Greek Prince should lose a wife, and on the other side it is pity the *Trojan* should want one. Now I have two wives, and to prevent all this mischief, I'll send one of them to *Menelaus*, and the other to *Paris*." It is a shame this story is so little known, and that poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern Poets.

V. 457. *Your King, Ulysses, may consult with you.*] *Achilles* still remembers what *Agamemnon* said to him when they quarrelled, *Other brave warriors will be left behind to follow me in battle*, as we have seen in the first book. He answers here without either sparing *Ajax* or *Ulysses*; as much his friends as they are, they have their share in this stroke of raillery. *Eustathius*.

V. 459. *Has he not walls ?*] This is a bitter satyr, (says *Eustathius*) against *Agamemnon*, as if his only deeds were the making of this wall, this Ditch, these Pallisades, to defend himself against those whom he came to besiege: There was no need of these entrenchments, whilst *Achilles* fought. But (as *Dacier* observes) this Satyr does not affect *Agamemnon* only, but *Nestor* too, who had advised the making of these entrenchments, and who had said in the second book, *If there*

Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of *Priam's* single son?
 There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)
 When *Hector's* prowess no such wonders wrought; 465
 He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the *Scaan* gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was fav'd by Fate.
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore. 470
 Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the *Hellepont* resound.
 The third day hence, shall *Phthia* greet our sails,
 If mighty *Neptune* send propitious gales;
Phthia to her *Achilles* shall restore 475
 The wealth he left for this detested shore:

are a few who separate themselves from the rest of the army, let them stay and perish, v. 346. Probably this had been reported to *Achilles*, and that *Hero* revenges himself here by mocking these entrenchments.

V. 473. *The third day hence shall Phthia, &c*] *Monfieur de la Motte* thinks the mention of these minute circumstances not to agree with the passionate character of the speaker; that *he shall arrive at Phthia in three days*, that *he shall find there all the riches he left when he came to the siege*, and that *he shall carry other treasures home*. *Dacier* answers, that we need only consider the present situation of *Achilles*, and his cause of complaint against *Agamemnon*, and we shall be satisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the occasion. To convince the ambassadors that he will return home, he instances the easiness of doing it in the space of three days. *Agamemnon* had injured him in the point of booty, he therefore declares he had sufficient treasures at home, and that he will carry off spoils enough, and women enough, to make amends for those that Prince had ravished from him. Every one of these particulars marks his passion and resentment.

Thither

Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
 The ruddy gold, the steel and shining brass;
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480
 One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
 And that resum'd; the fair *Lyrnessian* slave.
 Then tell him; loud, that all the *Greeks* may hear,
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear,
 (For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
 Tho', shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
 Tell him, all terms of commerce I decline,
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join; 490 }
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
 No—let the stupid Prince, whom *Jove* deprives
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
 His gifts are hateful: Kings of such a kind
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495
 Not

V. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave*] The injury which *Agamemnon* offered to *Achilles* is still uppermost in his thoughts; he has but just dismissed it, and now returns to it again. These repetitions are far from being faults in *Achilles's* wrath, whose anger is perpetually breaking out upon the same injury.

V. 494. *Kings of such a kind Stand but as slaves before a noble mind*] The words in the Greek are, *I despise him as a Carian*. The *Carians* were people of *Beotia*, the first that sold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was looked upon as the vilest of actions in those heroic ages. I think there is at present but one nation in the world distinguished for this practice, who are ready to prostitute their hands to kill for the highest bidder.

Not tho' he proffer'd all himself posselt,
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled *Orchomenian* town;
 Not all proud *Thebes*' unrival'd walls contain, 500
 The world's great empress on th' *Ægyptian* plain,
 (That

Eustathius endeavours to give many other solutions of this place, as that *ἐν καρδῇ* may be mistaken for *ἐγκαρδῇ* from *ἐγκαρδῇ*, *pediculus*; but this is too trivial to be *Homer's* sentiment. There is more probability that it comes from *κῆρ*, *κῆρδῇ*, and so *καρδῇ* by the change of the *Eta* into *Alpha*; and then the meaning will be, that *Achilles* hates him as much as hell or death, agreeable to what he had said a little before.

Ἐχθρὸς μὲν μοί κεῖνος ὅμῳς αἰῶς πύλῃσι.

V. 500. *Not all proud Thebes, &c.*] These several circumstances concerning *Thebes* are thought by some not to suit with that emotion with which *Achilles* here is supposed to speak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for persons transported with anger, than to insist and return to such particulars as most touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure extremely natural in passion. *Achilles* therefore, by shewing the greatness of *Thebes*, its wealth, and extent, does in effect but shew the greatness of his own soul, and of that insuperable resentment, which renders all these riches (though the greatest in the world) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received.

V. 500. *Proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls, &c.*] "The city which the *Greeks* call *Thebes*, the *Ægyptians* " *Diospolis* (says *Diodorus*, lib. 1. par. 2.) was in circuit " a hundred and forty *stadia*, adorned with stately " buildings, magnificent temples, and rich donations. " It was not only the most beautiful and noble city of " *Ægypt*, but of the whole world. The fame of its " wealth and grandeur was so celebrated in all parts, " that the poet took notice of it in these words;

(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
 And pours her heroes thro' an hundred gates,
 Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars) 505
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call;
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.

Atrides'

————— ἐδ' ὅσα Θήβας

Ἀἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κλήματα κεῖται,

Αἰθ' ἐκατομυλοὶ εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστην

Ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνεύσι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφιν. V. 381.

“ Though others affirm it had not a hundred gates, but
 “ several vast porches to the temples; from whence the
 “ city was called the *Hundred-gated*, only as having
 “ many gates. Yet it is certain it furnished twenty
 “ thousand chariots of war; for there were a hundred
 “ stables along the river, from *Memphis* to *Thebes* to-
 “ wards *Lybia*, each of which contained two hundred
 “ horses, the ruins whereof are shewn at this day. The
 “ Princes from time to time made it their care to beau-
 “ tify and enlarge this city, to which none under the
 “ sun was equal in the many and magnificent treasures
 “ of gold, silver, and ivory; with innumerable *colossuses*,
 “ and obeliskes of one entire stone: There were four
 “ temples admirable in beauty and greatness, the most
 “ ancient of which was in circuit thirteen *stadia*, and
 “ five and forty cubits in height, with a wall of four
 “ and twenty foot broad. The ornaments and offerings
 “ within were agreeable to this magnificence, both in
 “ value and workmanship. The fabric is yet remaining,
 “ but the gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones were
 “ ransacked by the *Persians* when *Cambyfes* burn'd the
 “ temples of *Ægypt*. There were found in the rubbish
 “ above three hundred talents of gold, and no less than
 “ two thousand three hundred of silver.” The same au-
 “ thor proceeds to give many instances of the magnificence
 “ of this great city. The description of the sepulchres of
 “ their kings, and particularly that of *Olymanduas*, is per-
 “ fectly astonishing, to which I refer the reader.

L 5

Strabo

Atrides' daughter never shall be led 510
 (An ill-match'd consort) to *Achilles'* bed ;
 Like golden *Venus* tho' she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with *Pallas* in the works of art.
 Some greater *Greek* let those high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. 515
 If heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
 The rev'rend *Peleus* shall elect my wife ;
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And Kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
 Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away, 520
 Content with juſt hereditary ſway ;
 There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold ;
 Not all *Apollo's Pythian* treasures hold, 525
 Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
 Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day !
 Loſt herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
 And ſleeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:

Strabo farther informs us, that the Kings of *Thebes* extended their conqueſts as far as *Scythia*, *Bactria*, and *India*.

V. 525. *Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures.*] The temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos* was the richeſt temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts; there were ſtatues of maſſy gold of a human ſize, figures of animals in gold, and ſeveral other treasures. A great ſign of its wealth is that the *Phocians* pillaged it in the time of *Philip* the ſon of *Amyntas*, which gave occaſion to the holy war. 'Tis ſaid to have been pilaged before, and that the great riches, of which *Homer* ſpeaks had been carried away. *Euſtathius*.

But

But from our lips the vital spirit fled, 530

Returns no more to wake the silent dead.

My fates long since by *Thetis* were disclos'd,

And each alternate, life or fame propos'd:

Here

V. 530. *The vital spirit fled, returns no more.*] Nothing sure could be better imagined, or more strongly paint *Achilles's* resentment, than this commendation which *Homer* puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero whose very soul was possessed with love of glory, and who preferred it to life itself, lets his anger prevail over this his darling passion: he despises even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoys his revenge at the same time: and rather than lay this aside, becomes the very reverse of himself.

V. 532. *My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd.*] It was very necessary for *Homer* to put the reader more than once in mind of this piece of *Achilles's* story: There is a remark of *Monsieur de la Motte*, which deserves to be transcribed entire on this occasion.

"The generality of people who do not know *Achilles* by the *Iliad*, and who upon a most noted fable conceive him invulnerable all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he should be placed at the head of heroes; so true it is, that the idea of valour implies it always in danger.

"Should a giant, well armed, fight against a legion of children, whatever slaughter he should make, the pity any one would have for them would not turn at all to any admiration of him, and the more he should applaud his own courage, the more one would be offended at his pride.

"*Achilles* had been in this case, if *Homer*, besides all the superiority of strength he has given him, had not found the art of putting likewise his greatness of soul out of all suspicion.

"He has perfectly well succeeded in feigning that *Achilles*, before his setting out to the *Trojan* war, was sure of meeting his death. The destinies had proposed to him, by the mouth of *Thetis*, the alternative of a long and happy, but an obscure, life, if he staid in his own state; or of a short but glorious one, if he embraced the vengeance of the *Greeks*. He wishes for glory in contempt of death; and thus all his actions,

Here if I stay, before the *Trojan* town,
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown ; 535
 If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the *Greeks* the wiser choice to make.
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, 540
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies ;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go then, to *Greece* report our fixt design :
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join 545
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will :
 Ye find *Achilles* is unconquer'd still.
 Go then—digest my message as ye may— 550
 But here this night let rev'rend *Phanix* stay :
 His tedious toils, and hoary hair demand
 A peaceful death in *Phthia's* friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555
 The son of *Peleus* ceas'd : the chiefs around
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,

" tions, all his motions, are so many proofs of his cou-
 " rage ; he runs in hastening his exploits to a death
 " which he knows infallibly attends him ; what does it
 " avail him, that he routs every thing almost without
 " resistance ? It is still true, that he every moment en-
 " counters and faces the sentence of his destiny, and
 " that he devotes himself generously for glory. *Homer*
 " was so sensible that this idea must force a concern for
 " his hero, that he scatters it throughout his poem, to
 " the end that the reader, having it always in view,
 " must esteem *Achilles* even for what he performs
 " without the least danger."

Attend

Attend the stern reply. Then *Phanix* rose ;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
 And while the fate of suff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd, 560
 With accent weak these tender words return'd.

Divine *Achilles* ! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire ?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy *Phanix*, stay behind ? 565
 The

V. 565. *How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind ?*] This is a strong argument to persuade *Achilles* to stay, but dressed up in the utmost tenderness: the venerable old man rises with tears in his eyes, and speaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, though the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and restore him to his youth: but in the midst of so much fondness, he couches a powerful argument to persuade him not to return home, by adding that his father sent him to be his guide and guardian. *Phanix* ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of *Achilles*, but *Achilles* the directions of *Phanix*. *Eustathius*.

" The art of this speech of *Phanix* (says *Dionysius*, *περὶ ἰσχυρισμῶν*, lib. i.) consists in his seeming to
 " agree with all that *Achilles* had said: *Achilles*, he
 " sees, will depart, and he must go along with him ;
 " but in assigning the reasons why he must go with him,
 " he proves that *Achilles* ought not to depart. And
 " thus while he seems only to shew his love to his pupil
 " in his inability to stay behind him, he indeed chal-
 " lenges the other's gratitude for the benefits he had
 " conferred upon him in his infancy and education. At
 " the same time that he moves *Achilles*, he gratifies
 " *Agamemnon*; and that this was the real design which
 " he disguised in that manner, we are informed by
 " *Achilles* himself in the reply he makes: for *Homer*
 " and all the authors that treat of this figure, generally
 " contrive it so, that the answers, made to these kind of
 " speeches, discover all the art and structure of them.
 " *Achilles* therefore asks him,

" Is it for him these tears are taught to flow ?

" For him these sorrows ; for my mortal foe !

" You

The royal *Peleus*, when from *Phthia*'s coast
 He sent thee early to th' *Achaian* host ;
 Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field :
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war ; 570
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never let me leave thy side !
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not tho' the God, that breath'd my life, restore
 The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore. 575
 When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful *Greece*, the land of lovely dames,)
 My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.

I try'd

“ You see the scholar reveals the art and dissimulation
 “ of his master ; and as *Phænix* had recounted the be-
 “ nefits done him, he takes off that expostulation by
 “ promising to divide his empire with him, as may be
 “ seen in the same answer.”

V. 567. *He sent thee early to th' Achaian host.*] *Achilles*, (says *Eustathius*) according to some of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of *Troy* ; (παμπτε νήπιον) and it may be gathered from what the Poet here relates of the education of *Achilles* under *Phænix*, that the fable of his being tutored by *Chiron* was the invention of latter ages, and unknown to *Homer*.

Mr. *Bayle*, in his article of *Achilles*, has very well proved this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learned music and physic of *Chiron*, without having him formally as his tutor ; for it is plain from this speech that he was under the direction of *Phænix* as his governor in morality, when his father sent him along with him to the siege of *Troy*.

V. 578. *My father, faithless to my mother's arms, &c.*] *Homer* has been blamed for introducing two long stories into this speech of *Phænix* ; this concerning himself is said not to be in the proper place, and what *Achilles*
 must

I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580
 To win the damsel, and prevent my fire.
 My fire with curses loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed.
 Infernal *Jove*, the vengeful fiends below,
 And ruthless *Proserpine*, confirm'd his vow. 585

Despair

must needs have heard over and over: it also gives (say they) a very ill impression of *Phænix* himself, and makes him appear a very unfit person to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is answered, that though *Achilles* might have known the story before in general, it is probable *Phænix* had not till now so pressing an occasion to make him discover the excess his fury had transported him to, in attempting the life of his own father: the whole story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion: and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience.

V. 581. *To win the damsel.*] The counsel that this mother gives to her son *Phænix* is the same that *Achitophel* gave to her son *Abshalom*, to hinder him from ever being reconciled to *David*. *Et ait Achitophel ad Abshalom: ingredere ad concubinas patris tui, quas dimisit a custodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Israel quod fecideris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. 14. 20. - *Dacier.*

V. 581. *Prevent my fire.*] This decency of *Homer* is worthy observation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas which might proceed from this intrigue of *Phænix* with his father's mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that *Amyntor* had no share in her affections, which makes the action of *Phænix* the more excusable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her husband: besides his father, had yet no commerce with this mistress to whose love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had *Phænix* committed this sort of incest, *Homer* would neither have presented this image to his reader, nor *Peleus* chosen *Phænix* to be governor to *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

V. 584. *Infernal Jove.*] The Greek is *Ζεὺς τεταλαχθώνος*. The ancients gave the name of *Jupiter* not only to the
 God

Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind;
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd?
 I thought (but some kind God that thought suppress)
 To plunge the poniard in my father's breast:

God of heaven, but likewise to the God of Hell, as is seen here, and to the God of the sea, as appears from *Eschylus*. They thereby meant to shew that one sole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuaries made statues of *Jupiter*, which had three eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner in the court of his palace, which was there in *Laomedon's* time: after the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks*, shared the booty, it fell to *Sthenelus's* lot, who carried it into *Greece*. *Dacier*

V. 586. *Despair and grief distract, &c.* I have taken the liberty to replace here four verses which *Aristarchus* had cut out, because of the horror which the idea gave him of a son who is going to kill his father; but perhaps *Aristarchus's* niceness was too great. These verses seem too necessary, and have a very good effect; for *Phœnix's* aim is to shew *Achilles*, that unless we overcome our wrath, we are exposed to commit the greatest crimes: he was going to kill his own father. *Achilles* in the same manner is going to let his father *Phœnix*, and all the *Greeks* perish, if he does not appease his wrath. *Plutarch* relates these four verses in his treatise, of reading the Poets; and adds, "*Aristarchus*, frighted
 " at this horrible crime, cut out these verses; but they
 " do very well in this place, and on this occasion,
 " *Phœnix* intending to shew *Achilles* what wrath is,
 " and to what abominable excesses it hurries men, who
 " do not obey reason, and who refuse to follow the
 " counsels of those that advise them." These sort of curtailings from *Homer*, often contrary to all reason, gave room to *Lucian* to feign that, being in the fortunate islands, he asked *Homer* a great many questions. Among other things (says he " in his second book of
 " his true history) I asked him whether he had made
 " all the verses which had been rejected in his poem?
 " he assured me they were all his own, which made me
 " laugh at the impertinent and bold criticisms of *Zeno-*
 " *dorus* and *Aristarchus*, who had retrenched them."
Dacier.

Then

Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain 590
 With pray'rs entreat me, and with force detain;
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
 Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights
 entire:

The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire. 595
 The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all;
 And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
 My travels thence thro' spacious *Greece* extend:
 In *Phthia*'s court at last my labours end.

Your fire receiv'd me, as his son carefs'd, 600
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blefs'd.
 The strong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.

By love to thee his bounties I repay'd,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd: 605
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breast alike affection show'd:
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
 Or at my knee, by *Phœnix* wouldst thou stand; 610
 No food was grateful but from *Phœnix*' hand,
 I past my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares;

The

V. 612. *I past my watchings o'er thy helpless years.*]
 In the original of this place *Phœnix* tells *Achilles*, that
 as he plac'd him in his infancy on his lap, he has often
 cast up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths. I wish
 I had any authority to say these verses were foisted into
 the text: for though the idea be intended natural, it
 must be granted to be so very gross as to be utterly un-
 worthy of *Homer*; nor do I see any colour to soften
 meaness

The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And *Phanix* felt a father's joy in thee : 615
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage resign'd ;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind :
 The Gods (the only great, and only wise) 620
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows and sacrifice ;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
Pray'rs are *Jove's* daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ; 625
 With

meaness of it: such images, in any age or country, must have been too nauseous to be described.

V. 624. *Pray'rs are Jove's daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddesses of *Homer's* creation; he sets before us their pictures in lively colours, and gives these fancied beings all the features that resemble mankind who offer injuries, or have recourse to prayers.

Prayers are said to be the daughters of *Jove* because it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, because the posture of a suppliant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, because those that pray have a countenance of dejection and sorrow. Their eyes are turned aside, because through an awful regard to heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow *Atè* or *Injury*, because nothing but prayers can atone for the wrongs that are offered by the injurious. *Atè* is said to be strong and swift of foot, &c. because injurious men are swift to do mischief. This is the explanation of *Eustathius*, with whom *Dacier* agrees; but when she allows the circumstance of lameness to intimate the custom of kneeling in prayer, she forgets that this contradicts her own assertion in one of the remarks on *Iliad* 7. where she affirms that no such custom was used by the *Greeks*. And indeed the contrary seems inferred in several places of *Homer*, particularly where *Achilles* says in the 608th verse of the eleventh book, *The Greeks shall stand*

With humble mein and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where *Injustice* flies :
Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind, }
 While *Pray'rs*, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind. }
 Who hears these daughters of almighty *Jove*, 631
 For him they mediate the throne above :
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughters sake ;
 From *Jove* commission'd, fierce *Injustice* then 635
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
 Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway ;
 These reconciling Goddesses obey :
 Due honours to the seed of *Jove* belong ;
 Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong. 640
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty King,
 Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes, should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.

But

stand round his knees supplicating to him. The phrases in that language, that signify praying, are derived from the knee of the person to whom they supplicated.

A modern author imagines *Atē* to signify *divine Justice* ; a notion in which he is single, and repugnant to all the Mythologists. Besides the whole context in this place, and the very application of the allegory to the present case of *Achilles*, whom he exhorts to be moved by prayers, notwithstanding the injustice done him by *Agamemnon*, makes the contrary evident.

V. 643. *Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes.*] *Plato* in the third book of his *Republic*, condemns this passage, and thinks it very wrong that *Phænix* should say to *Achilles*, that if they did not offer him great presents, he would not advise him to be appeased : But I think there is some injustice in this censure, and that *Plato* has not rightly entered into the sense of *Phænix*, who does not
 look

But since what honour asks, the Gen'ral sends, 645
 And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
 The best and noblest of the *Grecian* train ;
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !
 Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
 A great example drawn from times of old ; 650
 Hear

look upon these presents on the side of interest, but honour as a mark of *Agamemnon's* repentance, and of the satisfaction he is ready to make: wherefore he says, that honour has a mighty power over great spirits, *Dacier*.

V. 648. *Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !* In the original it is—*τῶν μὴ σὺ γε μῖθον ἰλέγξης Μηδὲ πόδας*.—I am pretty confident there is not any manner of speaking like this used throughout all *Homer* ; nor two Substantives so oddly coupled to a Verb, as *μῖθον* and *πόδας* in this place. We may indeed meet with such little affectations in *Ovid*,—*Aurigam pariter animaque rotisque, Expulit*— and the like ; but the taste of the ancients in general was too good for these fooleries. I must have leave to think the verse *Μηδὲ πόδας, &c.* an interpolation ; the sense is complete without it, and the latter part of the line *πρὶν δ' ἔτι νημεσσῆσθαι* *κεχολῶσθαι*, seems but a tautology, after what is said in the six verses preceding.

V. 649. *Let me, my son, an ancient fact unfold.* *Phœnix*, says *Eustathius*, lays down, as the foundation of his story, that great men in former ages were always appeased by presents and entreaties ; and to confirm this position, he brings *Meleager* as an instance : but it may be objected that *Meleager* was an ill chosen instance, being a person whom no intreaties could move. The superstructure of this story seems not to agree with the foundation. *Eustathius* solves the difficulty thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an instance of a hero's compliance with the intreaties of his friends, but to shew that they, who did not comply, were sufferers themselves in the end. So that the connection of the story is thus : The heroes of former times were used always to be won by presents and entreaties ; *Meleager* only was obstinate, and suffered because he was so.

The

Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where *Calydon* on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' *Ætolian* and *Curetian* bands ;
To guard it, those, to conquer, these advance ; 655
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.

The silver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ;
On *Oeneus*' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
That level'd harvests, and whole forests tore : 660
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great *Meleager* stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.

Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd, 665
While *Meleager*'s thund'ring arm prevail'd :
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
(For rage invades the wisest and the best)

Curs'd by *Althæa*, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670

“ (She from *Marpessa* sprung, divinely fair,
“ And matchless *Idas*, more than man in war ;
“ The God of day ador'd the mother's charms ;
“ Against the God the father bent his arms :

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unseasonable, it was at full leisure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot answer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have translated it therefore with all possible shortness, as will appear upon a comparison. The piece itself is very valuable, as it preserves to us a part of ancient history that had otherwise been entirely lost, as *Quintilian* has remarked. The same great Critic commends *Homer*'s manner of relating it: *Narrare quis significantius potest, quam qui Curetum Ætolorumque praelia exponit ? lib. 10 c. 1.*

Th'

" Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, 675
 " From *Cleopatra* chang'd this daughter's name,
 " And call'd *Alcyone*; a name to show
 " The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)
 'To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
 But found no peace from fierce *Althæa*'s hate: 680
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
 Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
 She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
 On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
 Hell heard her curses from the realms profound, 685
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
 In vain *Ætolia* her deliv'rer waits,
 War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
 She sent embassadors, a chosen band,
 Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land; 690
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state:
 Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
 Half pasture green, and half with vin'yards crown'd.)
 His suppliant father, ag'd *Æneas*, came; 695
 His sisters follow'd; even the vengeful dame.
Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:
 He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all.

V. 677. *Alcyone*; a name to show, &c.] It appears (says Madam Dacier) by this passage, and by others already observed, that the *Greeks* often gave names, as did the *Hebrews*, not only with respect to the circumstances, but likewise to the accidents, which happened to the fathers and mothers of those they named: Thus *Cleopatra* is called *Alcyone*, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digression concerning *Idas* and *Marpesse* too long, and not very much to the purpose.

Mean

Mean while the victor's shouts ascend the skies ;
 The walls are scal'd ; the rolling flames arise ; 700
 At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd . 705
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th' *Ætolians*, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire : 710

Accept

V. 703. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town.
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd.]*

It is remarkable with what art *Homer* here in a few words sums up the miseries of a city taken by assault.

It had been unpardonable for *Cleopatra* to have made a long representation to *Meleager* of these miseries, when every moment that kept him from the battle could not be spared. It is also to be observed how perfectly the features of *Meleager* resemble *Achilles*; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them described as giving victory to their several armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their resentment. *Eustathius*.

V. 713. *Achilles's answer to Phoenix.]* The character of *Achilles* is excellently sustained in all his speeches: To *Ulysses* he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the *Trojan* shores in the morning. To *Phoenix* he gives a much gentler answer, and begins to mention *Agamemnon* with less disrespect Ἀργεῖδ' ἠρώ. After *Ajax* had spoken, he seems determined not to depart, but yet refuses to bear arms, till he is to defend his own squadron. Thus *Achilles's* character is every where of a piece: He begins to yield, and not to have done so, would not have spoke him a man; to have made him perfectly inexorable, had shewn him a monster. Thus the Poet draws the heat of his passion cooling by slow degrees

Accept the presents : draw thy conqu'ring sword ;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he : The stern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
My second father, and my rev'rend guide !
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands, 715
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands :
Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines :
And here I stay, (if such his high behest)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast. 720
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart ;
No more molest me on *Atrides*' part :
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe ?
A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows, 725
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;

degrees, which is very natural : To have done otherwise, had not been agreeable to *Achilles*'s temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been shocking to have seen him passing from the greatest form of anger to a quiet calmness. *Eustathius*.

V. 720. *While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.*] *Eustathius* observes here with a great deal of penetration, that these words of *Achilles* include a sort of oracle, which he does not understand : For it sometimes happens that men full of their objects say things, which, besides the sense natural and plain to every body, include another supernatural, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood by those only who have penetration enough to see through the obscurity of it. Thus *Oedipus* often speaks in *Sophocles* ; and holy scripture furnishes us with great examples of enthusiastic speeches, which have a double sense. Here we manifestly see that *Achilles* in speaking a very simple and common thing, foretells without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal shore will equal the course of his life, and consequently that he shall die there : and this double meaning gives a sensible pleasure to the reader. *Dacier*.

One should our int'rests and our passions be ;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.
 Do this, my *Phanix*, 'tis a gen'rous part,
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart. 730
 Let these return: our voyage, and our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
 With that, stern *Ajax* his long silence broke, 735
 And thus, impatient, to *Ulysses* spoke.

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
 See what effect our low submissions gain!
 Lik'd, or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
 The *Greeks* expect them, and our heroes wait. 740
 Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
 Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement, we remit the deed;
 A fire the slaughter of his son forgives; 745
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives:
 The

V. 737. *The speech of Ajax.*] I have before spoken of this short soldier-like speech of *Ajax*; *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* says of it, "That the person who entreats most, and with most liberty, who supplicates most, and presses most, is *Ajax*." It is probable that *Ajax* rises up when he speaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchsafe to address himself to *Achilles*, but turns himself to *Ulysses*, and speaks with a martial eloquence.

V. 746. *The price of blood discharg'd*] It was the custom for the murderer to go into banishment one year, but if the relations of the person murdered were willing, the criminal, by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiss to observe, that *ποῖν*, *quasi* *φείν*, properly signifies

The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
 And gifts can conquer every soul but thine :
 The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield. 750
 One woman slave was ravish'd from thy arms :
 Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
 Then hear, *Achilles* ! be of better mind ;
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ;
 And know the men, of all the *Grecian* host, 755
 Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.
 Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide !
 (To *Ajax* thus the first of *Greeks* reply'd)
 Well hast thou spoke ; but at the tyrant's name
 My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame : 760

nifies a mulct paid for murder.) *Ajax* sums up this argument with a great deal of strength : We see, says he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his son : But *Achilles* will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman. *Eustathius*.

V. 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind.*] *Eustathius* says there is some difficulty in the original of this place. Why should *Ajax* draw an argument to influence *Achilles* by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation ? The latter part of the verse explains the former : We, says *Ajax*, are under your roof, and let that protect us from any ill usage ; send us not away from your house with contempt, who came hither as friends, as supplicants, as ambassadors.

V. 759. *Well hast thou spoke, but at the tyrant's name My rage rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry man, and nothing can be better imagined to heighten *Achilles's* wrath ; he owns that reason will induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to listen to reason. He speaks with respect to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into rage. Anger is in nothing more like madness, than that madmen will talk sensibly enough upon any indifferent matter ; but upon the mention of the subject that caused their disorder, they fly out into their usual extravagance.

'Tis

'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
 Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
 The glorious combat is no more my care;
 Not till amidst yon' sinking navy slain, 765
 The blood of *Greeks* shall dye the sable main;
 Not till the flames, by *Hector's* fury thrown,
 Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
 Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
 There cease his battle, and there feel our hand. 770

This said, each Prince a double goblet crown'd,
 And cast a large libation on the ground;
 Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
 The chiefs return; divine *Ulysses* leads.
 Meantime *Achilles'* slaves prepar'd a bed, 775
 With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
 There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
 In slumbers sweet the rev'rend *Phanix* lay.
 But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace 780
 Fair *Diomedes* of the *Lesbian* race.

Last, for *Patroclus* was the couch prepar'd,
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous *Iphis* shar'd:
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
 When *Scyros* fell before his conqu'ring arms. 785

And now th' elected chiefs whom *Greece* had sent,
 Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
 The peers, and leaders of th' *Achaian* bands
 Hail'd their return: *Atrides* first begun. 790

Say what success? divine *Laertes'* son!

Achilles' high resolves declare to all ;
Returns the chief, or must our navy fall ?

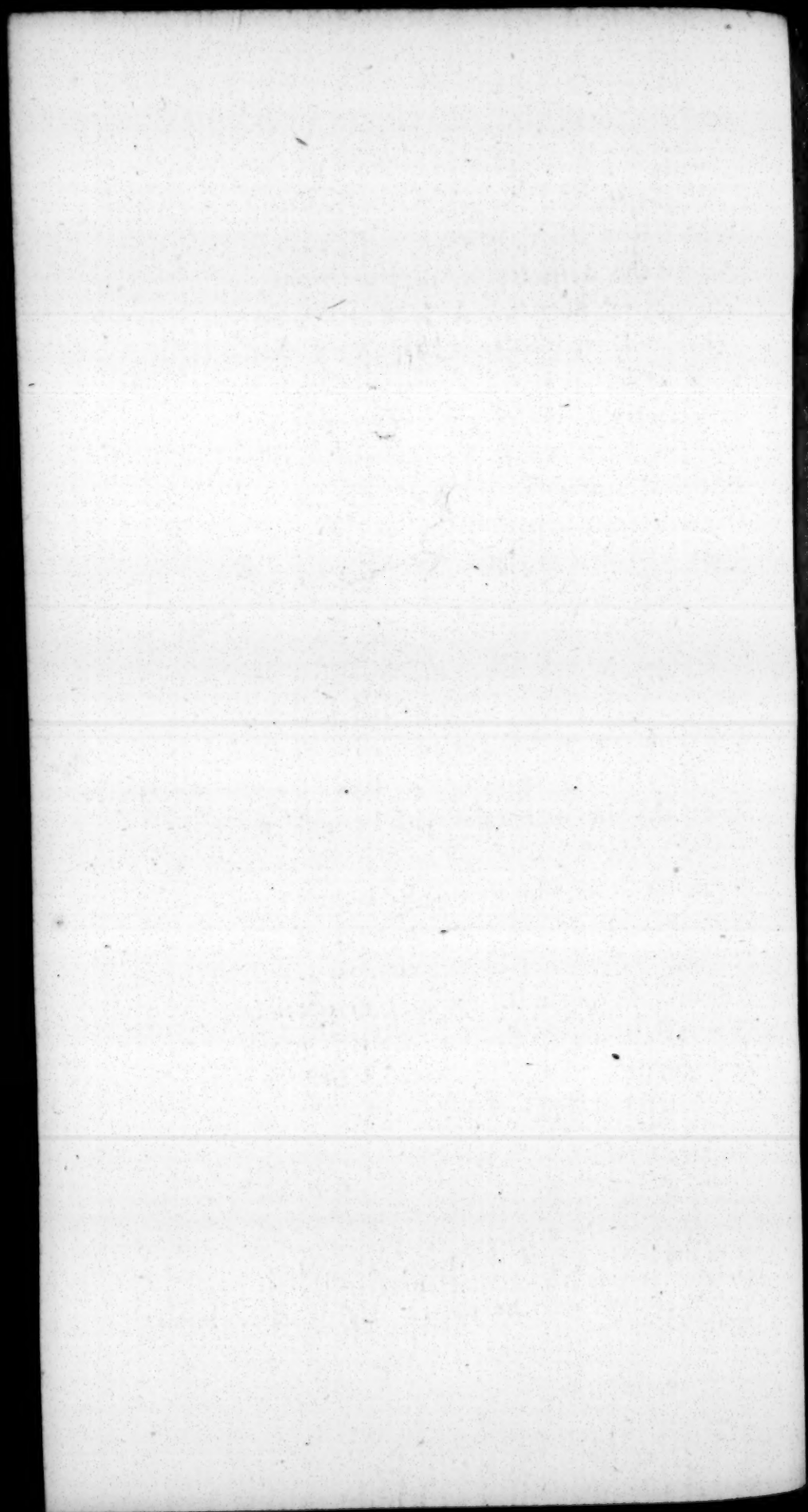
Great King of nations ! (*Ithacus* reply'd)
Fixt is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride ; 795
He slight's thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
To save our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care ; but left to *Greece* and thee.
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly, 801
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected *Troy* ;
But *Jove* o'er shades her with his arm divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805
Such was his word : what farther he declar'd,
These sacred heralds and great *Ajax* heard.
But *Phænix* in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns : if other he decree, 810
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

V. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be asked here why *Ulysses* speaks only of the answer which *Achilles* made him at first, and says nothing of the disposition to which the discourses of *Phænix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The question is easily answered ; it is because *Achilles* is obdurate in his resentment ; and that, if at length a little moved by *Phænix*, and shaken by *Ajax*, he seemed disposed to take arms, it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only to save his own squadron, when *Hector*, after having put the *Greeks* to the sword, shall come to insult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in *Ulysses* to make this report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flattered himself, he may concert with the leaders of the army the measures necessary to save his fleet and troops. *Eustathius*.

Ulysses

Ulysses ceas'd: the great *Achaian* host,
 With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
 Attend the stern reply. *Tydidēs* broke
 The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke. 815
 Why should we gifts to proud *Achilles* send?
 Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend?
 His country's woes he glories to deride,
 And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with pride.
 Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd; 820
 Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
 Then let him arm when *Jove* or he think fit;
 That to his madness, or to heav'n commit:
 What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
 This night, let due repast refresh our pow'rs; 825
 (For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
 And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)
 But when the rosy messenger of day
 Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
 Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine, 830
 In flaming arms, a long extended line:
 In the dread front let great *Atrides* stand,
 The first in danger as in high command.
 Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
 Then each to heav'n the due libations pays; 835
 Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
 The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

V. 816. *Why should we gifts, &c.*] This speech is admirably adapted to the character of *Diomed*; every word is animated with a martial courage, and worthy to be delivered by a gallant soldier. He advised fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues still in opinion; and he is no more concerned at the speech of *Achilles* now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.



THE
TENTH BOOK

OF THE
ILLIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of *Diomed* and *Ulysses*.

UPON the refusal of *Achilles* to return to the army, the distress of *Agamemnon* is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. *Menelaus*, *Nestor*, *Ulysses*, and *Diomed*, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. *Diomed* undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of *Ulysses* for his companion. In their passage they surprize *Dolon*, whom *Hector* had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of *Rhesus*, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill *Rhesus*, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that Prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the Scene lies in the two camps.

THE

T H E
• T E N T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

ALL night the Chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day :
All but the King; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when by light'nings *Jove's* ætherial Pow'r 5
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,

* It is observable, says *Eustathius*, that the Poet very artfully repairs the loss of the last day by this nocturnal stratagem; and it is plain that such a contrivance was necessary: the army was dispirited, and *Achilles* inflexible; but by the success of this adventure the scale is turned in favour of the *Grecians*.

V. 3. *All but the King, &c.*] *Homer* here, with a very small alteration, repeats the verses which begin the second book: he introduces *Agamemnon* with the same pomp, as he did *Jupiter*; he ascribes to the one the same watchfulness over men as the other exercised over the gods, and *Jove* and *Agamemnon* are the only persons awake, while heaven and earth are asleep. *Eustathius*.

Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
 Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
 By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
 And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires. 10
 So bursting frequent from *Atrides'* breast,
 Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.
 Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
 From thousand *Trojan* fires the mounting blaze;
 Hears in the passing wind their music blow, 15
 And marks distinct the voices of the foe.

V. 7. *Or sends soft snows.*] *Scaliger's* criticism against this passage, that it never lightens and snows at the same time, is sufficiently refuted by experience. See *Bossu* of the Epic poem, *lib. 3. c. 7.* and *Barnes's* note on this place.

V. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is something very noble and sublime in this image: the *vast jaws of war* is an expression that very poetically represents the voraciousness of war, and gives us a lively idea of an insatiate monster. *Eustathius.*

V. 9. *By fits one flash succeeds, &c.*] It requires some skill in *Homer* to take the chief point of his similitudes; he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his comparisons have frequently been strained to comply with the fancies of commentators. This comparison, which is brought to illustrate the frequency of *Agamemnon's* sighs, has been usually thought to represent in general the groans of the King; whereas what *Homer* had in his view, was only the quick succession of them.

V. 13. *Now o'er the fields, &c.*] *Aristotle* answers a criticism of some censurers of *Homer* on this place. They asked how it was that *Agamemnon*, shut up in his tent in the night, could see the *Trojan* camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet represents it? It is (says *Aristotle*) only a metaphorical manner of speech; *to cast one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind*: and that employed *Agamemnon's* thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

Now

Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.

He rends his hairs in sacrifice to *Jove*,

And sues to him that ever lives above: 20

Only he groans; while glory and despair

Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves;

To seek sage *Nestor* now the Chief resolves,

With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate 25

What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.

He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,

Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;

A lion's

V. 19. *He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove.*] I know this action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only as a common expression of grief, and so indeed it was rendered by *Accius*, as cited by *Tully*, *Tusc. quæst. l. 3. Scindens dolore identidem intonsam comam*. But whoever reads the context, will, I believe, be of opinion, that *Jupiter* is mentioned here on no other account than as he was applied to in the offering of these hairs, in an humble supplication to the offended deity, who had so lately manifested his anger.

V. 27. *He rose, and first he cast his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to observe how well the poet at all times suits his descriptions to the circumstances of the person: we must remember that this book continues the actions of one night; the whole army is now asleep, and *Homer* takes this opportunity to give us a description of several of his heroes suitable to their proper characters. *Agamemnon*, who is every where described as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preservation. *Menelaus*, for whose sake the *Greeks* had suffered so greatly, shares all their misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. *Nestor*, a provident, wise, old man, sacrifices his rest, even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. *Ulysses*, a person next to *Nestor* in wisdom, is ready at the first summons; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* suffer, to compose himself to sleep, but
is

A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd ;
 His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held. 30
 Meanwhile his brother, press'd with equal woes,
 Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
 Laments for *Greece* ; that in his cause before
 So much had suffered, and must suffer more.
 A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread ; 35
 A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head :
 Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
 To wake *Atrides* in the royal tent.
 Already wak'd, *Atrides* he descry'd,
 His armour buckling at his vessel's side. 40
 Joyful they met ; the *Spartan* thus begun :
 Why puts my brother this bright armour on ?
 Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
 To try yon' camp, and watch the *Trojan* pow'rs ?

is easily awaked to march to its defence : but *Diomed*, who is every where described as a daring warrior, sleeps unconcerned at the nearness of the enemy, and is not awaked without some violence, he is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a soldier in compleat arms.

I could not pass over one circumstance in this place in relation to *Nestor*. It is a pleasure to see what care the poet takes of his favourite counsellor : he describes him lying in a soft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preserve his age from the coldness of the night ; but *Diomed*, a gallant, young hero, sleeps upon the ground in open air ; and indeed every warrior is dressed in arms peculiar to that season : the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. *Eustathius*.

V. 43. *Sends he some spy ? &c.*] *Menelaus* in this place, starts a design, which is afterwards proposed by *Nestor* in council ; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other ; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a design, which so venerable a counsellor had formed. *Eustathius*.

But

But say, what hero shall sustain the task?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask,
Guideless, alone, thro' night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe?

To whom the King. In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand; 50
Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
For *Jove* averse our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to *Hector's* sacrifice.
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd 55
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as *Hector's* hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving sun?

What

V. 57. *Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand; &c.*] We hear *Agamemnon* in this place launching into the praises of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raises the actions of *Hector* too high, and sets him above *Achilles* himself, this objection will vanish if he considers that he commends him as the bravest of mere men, but still he is not equal to *Achilles*, who was descended from a goddess. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his thoughts when he says,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praises.

Eustathius proceeds to observe that the Poet ascribes the gallant exploits of *Hector* to his piety; and had he not been favoured by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

He also remarks that there is a double tautology in this speech of *Agamemnon*, as *δητὰ καὶ δολιχόν, μέρμερα μήλισσας*, and *ἔρσα ἔρρεξε*. This proceeds from the wonder which the King endeavours to express at the greatness of *Hector's* actions: He labours to make his words answer the great idea he had conceived of them; and while his mind dwells upon the same object, he falls into

What honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn ;
 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born, 60
 Yet ſuch his acts as *Greeks* unborn ſhall tell,
 And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.

Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
 There call great *Ajax*, and the Prince of *Crete* ;
 Ourſelf to hoary *Neflor* will repair ; 66
 To keep the guards on duty be his care ;
 (For *Neflor*'s influence beſt that quarter guides,
 Whoſe ſon, with *Merion*, o'er the watch preſides.)
 To whom the *Spartan*: Theſe thy orders borne,
 Say, ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return ? 70
 There ſhalt thou ſtay (the King of men reply'd)
 Elſe may we miſs to meet without a guide, }
 The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide. }
 Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
 Urge by their father's fame, their future praiſe. 75
 Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth ;
 Not titles, here, but works, muſt prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below ;
 And when *Jove* gave us life, he gave us woe.

This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares ; 80
 The King to *Neflor*'s ſable ſhip repairs ;

into the ſame manner of expreſſing it. This is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances, whoſe thoughts are, as it were, pent up, and ſtruggle for an utterance.

V. 73 *The paths ſo many, &c.*] 'Tis plain from this verſe, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in ſome degree of perfection in *Homer*'s days: here are lines drawn, that tranſverſe the camp every way ; the ſhips are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and ſally ports made at proper diſtances, that they might without difficulty either retire or iſſue out, as the occaſion ſhould require. *Eufathius*.

The

The sage protector of the *Greeks* he found
 Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around ;
 The various colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears ; 85
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes and said :

What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown, 90
 While others sleep, thus range the camp alone ?
 Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel ?
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of *Neleus* (thus the King rejoin'd)
 Pride of the *Greeks*, and glory of thy kind ! 95
 Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* stands,
 Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the *Grecian* bands ;

Whom

V. 92. *Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel ?*]
 It has been thought that *Nestor* asks this question upon the account of his son *Thrasymedes*, who commanded the guard that night. He seems to be under some apprehension lest he should have remitted the watch. And it may also be gathered from this passage, that in those times the use of the watch-word was unknown ; because *Nestor* is obliged to crowd several questions together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a friend or an enemy. The shortness of the questions agrees admirably with the occasion upon which they were made ; it being necessary that *Nestor* should be immediately informed who he was, that pass'd along the camp : if a spy, that he might stand upon his guard ; if a friend, that he might not cause an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying questions. *Eustathius*.

V. 96. *Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands*]
Eustathius observes, that *Agamemnon* here paints his distress in a very pathetic manner : while the meanest soldier is at rest the general wanders about disconsolate, and is superior now in nothing so much as in sorrow : but this sorrow proceeds not from a base abject spirit,
 but

Whom *Jove* decrees with daily cares to bend,
 And woes that only with his life shall end!
 Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain, 100
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;
 And all my people's miseries are mine. 105
 If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend:
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
 At every gate the fainting guard excite, 110
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus *Nestor*. 'Trust the Pow'rs above,
 Nor think proud *Hector*'s hopes confirm'd by *Jove*: 115
 How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind?
 Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain.
 That great *Achilles* rise and rage again,
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain? 120
 Lo faithful *Nestor* thy command obeys,
 The care is next our other Chiefs to raise:
Ulysses, *Diomed*, we chiefly need;
Meges for strength, *Oileus* fam'd for speed.

but from a generous disposition; he is not anxious for the loss of his own glory, but for the sufferings of his people: it is a noble sorrow, and springs from a commendable tenderness and humanity.

Some

Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet, 125 }
 To those tall ships remotest of the fleet, }
 Where lie great *Ajax*, and the King of *Crete*.
 'To rouse the *Spartan* I myself decree ;
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share, 130
 With his great brother, in this martial care :
 Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,
 Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you ;
 For strong necessity our toils demands,
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands. 135

To whom the King : With rev'rence we allow
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
 My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ;
 Thro' too much deference to our sov'reign sway, 140
 Content to follow, when we lead the way.
 But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
 Long ere the rest he rose, and fought my tent.
 The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
 Prepare to meet us at the navy-wall, 145

V. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind*] *Agamemnon* is every where represented as the greatest example of brotherly affection; and he at all times defends *Menelaus*, but never with more address than now: *Nestor* had accused *Menelaus* of sloth; the King is his advocate, but pleads his excuse only in part: he does not entirely acquit him, because he would not contradict so wise a man as *Nestor*; nor does he condemn him, because his brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the imputation of *Nestor* to the praise of *Menelaus*; and affirms, that what might seem to be remissness in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his seeming inactivity was but an unwillingness to act without command. *Eustathius*.

Assembling

Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards our chosen council waits.

Then none (said *Nestor*) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.

With that, the venerable warrior rose ; 150
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose ;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd:
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155

The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping crowd,
Stopp'd at *Ulysses'* tent, and call'd aloud.

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright 160

Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night ?

O prudent chief ! (the *Pylian* sage reply'd)

Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd :

Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165

Whatever methods, or to fly or fight ;

All, all depend on this important night !

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield :

Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.

Without his tent, bold *Diomed* they found, 170

All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round :

Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,

His head reclining on his bossy shield.

A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright,

Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light. 175

A bull's

V. 174. *A wood of spears stood by, &c.*] The picture
here given us of *Diomed* sleeping in his arms with his
soldiers

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed ;
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
 Then, with his foot old *Nestor* gently shakes
 The slumb'ring chief, and in these words awakes.

Rise, son of *Tydeus* ! to the brave and strong 180
 Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
 But sleep'st thou now ? when from yon' hill the foe
 Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below ?

At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled ;
 The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said. 185
 Wond'rous old man ! whose soul no respite knows,
 Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.
 Let younger *Greeks* our sleeping warriors wake ;
 Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.
 My friend (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care, 190
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,
 Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
 To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a fire.
 But now the last despair surrounds our host ;
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost ; 195
 Each

soldiers about him, and the spears sticking upright in the earth, has a near resemblance to that in the first book of *Samuel*, ch. 26. v. 7. *Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster ; but Abner and the people lay round about him.*

V. 182. *From yon' hill the foe, &c.*] It is necessary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of *Homer*, to carry in our minds the place where each action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence stood, upon which the *Trojans* encamped this night. *Eustathius* is inclinable to believe it was *Callicolone*, but it will appear from what *Dolon* says, v. 487. (of *Hector's* being encamped at the monument of *Ilus*) that this eminence must be the *Tumulus* on which that monument was situate, and so the old Scholiast rightly explains it.

Each single *Greek*, in this conclusive strife,
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life :
 Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age ;
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest ; 200
 He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
 A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung ;
 Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along. }
Meges the bold, with *Ajax* fam'd for speed, 205
 The warriors rous'd, and to th' entrenchments lead.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard ;
 A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd :

Th'

V. 194. *But now the last despair surrounds our host.*] The different behaviour of *Nestor* upon the same occasion, to different persons, is worthy observation: *Agamemnon* was under a concern and dejection of spirit from the danger of his army: To raise his courage, *Nestor* gave him hopes of success, and represented the state of affairs in the most favourable view. But he applies himself to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterprising and incapable of despair, in a far different manner: He turns the darkest side to him, and gives the worst prospect of their condition. This conduct (says *Eustathius*) shews a great deal of prudence: it is the province of wisdom to encourage the disheartened with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not sink through despair, nor fly out into rashness.

V. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*] It is usual in poetry to pass over little circumstances and carry on the greater. *Menelaus* in this book was sent to call some of the leaders; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his message, but lets us know by the sequel that he had performed it. It would have clogged the poetical narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the heroes to whom he was dispatched, and had been but a repetition of what the Poet had fully described before:

He

Th' unweary'd watch their list'ning leaders keep,
 And couching close, repel invading sleep. 210
 So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
 With toil protected from the prowling train ;
 When the gaunt lions, with hunger bold,
 Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
 Thro' breaking woods her rustling course they hear;
 Loud and more loud, the clamours strike their ear 216
 Of hounds and men ; they start, they gaze around ;
 Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.
 Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of surprize,
 Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes ; 220
 Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright ;
 And hostile *Troy* was ever full in sight.
Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
 And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade.
 'Tis well, my sons ! your nightly cares employ 225
 Else must our host become the scorn of *Troy*,

He therefore (says the same author) drops these particularities, and leaves them to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is so in Painting, the Painter does not always draw at full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

V. 211. *So faithful dogs, &c.*] This simile is in all its parts just to the description it is meant to illustrate. The dogs represent the watch, the flock the *Greeks*, the fold their camp, and the wild beast that invades them, *Hector*. The place, posture, and circumstance, are painted with the utmost life and nature.

Eustathius takes notice of one particular in this description, which shews the manner in which the centinels kept the guard. The Poet tells us, that they *sate down with their arms in their hands*. I think that this was not so prudent a method as is now used ; it being almost impossible for a man that stands, to drop asleep, whereas one that is seated may easily be overpowered by the fatigue of a long watch.

Watch

Watch thus, and *Greece* shall live—The hero said ;
 Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
 His son, and godlike *Merion* march'd behind,
 (For these the Princes to their council join'd) 230
 The trenches past, th' assembled Kings around
 In silent state the consistory crown'd.
 A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
 The spot where *Hector* stopp'd his rage before,
 When night descending from his vengeful hand 235
 Repriev'd the relics of the *Grecian* band.
 (The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
 And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
 There sat the mournful Kings : when *Nelus'* son,
 The council opening, in these words begun. 240
 Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
 His life to hazard, and his country save ?

Lives

V. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.* The reason why *Nestor* did not open the council within the trenches, was with a design to encourage the guards, and those whom he intended to send to enter the *Trojan* camp. It would have appeared unreasonable to send others over the entrenchments upon a hazardous enterprize, and not to have dared himself to set a foot beyond them. This also could not fail of inflaming the courage of the *Grecian* spies, who would know themselves not to be far from assistance, while so many of the princes were passed over the ditch as well as they. *Eustathius.*

V. 241. *Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave?* *Nestor* proposes his design of sending spies into the *Trojan* army with a great deal of address : He begins with a general sentence, and will not choose any one hero, for fear of disgusting the rest : Had *Nestor* named the person, he would have paid him a compliment that was sure to be attended with the hazard of his life ; and that person might have believed that *Nestor* exposed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline ;

Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
 To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
 Or favour'd by the night approach so near, 245
 Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
 If to besiege our navies they prepare,
 Or *Troy* once more must be the seat of war?
 This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While *Phæbus* shines, or men have tongues to praise?
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
 What must not *Greece* to her deliv'rer owe?
 A fable ewe each leader should provide, 255
 With each a fable lambkin by her side;
 At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute: Alone, untaught to fear,
Tydidēs spoke—The man you seek is here. 260

cline; while the rest might have resented such a partiality, which would have seemed to give a preference to another before them. It therefore was wisdom in *Nestor* to propose the design in general terms, whereby all the gallant men that offered themselves satisfied their honour, by being willing to share the danger with *Diomed*; and it was no disgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country. *Eustathius*.

V. 244. *Or seize the straggling foe?*] It is worthy observation with how much caution *Nestor* opens this design, and with how much courage *Diomed* accepts it: *Nestor* forms it with coolness, but *Diomed* embraces it with warmth and resolution. *Nestor* only proposes that some man would approach the enemy and intercept some straggling *Trojan*, but *Diomed* offers to penetrate the very camp. *Nestor* was afraid lest no one should undertake it: *Diomed* overlooks the danger, and presents himself, as willing to march against the whole army of *Troy*. *Eustathius*.

Thro'

Thro' yon' black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.

But let some other chosen warrior join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.

By mutual confidence and mutual aid, 265
Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;

The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose;
Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows: 270

So brave a task each *Ajax* strove to share,
Bold *Merion* strove, and *Neslor's* valiant heir;

The *Spartan* wish'd, the second place to gain,
And great *Ulysses* wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.

Then thus the King of men the contest ends. 275

Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted *Diomed*! what chief to join

In this great enterprize, is only thine.

Just be thy choice, without affection made,

To birth, or office, no respect be paid; 280

V. 280. *To birth or office no respect be paid.*] *Eustathius* remarks that *Agamemnon* artfully steals away his brother from danger; the fondness he bears to him makes him think him unequal to so bold an enterprize, and prefer his safety to his glory. He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that faulty modesty which makes one sometimes prefer a nobleman before a person of more real worth. To be greatly born is an happiness but no merit; whereas personal virtues shew a man worthy of that greatness to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon these parties by night, or undertake those offices which are now only the task of common soldiers. *Gideon* in the book of *Judges* (as *Dacier* observes) goes as a spy into the camp of *Midian*, though he was at that time General of the *Israeites*.

Let

Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the god-like *Diomed* rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great *Ulysses* stands 285
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?

A chief, whose safety is *Minerva's* care :

So fam'd, so dreadful in the works of war :

Blest in his conduct, I no aid require,

Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire. 290

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,

(Reply'd the sage) to praise me or to blame :

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,

Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

V. 289. *Blest in his conduct.*] There required some address in *Diomed*, to make his choice without offending the Grecian Princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refused such a place of honour. *Diomed* therefore chuses *Ulysses*, not because he is braver than the rest, but because he is wiser. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; none of them thought it a disparagement to themselves as they were men of valour, to see the first place given to *Ulysses* in point of wisdom. No doubt but the Poet, by causing *Diomed* to make this choice, intended to insinuate that valour ought always to be tempered with wisdom; to the end that what is designed with prudence may be executed with resolution. *Eustathius*.

V. 291. *It fits thee not to praise me, or to blame.*] The modesty of *Ulysses* in this passage is very remarkable; though undoubtedly he deserved to be praised, yet he interrupts *Diomed* rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What *Diomed* spoke in praise of *Ulysses*, was uttered to justify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwise the praise he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. *Eustathius*.

But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away, 295
 The red'ning Orient shews the coming day,
 The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
 And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
 In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest. 300
 A two-edg'd faulchion *Thrasymed* the brave,
 An ample buckler, to *Tydides* gave :

Then

V. 295. — *Night rolls the hours away,
 The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
 And of Night's empire but a third remains.*]

It has been objected that *Ulysses* is guilty of a threefold tautology, when every word he uttered shews the necessity of being concise: If the night was nigh spent, there was the less time to lose in tautologies. But this is so far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: *Ulysses* dwells upon the shortness of the time before the day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greater speed in prosecuting the design. *Eustathius*.

V. 298. *But a third remains.*] One ought to take notice with how much exactness *Homer* proportions his incidents to the time of action: These two books take up no more than the compass of one night; and this design could not have been executed in any other part of it. The Poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of *Troy*, and consequently no spy could pass over to their camp, till they were almost sunk and extinguished, which could not be till near the morning.

'Tis observable that the Poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather that the *Grecians* had three watches during the night: The first and second of which were over, when *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out to enter the enemy's camp. *Eustathius*.

V. 301. *A two-edg'd faulchion Thrasymed the brave, &c.*] It is a very impertinent remark of *Scaliger*, that *Diomed* should not have gone from his tent without a sword. The expedition he now goes upon could not be foreseen by him at the time he rose: He was awaked of a sudden, and sent in haste to call some of the Princes: Besides, he went but to council, and even then carried his

Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
 Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread :
 (Such as by youths, unus'd to arms, are worn ; 305
 No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
 Next him *Ulysses* took a shining sword,
 A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd :
 A well prov'd casque with leather braces bound
 (Thy gift, *Meriones*) his temples crown'd : 310
 Soft wool within ; without, in order spread,
 A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
 This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus'* son,
Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,

And

his spear with him, as *Homer* had already informed us. I think if one were to study the art of cavilling, there would be more occasion to blame *Virgil* for what *Scaliger* praises him, giving a sword to *Euryalus*, when he had one before, *Æn.* 9. v. 303.

V. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.*] It may not be improper to observe how conformably to the design, the Poet arms these two heroes : *Ulysses* has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a distance, and so retard his flight till he could overtake him ; and for fear of a discovery, *Diomed* is armed with a helmet of leather, that the glittering of it need not betray him. *Eustathius*.

There is some resemblance in this whole story to that of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in *Virgil* : and as the heroes are here successful, and in *Virgil* unfortunate, it was perhaps, as great an instance of *Virgil's* judgment to describe the unhappy youth in a glittering helmet, which occasioned his discovery, as it was in *Homer* to arm his successful one in the contrary manner.

V. 309. *A well prov'd casque.*] Mr. *Barnes* has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this description, *πίλος ἀρῆται*, that the ancient Painters and tragic Poets constantly represented *Ulysses* with the *Pileus* on his head ; but this particularity could not be preserved with any grace in the translation.

And gave *Amphidamas* ; from him the prize 315
Molus received, the pledge of social ties ;
 The helmet next by *Merion* was possess'd,
 And now *Ulysses*' thoughtful temples press'd.
 Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take. 320
 Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,
 A long-wing'd heron great *Minerva* sent ;
 This, tho' surrounding shades obscur'd their view,
 By the shrill clang and whistling wings, they knew.
 As from the right she soar'd, *Ulysses* pray'd, 325
 Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid.

O daughter

V. 313. *This from Amyntor, &c.*] The succession of this helmet descending from one hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*.

*Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
 Cingula ; Tiburti Romulo ditissimus olim
 Quæ mittit dona, hospitio cum jungeret absens,
 Cadicus ; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti :
 Post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti.*

It was anciently a custom to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So *Jonathan*, in the first book of *Samuel*, stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to *David* ; and his garments, even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle. Chap. 18. v. 4.

V. 326. *Ulysses—Hail'd the glad omen.*] This passage sufficiently justifies *Diomed* for his choice of *Ulysses* : *Diomed*, who was most renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and so have been discouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really signified, that as the bird was not seen, but only heard by the sound of its wings, so they should not be discovered by the *Trojans*, but perform actions which all *Troy* should hear with sorrow ; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they discovered the bird by the noise of its wings, so they should be betrayed by the noise they should make in the *Trojan* army. The reason why *Pallas* does not send the bird that is sacred to herself, but the heron, is because it is a bird

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
 O thou! for ever present in my way,
 Who, all my motions, all my toils survey! 330
 Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
 Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
 And let some deed this signal night adorn,
 To claim the tears of *Trojans* yet unborn.

Then god-like *Diomed* preferr'd his pray'r: 335
 Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas*! hear,
 Great Queen of arms, whose favour *Tydeus* won,
 As thou defend'st the fire, defend the son.
 When on *Æfopus*' banks the banded pow'rs
 Of *Greece* he left, and fought the *Theban* tow'rs, 340
 Peace was his charge; received with peaceful show,
 He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
 Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
 He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
 So now be present, Oh celestial maid! 345
 So still continue to the race thine aid!
 A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
 Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
 With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
 Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350

The heroes pray'd, and *Pallas*, from the skies,
 Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.
 Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
 With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
 Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain, 355
 Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.

Nor
 bird of prey, and denoted that they should spoil the
Trojan. *Eustathius*.

Nor less bold *Hector*, and the sons of *Troy*,
 On high designs the wakeful hours employ ;
 Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd ;
 Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd. 360

What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
 Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
 Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
 What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?
 If now subdu'd they meditate their flight, 365
 And spent with toil neglect the watch of night ?

V. 356. *Thro' dust, thro' blood, &c.*] *Xenophon* (says *Eustathius*) has imitated this passage; but what the poet gives us in one line, the historian protracts into several sentences. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἦλθεν ἡ μάχη, παρὴν ἰδοῖν, τὸν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battle was over, one might behold through the whole extent of the field, the ground dyed with red blood; the bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierced, the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the earth, some plunged in the bodies of the slain, and some yet grasped in the hands of the soldiers."

V. 357. *Nor less bold Hector, &c.*] It is the remark of *Eustathius*, that *Homer* sends out the *Trojan* spy in this place in a very different manner from the *Greecian* ones before. Having been very particular in describing the counsel of the *Greeks*, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumstances, and passes it in general terms. In the first, a wise old man proposes the adventure with an air of deference; in the second, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promises a small gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and less honourable, because it is given as a reward. So that *Diomed* and *Ulysses* are inspired with the love of glory. *Dolon* is possessed with a thirst of gain: they proceed with a sage and circumspect valour, he with a rashness and vanity; they go in conjunction, he alone: they cross the field, out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contrast that is admirable, and a moral that strikes every reader at first sight.

His

His be the chariot that shall please him most,
 Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
 His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
 And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370

A youth there was among the tribes of *Troy*,
Dolon his name, *Eumedes'* only boy.
 (Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told)
 Rich was the son in brags, and rich in gold:
 Not bless'd by nature with the charms of face, 375
 But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.

V. 372. *Dolon his name.*] 'Tis scarce to be conceived with what conciseness the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the shape, the swiftness of *Dolon*. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank of *Troy*: *Hector* summons him to this assembly amongst the chiefs of *Troy*; nor was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed*, immediately after he had seized him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently passed between the armies in the execution of his office.

The ancients observed upon this place, that it was the office of *Dolon* which made him offer himself to *Hector*. The sacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his person, should he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty; besides all such advantages, he had hopes from his swiftness to escape any pursuers. *Eustathius*.

V. 375. *Not blest by Nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

*ὅς δὲ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ πύδωνος.

Which some ancient critics thought to include a contradiction, because a man that is ill shaped can hardly be swift in running; taking the word εἶδος as applied in general to the air of the whole person. But *Aristotle* acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was usual with the *Cretans* to call a man, with a handsome face, εὐεἶδης. So that *Dolon* might want a good face, and yet be well-shaped enough to make an excellent racer. *Poet. c. 26*.

Hector ! (he said) my courage bids me meet
 'This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
 But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
 And swear to grant me the demanded prize; 380
 Th' immortal courfers, and the glitt'ring car,
 That bear *Pelides* thro' the ranks of war.
 Encourag'd thus no idle scout I go,
 Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,

V. 380. *Swear to grant me, &c.*] It is evident from this whole narration, that *Dolon* was a man of no worth or courage; his covetousness seems to be the sole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither desired any reward, nor when promised, required assurance of it; *Dolon* demands an oath, and will not trust the promise of *Hector*; he every where discovers a base spirit, and by the sequel it will appear, that this vain boaster, instead of discovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own. *Eustathius*.

V. 381. *Th' immortal courfers, and the glitt'ring car.*] *Hector* in the foregoing speech promises the best horses in the *Grecian* army as a reward to any one who would undertake what he proposed. *Dolon* immediately demands those of *Achilles*, and confines the general promise of *Hector* to the particular horses of that brave hero.

There is something very extraordinary in *Hector's* taking a solemn oath that he will give the chariot and steeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The ancients, says *Eustathius*, knew not whose vanity most to wonder at, that of *Dolon* or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promising it. Though we may take notice, that *Virgil* liked this extravagance so well as to imitate it, where *Ascanius* (without being asked) promises the horses and armour of *Turnus* to *Nisus*, on his undertaking a like enterprize.

*Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
 Aureus; ipsum illum, clypeum cristasque rubentes
 Excipiam sorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Nise.*

Unless one should think the rashness of such a promise better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienced warrior like *Hector*.

Ev'n

Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way, 385
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden scepter high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.
Be witness thou ! immortal Lord of all !
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall: 390
By none but *Dolon* shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus *Hector*, swore : the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain :
Across his back the bended bow he flung, 395
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he fought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more. 400
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and *Trojan* throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*.

O friend ! I hear some step of hostile feet, 405-
Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet ;
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main ;
Or nigh ly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space ;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace. 410
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.

With that they step'd aside, and stoop'd their head,
(As *Dolon* pass'd) behind a heap of dead : 416

Along the path the spy unwary flew;
 Soft, at just distance both the chiefs pursue.
 So distant they, and such the space between,
 As when two teams of mules divide the green, 420
 (To

V. 419.—*Such the space between, as when two teams of mules, &c.*] I wonder *Eustathius* takes no notice of the manner of plowing used by the ancients, which is described in these verses, and of which we have the best account from *Dacier*. She is not satisfied with the explanation given by *Didymus*, that *Homer* meant the space which mules by their swiftness gain upon oxen, that plow in the same field. “The *Grecians* (says she) did not plow in the manner now in use. They first broke up the ground with oxen, and then plowed it more lightly with mules. When they employed two plows in a field, they measured the space they could plow in a day, and set their plows at the two ends of that space, and those plows proceeded towards each other. This intermediate space was constantly fixed, but less in proportion for two plows of oxen than for two mules; because oxen are slower, and toil more in a field that has already had the first plowing. I therefore believe that what *Homer* calls *ἐπισπᾶ*, is the space left by the husbandmen between two plows of mules which till the same field. and as this space was so much the greater in a field already plowed by oxen, he adds what he says of mules, that they are swifter and fitter to give the second plowing than oxen, and therefore distinguishes the field so plowed by the epithet of *deep*, *περισσὸν βάθειος* for that space was certain of so many acres or perches, and always larger than in a field as yet untilld, which being heavier and more difficult, required the interval to be so much the less between the two plows of oxen, because they could not dispatch so much work. *Homer* could not have served himself of a juster comparison for a thing that passed in the fields; at the same time he shews his experience in the art of agriculture, and gives his verses a most agreeable ornament, as indeed all the images drawn from this art are peculiarly entertaining.”

This manner of measuring a space of ground by a comparison from plowing, seems to have been customary in

(To whom the hind like shares of land allows)
 When now few furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
 Now *Dolon* list'ning heard them as they past;
Hektor (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
 Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin throw, 425
 No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
 As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind,
 Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind;
 Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
 And from the herd still turn the flying prey: 430
 So fast, and with such fears the *Trojan* flew;
 So close, so constant, the bold *Greeks* pursue.
 Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
 And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
 When brave *Tydidēs* stopp'd a gen'rous thought 435
 (Inspir'd by *Pallas*) in his bosom wrought,
 Lest on the foe some forward *Greek* advance,
 And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
 Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
 This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440
 He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
 Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
 Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
 The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;
 A sudden

in those times from that passage in the first book of *Samuel*, ch. 14. v. 14. *And the first slaughter which Jonathan and his armour bearer made, was about twenty men, within as it were half a furrow of an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plow.*

V. 444. *Quiver'd as he stood, &c.*] The Poet here gives us a very lively picture of a person in the utmost agonies of fear. *Dolon's* swiftness forsakes him, and he stands shackled by his cowardice. The very words express the thing he describes by the broken turn of the *Greek* verses.

A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head ; 445
 His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled :
 The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
 And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow : 450
 Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom *Ulysses* made this wise reply ;
 Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
 What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,
 To roam the silent fields in dead of night? 456
 Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
 By *Heñor* prompted, or thy daring mind ?
 Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
 Thro' heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead? 460

Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,
 (Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)

verses. And something like it is aimed at in the
English.

— ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔφη, τάρβησέν τε
 Βαμβάινων· ἄρατος δὲ διὰ σόμα γίνεται ὁδόνων
 Χλωρὸς ἱππὰι δαίεας.

V. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] 'Tis observable what caution the poet here uses in reference to *Dolon* : *Ulysses* does not make him any promises of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: so that when *Diomed* kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promise, and the spy was deceived rather by the art and subtlety of *Ulysses*, than by his falshood. *Dolon*'s understanding seems entirely to be disturbed by his fears; he was so cautious as not to believe a friend just before without an oath, but here he trusts an enemy without so much as a promise. *Euſtathius*.

Hübner

Hither I came, by *Hector's* words deceiv'd;
 Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
 No less a bribe than great *Achilles'* car 465
 And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
 Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
 To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:
 If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
 And tir'd, with toils, neglect the watch of night? 470

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
 (*Ulysses*, with a scornful smile, replies)
 Far other rulers those proud steeds demand;
 And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
 Ev'n great *Achilles* scarce their rage can tame, 475
Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
 Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* chief to night?
 Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep
 Their other Princes? tell what watch they keep? 480
 Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are?
 Or here to combat, from their city far,
 Or back to *Ilion's* walls transfer the war? }

Ulysses thus, and thus *Eumedes'* son:
 What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue shall own. 485

V. 467. *Urg'd me unwilling.*] 'Tis observable that the cowardice of *Dolon* here betrays him into a falshood: though *Eustathius* is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment*.

478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole design still to execute: *Ulysses* therefore complies with the necessity of the time, and makes his questions very short, though at the same time very full. In the like manner when *Ulysses* comes to shew *Diomed* the chariot of *Rhesus*, he uses a sudden transition without the usual form of speaking.

Hector,

Heſtor, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
 A council holds at *Ilus'* monument.
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
 Where'er yon' fires aſcend, the *Trojans* wake:
 Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the natives keep, 490
 Safe in their cares, th' auxiliari forces ſleep,
 Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
 Diſcharge their ſouls, of half the fears of war.

Then ſleep thoſe aids among the *Trojan* train,
 (Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain? 495

To whom the ſpy: Their pow'rs they thus diſpoſe:
 The *Pæons*, dreadful with their bended bows,
 The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelaſgian* hoſt,
 And *Leleges* encamp along the coaſt.
 Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land 500
 The *Lycian*, *Myſian*, and *Maonian* band,
 And *Phrygia's* horſe, by *Thymbras'* ancient wall;
 The *Thracians* utmoſt, and apart from all.

V. 488. *No certain guards*] *Homer*, to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us underſtand that the *Trojan* camp might eaſily be entered without diſcovery, becauſe there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the ſecurity which their late ſucceſs had thrown them into, and partly through the fatigues of the former day. Beſides which *Homer* gives us another very natural reaſon, the negligence of the auxiliari forces, who, being foreigners, had nothing to loſe by the fall of *Troy*.

V. 489 *Where'er yon fires aſcend.*] This is not to be underſtood of thoſe fires which *Heſtor* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the houſhold fires of the *Trojans*, diſtinct from the auxiliars. The expreſſion in the original is ſomewhat remarkable; but implies thoſe people that were natives of *Troy*; *ἰσῆα* and *ἰσχαρά πυρὸς* ſignifying the ſame thing. So that *ἰσῆας ἔχειν* and *ἰσχαράς ἔχειν* mean to have houſes or hearths in *Troy*. *Eyſathius*.

Theſe

These *Troy* but lately to her succour won,
Led on by *Rhesus*, great *Eioneus*' son: 505
I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:
Rich silver plates his shining car infold;
His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load, 510
Celestial *Panoply*, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till your return reveal
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515

To this *Tydidēs*, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be shown:
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore? 520
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like light'ning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;

V. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may seem a piece of barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very act of supplicating for mercy. *Eustathius* answers, that it was very necessary that it should be so, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the *Trojans*, who, hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

These

These great *Ulysses* lifting to the skies, 530
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the *Thracian* steeds reward our toil:

Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways! 535

This said, the spoils, with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields, 540
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields.

Arriving where the *Thracian* squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day,
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand; 545

Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd;

Amidst, lay *Rhesus*, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.

The welcome sight *Ulysses* first descries, 550
And points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.

The man, the coursers, and the car behold!
Describ'd by *Dolon*, with the arms of gold.

Now, brave *Tydidēs*! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untye; 555
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,

Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;
Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd; 560
His thirsty faulchion, fat with hostile blood,

Bath'd

Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
 And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.
 So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen; 565
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
 Till twelve lay breathless of the *Thracian* band.
Ulysses following as his part'ner flew, 570
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;
 The milk-white coursers studious to convey
 Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
 Left the fierce flocks, not yet to battles bred,
 Should start and tremble at the hears of dead. 575
 Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found;
Tydidēs' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
 Just then a dreadful dream *Minerva* sent;
 A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
 Whose visionary steel his bosom tore: 580
 So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy flocks detains,
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
 (The scourge forgot, on *Rhesus*' chariot hung) 585

V. 578. *Just then a dreadful dream Minerva sent.*
 All the circumstances of this action, the night, *Rhesus*
 buried in a profound sleep, and *Diomed* with the sword
 in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, fur-
 nished *Homer* with the idea of this fiction, which re-
 presents *Rhesus* dying fast asleep, and as it were behold-
 ing his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his
 bosom. This image is very natural, for a man in this
 condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what
 environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.
Eustathius, Dacier.

Then

Then gave his friend the signal to retire ;
 But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire :
 Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
 To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
 Drag off he car where *Rhesus*' armour lay, 590
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
 While unresolv'd the son of *Tydeus* stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,
 Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595
 Hasten to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
 Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of *Troy*.

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid ;
 In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd ;
 The coursers fly before *Ulysses*' bow, 600
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd : the God of light
 Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva*'s flight,
 Saw *Tydeus*' son with heav'nly succour blest,
 And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast, 605
 Swift to the *Trojan* camp descends the pow'r,
 And wakes *Hippocoon* in the morning-hour,
 (On *Rhesus*' side accusom'd to attend,
 A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend !)
 He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610
 An empty space, where late the coursers stood,
 The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the coast ;
 For each he wept, but for his *Rhesus* most :

V. 607. *And wakes Hippocoon.*] *Apollo*'s waking the
Trojans is only an allegory to imply that the light of
 the morning awakened them. *Eustathius*.

Now

Now while on *Rhesus*' name he calls in vain,
 The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain: 615
 On heaps the *Trojans* rush, with wild affright,
 And wond'ring view the slaughter of the night.

Mean while the chiefs, arriving at the shade
 Where late the spoils of *Hector*'s spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him *Tydidēs* bore 620
 The trophy, dropping yet with *Dolon*'s gore:
 Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
 The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

Old *Nestor* first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
 Bespeaking thus the *Grecian* peers around. 625
 Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear
 Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
 Perhaps some horses of the *Trojan* breed
 (So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)
 The great *Tydidēs* and *Ulysses* bear, 630
 Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
 Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
 The chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* train;

V. 624. *Old Nestor first perceiv'd, &c.*] It may with an appearance of reason be asked, whence it could be that *Nestor*, whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be impaired by his great age, should be the first person among so many youthful warriors who hears the tread of the horses feet at a distance? *Eustathius* answers, that *Nestor* had a particular concern for the safety of *Diomed* and *Ulysses* on this occasion, as he was the person who, by proposing the undertaking, had exposed them to a very signal danger: and consequently his signal care, for their preservation, did more than supply the disadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a transport at the sight of them, and in a wild sort of joy asks some questions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy surprize. *Eustathius*.

Perhaps

Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;
Or oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the *Greeks* dismiss their fear:

With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the Kings; and *Nestor* first demands:

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim, 640
Thou living glory of the *Grecian* name!

Say whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd
The spoil of foes, or present of a God?

Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day. 645

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,

And daily mingle in the martial field;

But sure till now no coursers struck my sight

Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.

Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize, 650

Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies:

The care of him who bids the thunder roar,

And* her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so (sage *Ithacus* rejoin'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655

Of *Thracian* lineage are the steeds ye view,

Whose hostile King the brave *Tydidēs* slew;

* *Minerva.*

656. Of *Thracian lineage*, &c.] It is observable, says *Eustathius*, that *Homer*, in this place, unravels the series of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occasioned by a necessity of *Nestor's* enquiries, and partly to relate the same thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

Sleeping

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
 And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
 These other spoils from conquer'd *Dolon* came, 660
 A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
 By *Hector* sent our forces to explore,
 He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew;
 The joyful *Greeks* with loud acclaim pursue. 665
 Strait to *Tydidēs'* high pavilion borne,
 The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn:
 The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
 And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
 But *Dolon's* armour to his ships convey'd, 670
 High on the painted stern *Ulysses* laid,
 A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd maid. }

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
 They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main:
 Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil, 675
 Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,

V. 659. *And twelve beside, &c.*] How comes it to pass that the Poet should here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was slain, whereas he had already numbered up thirteen besides him? *Eustathius* answers, that he mentions *Rhesus* by himself, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*, he reckons twelve of them; so that taking *Rhesus* separately, *Dolon* will make the thirteenth.

V. 670. *They cleanse their bodies in the main, &c.*] We have here a regimen very agreeable to the simplicity and austeritv of the old heroic times. These warriors plunged themselves into the sea to wash themselves: for the salt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by softening and moistening the flesh prevents too great a dissipation, and restores the natural strength. *Eustathius*.

In

In due repast indulge the genial hour,
 And first to *Pallas* the libations pour:
 They sit, rejoicing in their aid divine,
 And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine. 680

V 677. *In due repast, &c.*] It appears from hence with what preciseness *Homer* distinguishes the time of these actions. It is evident from this passage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking such a repast as is here described.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without observing, that what seems the principal beauty of it, and what distinguishes it among all the others, is the liveliness of its Paintings: The reader sees the most natural night-scene in the world; he is led step by step with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations and uncertainties. We see the very colour of the sky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination steals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the secret wishes of their hearts sent up to *Minerva*. We are alarmed at the approach of *Dolon*, hear his very footsteps, assist the two chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the situation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the disposition of *Rhesus* and the *Thracians*, with the posture of his chariot and horses. The marshy spot of ground where *Dolon* is killed, the tamarisk, or aquatic plants upon which they hang his spoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumstances the most *picturesque* imaginable. And though it must be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and disposed in the properest actions; I cannot but confess my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the prospect, a finer than which was never drawn by the pencil.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE
ILLIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the Acts of *Agamemnon*.

AGAMEMNON *having armed himself leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the King should be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierc'd by an arrow from Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he had remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his Countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists in that distress.*

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The Scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

T H E
* E L E V E N T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

T H E saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from *Tithonus*' bed ;
With new-born day to gladden mortal fight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.

When

* As *Homer*'s invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diversified, so his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactness must be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we shall find them all proceeding from the same temper and disposition of the person. If this observation be neglected, the Poet's conduct will lose much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleasant to the reader, to consider the picture of *Agamemnon*, drawn by so masterly a hand as that of *Homer*, in its full length, after having seen him in several views and lights since the beginning of the poem.

When baleful *Eris* sent by *Jove's* command, 5
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,

Thro'

He is master of policy and stratagem, and maintains a good understanding with his council; which was but necessary, considering how many different, independent nations and interests he had to manage: He seems fully conscious of his own superior authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: He is personally very valiant, but not without some mixture of fierceness: Highly resentful of the injuries done his family, even more than *Menelaus* himself: Warm both in his passions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In short, he is (as *Homer* himself in another place describes him) both a good King, and a great Warrior.

Ἀμφοτέρων, βασιλεὺς τ' ἄσφαλτος, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very observable how this hero rises in the esteem of the reader as the poem advances: It opens with many circumstances very much to the disadvantage of his character; he insults the priest of *Apollo*, and outrages *Achilles*: but in the second book he grows sensible of the effects of his rashness, and takes the fault entirely upon himself. In the fourth he shews himself a skilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general: In the eighth he is deeply touched by the sufferings of his army, and makes all the people's calamities his own: In the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himself to *Achilles*, and condescends to be the petitioner, because it is for the public good: In the tenth, finding those endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all possible methods to assist them: And now in the eleventh, as it were resolving himself to supply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiously in his valour, and performs wonders in his single person.

Thus we see *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our esteem, as we grow acquainted with him; so that he seems to be like that Goddess the Poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very heavens.

V. 5. *When baleful Eris, &c.*] With what a wonderful sublimity does the Poet begin this book? He awakens the reader's curiosity, and sounds an alarm to the approaching battle. With what magnificence does he usher in the deeds of *Agamemnon*? He seems for a while

Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
 And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
 High on *Ulysses'* bark, her horrid stand
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land. 10
 Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the sound,
 Whose ships remote, the guarded navy bound.
 Thence the black Fury thro' the *Grecian* throng
 With horror sounds the loud *Orthian* song :
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The King of Men his hardy host inspires
 With loud command, with great example fires; 20
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
 And first he cas'd his manly legs around
 In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound :

while to have lost all view of the main battle, and lets the whole action of the poem stand still, to attend the motions of this single hero. Instead of a herald, he brings down a Goddess to inflame the army ; instead of a trumpet, or such warlike music, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the field of battle : *Jove* rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from such a scene of horrors.

By the Goddess *Eris* is meant that ardour and impatience for the battle which now inspired the *Grecian* army : They, who just before were almost in despair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. *Eustathius*.

V. 14. *Orthian song*.] This is a kind of an *Odaic* song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the soul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had such an influence upon him, that he leapt from his seat, and laid hold on his arms. *Eustathius*.

The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, 25
 The same which once King *Cinyras* possess:
 (The fame of *Greece* and her assembled host
 Had reach'd that Monarch on the *Cyprian* coast;
 'Twas then the friendship of the chief to gain,
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.) 30
 Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
 'Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
 Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
 Whose imitated scales against the skies
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud.
 (*Jove's* wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies.)
 A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: 40
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;
 Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, 45
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd;

V. 26. *King Cinyras.*] It is probable this passage of *Cinyras* King of *Cyprus*, alludes to a true history; and what makes it the more so, is that this island was famous for its mines of several metals. *Eustathius*.

V. 35. *Arching bow'd, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes, that the Poet intended to represent the bending figure of these serpents, as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. *Dacier* observes here how close a parallel this passage of *Homer* bears to that in *Genesis*, where God tells *Noah*, *I have set my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a sign of the covenant between me and the earth.*

Tremendous

Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
 And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield:
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along, 50
 His azure length in easy waves extends,
 Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
 Last o'er his brows his four fold helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
 And in his hands two steely jav'lines wield, 55
 That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

That instant, *Juno*, and the martial Maid,
 In happy thunders promis'd *Greece* their aid;
 High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
 And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
 The fiery coursers to their chariots bound
 The squires restrain'd: The foot, with those who
 wield

The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
 To second these in close array combin'd 65
 The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
 Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
 As with the light the warriors toils begun.

V. 63. *The foot, with those who wield the lighter arm, rush forward*] Here we see the order of battle is inverted, and opposite to that which *Nestor* proposed in the fourth book; For it is the cavalry which is there sustained by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearness of the enemy that obliged *Agamemnon* to change the disposition of the battle: He would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which should fall upon the flyers. *Dacier.*

Ev'n *Jove*, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; 70

The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near *Ilus*' tomb in order rang'd around,
The *Trojan* lines possess'd the rising ground.
There wise *Polydamas* and *Hector* stood; 75

Aeneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine;
The brother warriors of *Antenor*'s line;
With youthful *Acamas*, whose beauteous face,
And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race; 80
Great *Hector*, cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;

Thus

V. 70. *Red drops of blood*] These prodigies, with which *Homer* embellishes his poetry, are the same with those which history relates not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in history than showers of blood, and philosophy gives us the reason of them: The two battles which had been fought on the plains of *Troy*, had so drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condensed, fall down again in dews and drops of the same colour. *Eustathius*. See Notes on *lib.* 16. v. 560.

V. 83. *As the red star*.] We have just seen at full length the picture of the General of the *Greeks*: Here we see *Hector* beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the Poet: 'twas necessary to speak fully of *Agamemnon*, who was to be the chief hero of this battle, and briefly of *Hector*, who had so often been spoken of at large before. This is an instance that the Poet well knew when to be concise, and when to be copious. It is impossible that any thing should be more happily imagined than this similitude: It is so lively, that we see *Hector* sometimes shining in arms

Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the god-like man, 85
 Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van ;
 While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
 Flash from his arms as light'ning from the skies.
 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
 Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield, 90
 Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet ;
 Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet.
 So *Greece* and *Troy* the field of war divide,
 And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.
 None sloop'd a thought to base inglorious flight ; 95
 But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.
 Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey ;
 Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death describes,
 And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes : 100
Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
 Swells the red horrors of this direful plain :
 The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
 Rang'd in bright order on th' *Olympian* hill ; 105

arms at the head of his troops ; and then immediately lose sight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army. *Eustathius*.

V. 89. *As sweating reapers.*] 'Twill be necessary, for the understanding of this similitude, to explain the method of mowing in *Homer's* days : They mowed in the same manner as they plowed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded till they met in the middle of it. By this means they raised an emulation between both parties, which should finish their share first. If we consider this custom, we shall find it a very happy comparison to the two armies advancing against each other, together with an exact resemblance in every circumstance the Poet intended to illustrate.

But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above, 105
 And each accus'd the partial will of *Jove*.
 Mean while apart, superior, and alone,
 Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,
 Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;
 And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate. 110
 On earth he turn'd his all-confid'ring eyes,
 And mark'd the spot where *Ilium*'s tow'rs arise;
 The sea with ships, the field with armies spread,
 The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams increasing bright
 O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light, 116
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle goar'd with equal wounds.
 But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
 The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120
 When

V. 119. *What time in some sequester'd vale, the weary woodman, &c.*] One may gather from hence, that in *Homer*'s time they did not measure the day by hours, but by the progression of the sun; and distinguished the parts of it by the most noted employments, as in the 12th of the *Odysseis*, v. 439. from the rising of the judges, and here from the dining of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to see a general account of the mensuration of time among the ancients, which I shall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the world it is certain there was no distinction of time but by the light and darkness, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. *Munster* makes a pretty observation upon this custom: Our long-lived fore-fathers (says he) had not so much occasion to be exact observers how the day pass'd, as their frailer sons, whose shortness of life makes it necessary to distinguish every part of time, and suffer none of it to slip away without their observation.

It is not improbable but that the *Chaldeans*, many ages after the flood, were the first who divided the day into

When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war :

But

into hours ; they being the first who applied themselves with any success to astrology. The most ancient sundial we read of, is that of *Ahaz*, mentioned in the second book of *Kings*, ch. 20. about the time of the building of *Rome* : But as these were of no use in clouded days, and in the night there was another invention of measuring the parts of time by water ; but that not being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by sand.

'Tis certain the use of dials was earlier among the *Greeks* than the *Romans* ; 'twas above three hundred years after the building of *Rome* before they knew any thing of them : But yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from *Varro* and *Macrobius*, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and distinguished them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid day, &c. The first sundial we read of among the *Romans*, which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by *Pliny*, lib. 1. cap. 20. fixt upon the temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the censor, about the twelfth year of the wars with *Pyrrhus*. But the first that was of any use to the public, was set up near the *rostra* in the *forum* by *Valerius Messala* the consul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily* ; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the first had been set up by *Papyrius* : but this was still an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several hours. Yet they made use of it many years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it, greatly improved : but these had still one common defect of being useless in the night, and when the skies were overcast. All these inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Nasica* some years after measured the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gathered that sundials were very frequent in *Rome*, from a fragment preserved by *Aulus Gellius*, and ascribed to *Plautus* : The lines are so beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the satisfaction of seeing them. They are supposed to be spoken by a hungry parasite, upon a sight of one of these dials.

But not till half the prostrate forest lay
 Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
 'Then, nor till then, the *Greeks* impulsive might 125
 Pierc'd the black *Phalanx*, and let in the light.
 Great *Agamemnon* then the slaughter led,
 And slew *Bienor* at his people's head :
 Whose squire *Oileus*, with a sudden spring,
 Leapt from the chariot to revenge his King, 130
 But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
 Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the
 ground;
Atrides spoil'd, and left him on the plain :
 Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain :

*Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit,
 Quique adeo primus statuit heic solarium :
 Qui mihi comminuit misero, articulatum, diem !
 Nam me puero uterus hic erat solarium.
 Multo omnium istorum optimum & verissimum,
 Ubi iste monebat esse, nisi cum nihil erat.
 Nunc etiam quod est, non est, nisi Soli lubet :
 Itaque adeo jam oppletum est oppidum solariis,
 Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.*

We find frequent mention of the hours in the course of this poem ; but to prevent any mistake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they must always be understood to mean the seasons, and not the division of the day by hours.

V. 125. *The Greeks impulsive might.*] We had just before seen, that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battle ; that *Jupiter* was resolved, even against the inclinations of them all, to honour the *Trojans*. Yet we here see the *Greeks* breaking through them ; the love the Poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and over rule even the decrees of fate. To vary his battles he supposes the Gods to be absent this day ; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the *Greeks* prevails even against the determination of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*.

Now

Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
 Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of *Priam* next to battle move,
 The product one of marriage, one of love;
 In the same car the brother-warriors ride,
 This took the charge to combat, that to guide : 140
 Far other task ! than when they went to keep,
 On *Ida's* tops, their father's fleecy sheep.

These on the mountains once *Achilles* found, 141
 And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;
 Then to their fire for ample sums restor'd ; 145
 But now to perish by *Atrides'* sword :
 Pierc'd in the breast the base-born *Iſus* bleeds :
 Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
 Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
 And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150

V. 135. *Naked to the sky.*] *Eustathius* refines upon this place, and believes that *Homer* intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the majesty of an Epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagined the reader would be more pleased with the humanity of the one, than with the satyr of the other.

V. 143. *These on the mountains once Achilles found.*] *Homer*, says *Eustathius*, never lets any opportunity pass of mentioning the hero of his poem, *Achilles* : he gives here an instance of his former resentment, and at once varies his poetry, and exalts his character. Nor does he mention him cursorily ; he seems unwilling to leave him ; and when he pursues the thread of the story in a few lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This is a very artful conduct ; by mentioning him so frequently, he takes care that the reader should not forget him, and shews the importance of that hero, whose anger is the subject of his poem.

The

The *Trojans* see the youth untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lare, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws, 155
And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws;
The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way;
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false *Antimachus* were slain;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted *Helen's* stay for *Paris's* gold.
Atrides mark'd as these their safety sought, 165
And slew the children for the father's fault;
Their headstrong horse, unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifed hands for mercy call: 170

O spare our youth, and, for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,
The *Grecian* ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply;
If from *Antimachus* ye spring, ye die: 180
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed *Ulysses's* and my brother's blood,

For

For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace!

No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race!

This said, *Pisander* from the car he cast, 185

And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last.

His brother leap'd to earth; but, as he lay,

The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;

His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,

And rolling drew a bloody trail along. 190

Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;

The King's example all his *Greeks* pursue.

Now by the foot, the flying foot were slain,

Horse, trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.

From

V. 181. *Antimachus, who once, &c.*] 'Tis observable that *Homer* with a great deal of art interweaves the true history of the *Trojan* war in his poem: he here gives a circumstance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a small part of the last year of the war, yet by such incidents as these we are taught a great many particulars that happened through the whole series of it. *Eustathius*.

V. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compassionate the fate of these brothers, who suffer for the sins of the father, notwithstanding the justice which the commentators find in this action of *Agamemnon*. And I can much less imagine that his cutting off their hands was meant for an express example against bribery, in revenge for the gold which *Antimachus* had received from *Paris*. *Eustathius* is very refining upon this point: but the grave *Spondanus* outdoes them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the son; the first, because the father had been for laying hands on the *Grecian* ambassadors; and the second, because it was from his head that the advice proceeded of detaining *Helena*.

V. 193. *Now by the foot, the flying foot, &c.*] After *Homer* with a poetical justice has punished the sons of *Antimachus* for the crimes of the father, he carries on the narration, and presents all the terrors of the battle to our view: we see in the lively description the men and
chariots

From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise, 195
 Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
 The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
 And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
 Still slaught'ring on, the King of men proceeds;
 The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds. 200
 As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
 And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
 In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
 And one refulgent ruin levels all.
 Before *Atrides*' rage so sinks the foe, 205
 Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
 The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
 And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
 Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
 Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls; 210
 While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives:
 More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps

chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the
 horses feet. Thus the Poet very artfully, by sudden
 alarms awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt
 to be tired and grow remiss by a plain and more cool
 narration.

V. 197. *The brass-hoof'd steeds*] *Eustathius* observes
 that the custom of shoeing horses was in use in *Homer's*
 time, and calls the shoes *σεληνωῖα*, from the figure of
 an half-moon.

V. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their
 wives.*] This is a reflection of the Poet, and such an
 one as arise from a sentiment of compassion: and in-
 deed there is nothing more moving than to see those
 heroes, who were the love and delight of their spouses,
 reduced suddenly to such a condition of horror, that
 those very wives durst not look upon them. I was very
 much surprized to find a remark of *Eustathius* upon this,
 which seems very wrong and unjust: he would

Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his fate
 But *Jove* and Destiny prolong'd his date.
 Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood, 215
 Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay,
 Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way,
 Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
 That path they take, and speed to reach the town. 220
 As swift *Atrides* with loud shouts pursu'd,
 Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood,
 Now near the beech-tree, and the *Scaean* gates,
 The hero halts, and his associates waits.
 Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain, 225
 Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the *Trojan* train.
 So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd
 The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade ;

that there is in this place an *Ellipsis*, which comprehends a severe railery. " For, says he, *Homer* would imply, " that those dead warriors were now more agreeable to " vultures, than they had ever been in all their days " to their wives." This is very ridiculous ; to suppose that these unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their affliction ; and every body can see that such a thought in this place would have appeared mean, frigid, and out of season. *Homer*, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compassion by the grief of wives, whose husbands are killed in the battle. *Dacier*.

V. 217. Now past the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay.] By the exactness of *Homer*'s description we see, as in a landscape, the very place where this battle was fought. *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the tomb of *Ilus* where they encamped all the night ; that tomb stood in the middle of the plain : from hence he pursues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very *Scaean* gate. Thus the scene of action is fixed, and we see the very rout through which the one retreats, and the other advances. *Eustathius*.

On

On heaps they tumble with successful haste ;
 The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last : 230
 Not with less fury stern *Atrides* flew,
 Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew ;
 Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
 And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the *Trojan* wall ; 235
 Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
 But *Jove* descending shook th' *Idæan* hills,
 And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills :
 Th' unkindled light'ning in his hand he took,
 And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke : 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
 To god-like *Hector* this our word convey.
 While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
 Bid him give way ; but issue forth commands, 245
 And trust the war to less important hands :
 But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
 That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart :

V. 241. *Iris, with haste thy golden wings display*] 'Tis evident that some such contrivance as this was necessary ; the *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day ; but if *Jupiter* had not now interposed, they had been driven even within the walls of *Troy*. By this means also the Poet consults both for the honour of *Hector*, and that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon* has time enough to shew the greatness of his valour, and it is no disgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interposes.

Eustathius observes, that the Poet gives us here a sketch of what is drawn out at large in the story of this whole book : This he does to raise the curiosity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear those great actions which must be performed before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.

Then

Then *Jove* shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying *Greece* be press'd, 250
'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and *Iris* at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds descends the various maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255
Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The Goddess then: O son of *Priam*, hear!
From *Jove* I come, and his high mandate bear.
While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight, yet issue forth commands, 261
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot and depart;
Then *Jove* shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast, 265
Then to her ships shall flying *Greece* be press'd,
'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: *Hector*, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, 270
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the *Greeks* their onset dare, 275
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit to each breast returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The King leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn, from him, to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye

Ye sacred nine, celestial Muses! tell,
 Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell?
 The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young:
 From sage *Antenor* and *Theano* sprung;
 Whom from his youth his grandsire *Cisseus* bred, 285
 And nurs'd in *Thrace* where snowy flocks are fed.
 Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
 And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
 When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms
 (*Theano's* sister) to his youthful arms. 290
 But call'd by glory to the wars of *Troy*,
 He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;

V. 281. *Ye sacred nine.*] The Poet, to win the attention of the reader, and seeming himself to be struck with the exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them, (who, when the battle was rekindled, rushes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one muse, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but, as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate something surprizing, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inspiration, goes on to deliver what they suggested to him. By means of this apostrophe, the imagination of the reader is filled, that he seems not only present, but active in the scene to which the skill of the poet has transported him. *Eustathius*

V. 283. *Iphidamas, the bold and young.*] *Homer* here gives us the history of this *Iphidamas*, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumstances of his private life. This he does to diversify his poetry, and to soften, with some amiable embellishments, the continual horrors that must of necessity strike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and slaughter. *Eustathius*.

V. 290. *Theano's sister.*] That the reader may not be shocked at the marriage of *Iphidamas* with his mother's sister, it may not be amiss to observe from *Eustathius*, that consanguinity was no impediment in *Greece* in the days of *Homer*: nor is *Iphidamas* singular in this kind of marriage, for *Diomed* was married to his own aunt as well as he.

From

From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd *Percope's* strand, 295
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the King of Kings.
Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear ;
'The *Trojan* stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air. 300
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart :
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, *Atrides* stands, 305
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his
hands.

At once, his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310
Oh worthy better fate ! oh early slain !
Thy country's friend ; and virtuous, tho' in vain !
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride !
No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more !
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320
Coön, *Antenor's* eldest hope, was nigh :
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
While

While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he
view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with blood.

Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325

Aim'd at the King, and near his elbow struck.

The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,

And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.

Surpriz'd the Monarch feels, yet void of fear

On *Coön* rushes with his lifted spear : 330

His brother's corpse the pious *Trojan* draws,

And calls his country to assert his cause,

Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,

And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part, 335

Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart ;

Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,

The Monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away :

The social shades the same dark journey go,

And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,

With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields :

By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,

Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown,

This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood ; 345

But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,

Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,

Less keen those darts the fierce *Ilythia* send,

(The

V. 349. *The fierce Ilythia*] These *Ilythia* are the Goddesses that *Homer* supposes to preside over child-birth: he arms their hands with a kind of instrument, from which a pointed dart is shot into the distressed mother, as an arrow from a bow: so that as *Eris* has
her

(The pow'rs that cause the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!) 350

Stung with the smart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein :
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng. 354

O friends! O *Greeks!* assert your honours won ;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun :
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your chief to slay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said ; the driver whirls his lengthful thong; 360
The horses fly ! the chariot smoaks along.
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce courfers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow ;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded Monarch at his tent they place. 365

her torch, and *Jupiter* his thunder, these Goddesses have their darts which they shoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of *Juno*, because she presides over the marriage bed. *Eustathius*. Here (says *Dacier*) we find the style of the holy scripture, which, to express a severe pain, usually compares it to that of a woman in labour. Thus *David*, *Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail*; and *Isaiah*, *They shall grieve as a woman in travail*. And all the Prophets are full of the like expressions.

V. 358. *Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to slay.*] *Eustathius* remarks upon the behaviour of *Agamemnon* in his present distress: *Homer* describes him as racked with almost intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguish he suffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the fight.

This indeed, as it proved his undaunted spirit, so did it likewise his wisdom: had he shewed any unmanly dejection, it would have dispirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound less dangerous, and renders them not so highly concerned for the absence of their general.

No sooner *Hector*, saw the King retir'd,
 But thus his *Trojans* and his aids he fir'd.
 Hear, all ye *Dardans*, all ye *Lycian* race!
 Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face;
 Now call to mind your ancient trophies won, 370
 Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.
 Behold, the Gen'ral flies! deserts his pow'rs!
 Lo *Jove* himself declares the conquest ours!
 Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming steeds;
 And, sure, of glory, dare immortal deeds. 375

With words like these the fiery chief alarms
 His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.
 As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
 The brindled lion, or the tusky bear, 379
 With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
 And springs the foremost with his list'd dart:
 So god-like *Hector* prompts his troops to dare;
 Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
 On the black body of the foes he pours: 384
 As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with show'rs,
 A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,
 Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
 Say, Muse! when *Jove* the *Trojan's* glory crown'd,
 Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

Assaus,

V. 388. *Say Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd.*] The Poet just before has given us an invocation of the muses, to make us attentive to the great exploits of *Agamemnon*. Here we have one with regard to *Hector*, but this last may perhaps be more easily accounted for than the other. For in that, after so solemn an invocation, we might reasonably have expected wonders from the hero: whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himself is wounded; and what he does afterwards seems to proceed from a frantic valour, arising

Affeus, Dolops, and Antonous dy'd, 390
Opites next was added to their side,
 Then brave *Hipponous*, fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night,
Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
 The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame. 395
 As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
 Dispels the gather'd clouds that *Notus* forms;
 The gust continu'd, violent, and strong,
 Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
 Now to the skies the foaming billows rears, 400
 Now breaks the surge, now wide the bottom bares.

arising from the smart of the wound: we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows several in his fury, and then retreats: So that one would imagine that he invoked the muses only to describe his retreat.

But, upon a nearer view, we shall find that *Homer* shews a commendable partiality to his own countryman and hero *Agamemnon*: he seems to detract from the greatness of *Hector's* actions, by ascribing them to *Jupiter*; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the dint of bravery: and that this is a just observation, will appear by what follows: Those *Greeks*, that fall by the sword of *Hector*, he passes over as if they were all vulgar men: he says nothing of them but that they died; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavoured to conceal the overthrow of the *Greeks*. But when he speaks of his favourite *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions, and shews us, that those that fell by his hand were all men of distinction, such as were the sons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. 'Tis true, *Hector* killed as many leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common soldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of *Troy*, he sets the deeds of *Agamemnon* in the strongest point of light, and by his silence, in respect to the leaders whom *Hector* slew, he casts a shade over the greatness of the action, and consequently it appears less conspicuous.

Thus

Thus raging *Hector*, with resistless hands,
 O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
 Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;
 Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden walls; 405
 But wise *Ulysses* call'd *Tydides* forth,
 His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
 And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
 Till *Hector*'s arm involve the ships in flame?
 Haste, let us join, and combat side by side. 410
 The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
 Let *Hector* come; I wait his fury here.
 But *Jove* with conquest crowns the *Trojan* train;
 And, *Jove* our foe, all human force is vain. 415

He sigh'd; but sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
 And from his car the proud *Thymbraus* fell:
Molion, the charioteer, pursu'd his lord,
 His death ennobled by *Ulysses*' sword.
 There slain, they left them in eternal night; 420
 Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight.
 So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
 Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.

V. 406. *But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth.*] There is something instructive in those which seem the most common passages of *Homer*, who by making the wise *Ulysses* direct the brave *Diomed* in all the enterprizes of the last book, and by maintaining the same conduct in this, intended to shew this moral, that valour should always be under the guidance of wisdom. Thus, in the eighth book, when *Diomed* could scarce be restrained by the thunder of *Jupiter*, *Nestor* is at hand to moderate his courage; and this hero seems to have made a very good use of those instructions; his valour no longer runs out into rashness: though he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wise to fight against *Jupiter*.

Stern *Hektor*'s conquests in the middle plain
 Stood check'd a while, and *Greece* respir'd again. 425

The sons of *Merops* shone amidst the war ;
 Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car,
 In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
 Had warn'd his children from the *Trojan* field ;
 Fate urg'd them on ; the father warn'd in vain, 430
 They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain !
 Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms ;
 The stern *Tydides* strips their shining arms.

Hipirochus by great *Ulysses* dies,
 And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his prize. 435
 Great *Jove* from *Ida* with slaughter fills his sight,
 And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.

By *Tydeus*' lance *Agastrophus* was slain,
 The far-fam'd hero of *Pæonian* strain ;
 Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly, 440
 His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh ;
 Thro' broken orders, swifter than the wind,
 He fled, but flying left his life behind.

This *Hektor* sees, as his experienc'd eyes
 Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies ; 445
 Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend,
 And moving armies on his march attend.

Great *Diomed* himself was seiz'd with fear,
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark

V. 443. *Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear.*]
 There seems to be some difficulty in these words : this
 brave warrior, who has frequently met *Hektor* in the
 battie, and offered himself for the single combat, is
 here said to be seized with fear at the very sight of him :
 this may be thought not to agree with his usual behavi-
 VOL II. P our,

Mark how this way yon' bending squadrons yield !
 The storm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the field : 451
 Here stand his utmost force——The warrior said :
 Swift at the word, his pond'rous jav'lin fled ;
 Nor miss'd its aim, but, where the plumage danc'd,
 Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
 Safe in his helm (the gift of *Phæbus* hands) 456
 Without a wound the *Trojan* hero stands ;
 But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the plain,
 His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain ;
 O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise, 460
 And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydidēs follow'd, to regain his lance ;
 While *Hector* rose, recover'd from the trance,
 Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd ;
 The *Greek* pursues him, and exults aloud. 465

Once more thank *Phæbus* for thy forfeit breath,
 Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
 Well by *Apollo* are thy pray'rs repaid,
 And oft' that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
 Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand, 470
 If any God assist *Tydidēs'* hand.
 Fly then, inglorious ! but thy flight, this day,
 Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,
 (The spouse of *Helen*, the fair cause of war) 475

our, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity : but we must remember that *Diomed* himself has but just told us, that *Jupiter* fought against the *Grecians* ; and that all the endeavours of himself and *Ulysses* would be in vain : this fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being dishonourable ; it is not *Hector*, but *Jupiter*, of whom he is afraid. *Eustathius*.

Around

Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
 From ancient *Ilus*' ruin'd monument;
 Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
 And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
 Just as he stoop'd *Agastrophus*'s crest 480
 To seize, and draw the corselet from his breast,
 The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
 But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
 The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful spring,
 Leaps from his ambush, and insults the King. 485
 He

V. 477. *Ilus' monument.*] I thought it necessary just to put the reader in mind, that the battle still continues near the tomb of *Ilus*: by a just observation of that, we may with pleasure see the various turns of the fight, and how every step of ground is won or lost, as the armies are repulsed or victorious.

V. 480. *Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest*

To seize, and draw the corselet from his breast.]

One would think that the Poet at all times endeavour'd to condemn the practice of stripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently describes the victor wounded, while he is so employed about the bodies of the slain: thus in the present book we see *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulysses*, *Elephenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all suffer as they strip the men they slew; and in the sixth book he brings in the wise *Nestor* directly forbidding it. *Eustathius*.

V. 483. *But pierc'd his foot*] It cannot but be a satisfaction to the reader to see the Poet smitten with the love of his country, and at all times consulting its glory: this day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care to remove with honour most of the bravest *Greeks* from the field of battle, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulysses* must bleed, before the Poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. *Eustathius*.

V. 484. *The laughing Trojan*] *Eustathius* is of opinion that *Homer* intended to satyrize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of *Paris*: such an effeminate laugh and gesture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my dart;
 Would the same God had fixt it in his heart!
 So *Troy*, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
 Shall breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand,
 Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear, 490
 As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear.

He dauntless, thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
 Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
 Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
 Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part! 495
 Thou hast but done what boys and women can;
 Such hands may wound, but not incense, a man.
 Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
 A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
 Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel; 500
 Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
 Where this but lights, some noble life expires,
 Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
 Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
 And leaves such objects as distract the fair. 505

Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
 Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:

very well with the character of *Paris*: nor do I remember that in the whole *Iliad* any one person is described in such an indecent transport, though upon a much more glorious or successful action. He concludes his ludicrous insult with a circumstance very much to the honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the disadvantage of his own character, for he reveals to an enemy the fears of *Troy*, and compares the *Greeks* to lions, and the *Trojans* to sheep. *Diomed* is the very reverse of him; he despises and lessens the wound he received, and in the midst of his pain would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

Forth

Forth flows the blood ; an eager pang succeeds ;
Tydidēs mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field *Ulysses* stands alone, 510
 The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on:
 But stands collected in himself and whole,
 And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain ?
 What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain ? 515
 What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
 My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around ?
 Yet wherefore doubtful ? let this truth suffice ;
 The brave meets danger, and the coward flies ;
 To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart ; 520
 And, knowing this, I know a soldier's part.

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
 Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest ;
 These, in the warrior, their own fate inclose ;
 And, round him deep the steely circle grows. 525
 So fares a boar, whom all the troop surrounds
 Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds ;
 He grinds his iv'ry tusks ; he foams with ire ;
 His sanguine eyeballs glare with living fire ;
 By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd ; 530
 And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side.

V. 513. *And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.*]
 This is a passage which very much strikes me: we have here a brave hero making a noble soliloquy, or rather calling a council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an army: it is impossible for the reader not to be in pain for so gallant a man in such an imminent danger; he must be impatient for the event, and his whole curiosity must be awakened till he knows the fate of *Ulysses*, who scorned to fly, though encompassed by an army.

Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first *Deiopsis* fell ;
 Next *Ennomus* and *Thoön* sunk to hell ;
Cherfidamas, beneath the navel thrust,
 Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust. 535
Charops, the son of *Hippasus*, was near ;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear !
 But to his aid his brother *Socus* flies,
Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wise :
 Near as he drew, the warrior thus began: 540
 O great *Ulysses*, much-enduring man !
 Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial flight,
 Than worn to toils, and active in the flight !
 'This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
 And end at once the great *Hippasian* race, 545
 Or thou beneath this lance must press the field——
 He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield :
 Thro' the strong brass the ringing jav'lin thrown,
 Plow'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone,
 By *Pallas'* care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd, 550
 Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

The

V. 550. *By Pallas' care.*] It is a just observation, that there is no moral so evident, or so constantly carried on through the *Iliad*, as the necessity mankind at all times has of divine assistance. Nothing is performed with success, without particular mention of this: *Hector* is not saved from a dart without *Apollo*, or *Ulysses* without *Minerva*. *Homer* is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or punishments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή*, *The will of God was fulfilled*, runs through his whole work, and is with a most remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion.

Homer

The wound not mortal wife *Ulysses* knew,
 Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew.)
 Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!
 Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race. 555
 No longer check my conquests on the foe;
 But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
 And add one spectre to the realms below!

He spoke, while *Socus*, seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
 Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart, 561
 And held its passage thro' the panting heart.
 Wide in his breast appear'd the grizly wound;
 He falls; his armour rings against the ground.
 Then thus *Ulysses*, gazing on the slain; 565
 Fam'd son of *Hippasus*! there press the plain;

There

Homer generally makes some peculiar God attend on each hero: For the ancients believed that every man had his particular tutelary deity; these in succeeding times were called *Demons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole course of their lives. See *Cebes's Tablet*. *Menander*, as he is cited by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, styles them *μυσταγωγοὶ βίης*, the invisible guides of life.

V. 566. *Fam'd son of Hippasus*] *Homer* has been blam'd by some late censurers for making his heroes address discourses to the dead. *Dacier* replies, that *Passion* dict' tes these speeches, and it is generally to the dying, not the dead, that they are addressed. However one may say, that they are often rather reflections, than insults. Were it otherwise, *Homer* deserves not to be censured for feigning what histories have reported as truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Antony*, upon sight of the dead body of *Brutus*, stopped and reproached him with the death of his brother, *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had killed in *Macedonia*, in revenge for the murder of *Cicero*. I must confess I am not altogether pleased with

There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
 Heav'n owes *Ulysses* yet a longer date.
 Ah wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close, 570
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
 Me *Greece* shall honour, when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'rals, and a lasting tomb.
 Then raging with intolerable smart, 575
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
 The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,
 And gladden'd *Troy* with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid. 580
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
 The well-known voice thrice *Menelaus* hears:

the railleries he sometimes uses to a vanquished warrior; which inhumanities, if spoken to the dying, would I think, be yet worse than after they were dead.

V. 572. *And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.*] This is not literally translated: what the Poet says gives us the most lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: they beat the body with their wings as they rend it; which is a very natural circumstance, but scarce possible to be copied by a translator without losing the beauty of it.

V. 573. *Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom, With solemn fun'rals.*—] We may see from such passages as these, that honours paid to the ashes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: This posthumous honour was paid as a public acknowledgment that the person deceased had deserved well of his country, and consequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions. In this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are testimonies of titles or riches, but of distinguished merit.

Alarm'd

Alarm'd, to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side,
 O friend! *Ulysses'* shouts invade my ear; 585
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
 Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her hosts despair,
 And feel a loss, not ages can repair. 590

'Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
 Great *Ajax*, like the God of war, attends.
 The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
 With bands of furious *Trojans* compass'd round.
 As when some huntsman, with a flying spear, 595
 From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;
 Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
 Till life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,
 Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
 Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 601
 The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade,
 The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away;
 The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

V. 592. *Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.*] The silence of other heroes on many occasions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but particularly so in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough soldier, and readier to act than to speak: The present necessity of *Ulysses* required such a behaviour, for the least delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of *Ulysses*, makes no reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately hastens to his relief. The reader will observe how justly the Poet maintains this character of *Ajax* throughout the whole *Iliad*, who is often silent when he has an opportunity to speak, and when he speaks, it is like a soldier with a martial air, and always with brevity. *Eustathius*.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains; 605

A single warrior, half a host sustains :

But soon as *Ajax* heaves his tow'r-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field ;

Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,

And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys. 610

Victorious *Ajax* plies the routed crew ;

And first *Doryclus*, *Priam's* son, he slew :

On strong *Pandocus* next inflicts a wound,

And lays *Lyfander* bleeding on the ground.

As when a torrent swell'd with wintry rains, 615

Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,

And pines and oaks from their foundation torn,

A country's ruins! to the seas are borne :

Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,

Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along. 620

But *Hector*, from this scene of slaughter far,

Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war :

Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,

And deep *Scamander* swells with heaps of slain.

There *Nestor* and *Idomeneus* oppose 625

The warrior's fury, there the battle glows ;

There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,

His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.

The spouse of *Helen* dealing darts around,

Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a distant wound : 630

In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,

And trembling *Greece* for her Physician fear'd.

To *Nestor* then *Idomeneus* begun ;

Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus'* valiant son !

Ascend

Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away, 635

And great *Machaon* to the ships convey.

A wise Physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,

Is more than armies to the public weal.

Old *Nestor* mounts the seat. Beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God. 640

He lends the lash; the steeds with founding feet,

Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector's* car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.

V. 637. *A wise Physician.*] The Poet passes a very signal commendation upon Physicians: The army had seen several of their bravest heroes wounded, yet were not so much dispirited for them all, as they were at the single danger of *Machaon*: But the person whom he calls a Physician seems rather to be a Surgeon. The cutting out of arrows, and applying anodynes being the province of the latter. However (as *Eustathius* says) we must conclude that *Machaon* was both a Physician and Surgeon, and that those two professions were practised by one person.

It is reasonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profession in those days was chiefly surgical: *Celsus* says expressly that the *Dietetic* was long after invented; but that *Botany* was in great esteem and practice, appears from the stories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the most ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of *Agamede* in this very book, v. 876, who is said (like *Solomon*) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, v. 227, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of these arts. His methods of extracting arrows, stanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewise several passages in his work that shew his knowledge of the virtues of plants, even of those qualities which are commonly (tho' erroneously) ascribed to them, as of the *Moly* against enchantments, the willow which causes barrenness, the *nepenthe*, &c.

While

While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are slain; 645
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the plain.
 Before great *Ajax*, see the mingled throng
 Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along !
 I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
 By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'nfold shield. 650
 Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy steeds ;
 There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
 There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
 And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.
 Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds ; 655
 Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds ;
 Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
 O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
 The horses hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
 And dashing, purple all the car before : 660
 The groaning axle sable drops distills,
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
 Here *Hector*, plunging thro' the thickest fight,
 Broke the dark *Phalanx*, and let in the light :
 (By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone, 665
 The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate,
 And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late,
 But partial *Jove*, espousing *Hector*'s part,
 Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the *Grecian*'s heart ; 670
 Confus'd

V. 669 *But partial Jove, &c.*] The address of *Homer* in bringing off *Ajax* with decency is admirable: He makes *Hector* afraid to approach him: He brings down *Jupiter* himself to terrify him: so that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

This

Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector's* presence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.

O'er

This whole passage is inimitably just and beautiful: we see *Ajax* drawn in the most bold and strong colours; and in a manner alive in the description. We see him slowly and sullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulse the one, and protect the other: There is not one line but what resembles *Ajax*; the character of a stubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained, and must strike the reader at the first view. He compares him first to the Lion for his undauntedness in fighting, and then to the Ass for his stubborn slowness in retreating; though in the latter comparison there are many other points of likeness that enliven the image: The havoc he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength and obstinacy of the hero, when the *Trojans* in respect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Eustathius is silent as to those objections which have been raised against this last simile, for a pretended want of delicacy: This alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date: For else he would not have failed to have vindicated his favourite Poet in a passage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and stood the test of ages.

But Monsieur *Dacier* has done it very well in his remarks upon *Aristotle*. "In the time of *Homer* (says that author) an Ass was not in such circumstances of contempt as in ours: The name of that animal was not then converted into any term of reproach, but it upon a beast upon which Kings and Princes might be seen with dignity. And it will not be very discreet to ridicule this comparison, which the holy scripture has put into the mouth of *Jacob*, who says in the benediction of his children, *Issachar shall be as a strong Ass*". Monsieur *de la Moitte* allows this point, and excuses *Homer* for his choice of this animal, but is unhappily disgusted at the circumstance of the boys, and the obstinate gluttony of the Ass, which he says are images too mean to represent the determined valour of *Ajax*, and the fury of his enemies. It is answered by Madam *Dacier*, that what *Homer* here images is not the gluttony, but the patience, the obstinacy, and strength

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And, glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.

Thus

strength of the ass (as *Eustathius* had before observed). To judge rightly of comparisons, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to consider if the image produced be clear and lively; if the Poet has the skill to dignify it by poetical words; and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. A company of boys whipping a top is very far from a great and noble subject, yet *Virgil* has not scrupled to draw from it a similitude which admirably expresses a Princess in the violence of her passion.

*Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur spatiis: stupet inscia supra
Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plâgæ—&c.*

Æn. lib. 7.

However, upon the whole, a translator owes so much to the taste of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a compliment to a former; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *Ass* in the translation. I believe the reader will pardon me, if, on this occasion, I transcribe a passage from Mr. *Boileau*'s notes on *Longinus*.

“ There is nothing (says he) that more disgraces a
“ composition than the use of mean and vulgar words;
“ inasmuch that (generally speaking) a mean thought,
“ expressed in noble terms, is more tolerable, than a
“ noble thought expressed in mean ones. The reason
“ whereof is, that all the world are not capable to judge
“ of the justness and force of a thought; but there's
“ scarce any man who cannot, especially in a living
“ language, perceive the least meanness of words.
“ Nevertheless very few writers are free from this vice:
“ *Longinus* accuses *Herodotus*, the most polite of all the
“ Greek Historians, of this defect; and *Livy*, *Sallust*,
“ and *Virgil* have not escaped the same censure. Is it
“ not then very surprizing, that no reproach on this
“ account has been ever cast upon *Homer*? though he has
“ composed two poems, each more voluminous than the

“ *Æneid*:

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains, 675
 Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains,
 Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
 Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
 Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;
 Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires. 680
 So turn'd stern *Ajax*, by whole hosts repell'd,
 While his swoln heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.

As the slow beast, with heavy strength indu'd,
 In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,

"*Æneid*: and though no author whatever has descend-
 "ed more frequently than he into a detail of little par-
 "ticularities; yet he never uses terms which are not
 "noble, or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is
 "with so much art, that, as *Dionysius* observes, they
 "become noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly, if
 "there had been any cause to charge him with this
 "fault, *Longinus* had spared him no more than *Herodo-*
 "tus. We may learn from hence, the ignorance of
 "those modern critics, who, resolving to judge of the
 "Greek without the knowledge of it, and never reading
 "Homer but in low and inelegant translations, impute
 "the meannesses of his translators to the Poet himself;
 "and ridiculously blame a man who spoke in one lan-
 "guage, for speaking what is not elegant in another.
 "They ought to know that the words of different lan-
 "guages are not always exactly correspondent; and it
 "may often happen that a word which is very noble
 "in Greek, cannot be rendered in another tongue, but
 "by one which is very mean. Thus the word *asinus* in
 "Latin, and *ass* in English, are the vilest imaginable;
 "but that which signifies the same animal in Greek and
 "Hebrew, is of dignity enough to be employed on the
 "most magnificent occasions. In like manner the terms
 "of a hog-herd and cow keeper in our language are
 "insufferable, but those which answer to them in
 "Greek, *σὺβώτη*, and *βακόλος*, are graceful and har-
 "monious: and *Virgil*, who in his own tongue entitled
 "his Eclogues *Bucolica*, would have been ashamed to
 "have called them in ours, the *Dialogues of Cow-*
 "keepers."

Tho'

Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain, 685
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last. 690
On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly, 695
And threatens his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood; 700
And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain,
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
But bold *Eurypylus* his aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
Whose eager jav'lin launch'd against the foe, 705
Great *Apisaon* felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his slack knees desert their dying load.
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From *Paris'* bow a vengeful arrow fled. 710
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd:

What

What God, O *Grecians*! has your hearts dismay'd?
 Oh, turn to arms; 'tis *Ajax* claims your aid. 716
 This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
 And this the last brave battle he shall wage:
 Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
 The warrior rescue, and your country save. 720

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
 Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
 To guard their wounded friend: While thus they stand
 With pious care, great *Ajax* joins the band:
 Each takes new courage at the hero's sight; 725
 The hero rallies, and renews the fight;
 Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
 While *Nestor's* chariot far from fight retires:

V. 713. *Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd.*] We see here almost all the chiefs of the *Grecian* army withdrawn: *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, the two great counselors; *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Eurypylus*, the bravest warriors; all retreated: So that now in this necessity of the *Greeks*, there was occasion for the Poet to open a new scene of action, or else the *Trojans* had been victorious, and the *Grecians* driven from the shores of *Troy*. To shew the distress of the *Greeks* at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, 'twill be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs: All human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods forbid by *Jupiter*: Whereas the *Trojans* see their general at their head, and *Jupiter* himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the distress of the *Greeks* occasions first the assistance of *Patroclus*, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of *Achilles*. It is with great art that the Poet conducts all these incidents: He lets *Achilles* have the pleasure of seeing that the *Greeks* were no longer able to carry on the war without his assistance, and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem. *Exstathius*.

His

His coursers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
The *Greeks* preserver, great *Machaon* bore. 730

That hour, *Achilles*, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the field of fight;
His fasted eyes beheld around the plain
The *Grecian* rout, the slaying, and the slain.

His friend *Machaon* singled from the rest, 735
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.

Strait to *Menatius*' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as *Mars*, *Patroclus* quits his tent,
(In evil hour! Then Fate decrees his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!) 740

Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy will, *Patroclus* shall obey.

O first of friends! (*Pelides* thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!

731. *That hour, Achilles, &c.*] Though the resentment of *Achilles* would not permit him to be an actor in the battle, yet his love of war inclines him to be a spectator: And as the poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in *Achilles*, he makes him delighted with the destruction of the *Greeks*, because it conspired with his revenge: That resentment, which is the subject of the poem, still prevails over all his passions, even the love of his country; for though he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger stifles those tender emotions, and he seems pleased with their distress, because he judges it will contribute to his glory. *Eustathius*.

V. 735. *His friend Machaon, &c.*] It may be asked why *Machaon* is the only person whom *Achilles* pities? *Eustathius* answers, that it was either because he was his countryman, a *Theſſalian*; or because *Æſculapius*, the father of *Machaon*, presided over physic, the profession of his preceptor *Chiron*. But perhaps it may be a better reason to say, that a physician is a public good, and was valued by the whole army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured *Achilles* of a wound during the course of the *Trojan* wars.

The

The time is come, when yon' despairing host 745
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:

Now at my knees the *Greeks* shall pour their moan,
And proud *Atrides* tremble on his throne.

Go now to *Nestor*, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought ; 750

For seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd *Machaon* to my mind ;
Nor could I thro' yon' cloud discern his face,
The courfers past me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste, 755

Thro' intermingled ships and tents he past ;
The chiefs descending from their ear he found ;

The panting steeds *Eurymedon* unbound.

The warriors, standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore, 760

Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale ;

Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.

The

V. 747. *Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan.* The Poet, by putting these words into the mouth of *Achilles*, leaves room for a second embassy, and (*Achilles* himself mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuccessful: But the Poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend *Patroclus* the advocate of the *Greeks*, and by that means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of *Achilles*, who does not assist the *Greeks* through his kindness to them, but from a desire of revenge upon the *Trojans*: His present anger, for the death of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of *Agamemnon*; and as he separated from the army in a rage, so he joins it again in the like disposition. *Eustathius*.

V. 764.

The draught prescrib'd, fair *Hecamede* prepares, 765
Arfinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs :
 (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of *Nestor's* wisdom, gave)
 A table first with azure feet she plac'd ;
 Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd : 770
 Honey new-press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
 And wholesome garlic crown'd the sav'ry treat.
 Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
 A goblet sacred to the *Pylian* Kings,
 From eldest times : emboss'd with studs of gold, 775
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold ;
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
 In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink :
 A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
 When the brisk Nectar overlook'd the brim. 780
 Temper'd

V. 764. *And took their seats beneath the shady tents.*] The Poet here steals away the reader from the battle, and relieves him by the description of *Nestor's* entertainment. I hope to be pardoned for having more than once repeated this observation, which extends to several passages of *Homer*. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battles might fatigue the reader, who could not so long be delighted with continued scenes of blood.

V. 774. *A goblet sacred to the Pylian Kings.*] There are some who can find out a mystery in the plainest things ; they can see what the author never meant, and explain him into the greatest obscurities. *Eustathius* here gives us a very extraordinary instance of this nature : The bowl by an allegory figures the World ; the spherical form of it represents its roundness ; the Greek word which signifies the *Doves*, being spelled almost like the *Pleiades*, is said to mean that constellation ; and, because the Poet tells us the bowl was fludded with gold, those studs must needs imply the stars.

V. 779.

Temper'd in this, the Nymph of form divine
Pours a large potion of the *Pramnian* wine ;

With

V. 779. *Yet heav'd with ease by him.*] There has ever been a great dispute about this passage; nor is it apparent for what reason the Poet should tell us that *Nestor*, even in his old age, could more easily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learned to lift it by frequent use; an insinuation that *Nestor* was no enemy to wine. Others, with more justice to his character, have put another construction upon the words, which solves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is usually supposed to signify *another man*, is rendered *another old man*, meaning *Machaon*, whose wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the construction. But *Eustathius* tells us, the propriety of speech would require the word to be, not ἄλλος, but ἕτερος, when spoken but of two. But why then may it not signify any other old man?

V. 728. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which *Hecamede* here prepares for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the case of a wounded person, and by some critics held in the same repute with the balsam of *Fierabras* in *Don Quixote*. But it is rightly observed by the commentators, that *Machaon* was not so dangerously hurt as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might use at another time. *Homer* had just told us that he layed on the sea-side to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long conversation with *Nestor*, neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: His loss of blood and spirits might make him not so much in fear of a fever as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this case, I cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have failed to tell us of *Machaon's* rejecting it. Yet after all, some answer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. *Hippocrates* allows wine in acute cases, and even without water in cases of indigestion. He says indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant of the good and bad qualities

With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
 And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
 This for the wounded Prince the dame prepares ; 785
 The cordial bev'rage rev'rend *Nestor* shares :
 Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
 And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Mean time *Patroclus* by *Achilles* sent,
 Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent. 790
 Old *Nestor*, rising then, the hero led
 To his high seat ; the chief refus'd, and said:

'Tis now no season for these kind delays
 The great *Achilles* with impatience stays.
 To great *Achilles* this respect I owe ; 795
 Who asks what hero wounded by the foe,
 Was borne from combat by the foaming steeds ?
 With grief I see the great *Machaon* bleeds.
 This to report, my hasty course I bend ;
 Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend. 800

Can then the sons of *Greece* (the sage rejoin'd)
 Excite compassion in *Achilles*' mind ?

Seeks

qualities of wine: and yet the potion here prescribed will not be allowed by physicians to be an instance that they were so; for wine might be proper for *Machaon*, not only as a cordial, but as an opiate. *Asclepiades*, a physician who flourished at *Rome* in the time of *Pompey*, prescribed wine in fevers, and even in phrensies to cause sleep. *Cælius Aurelianus*, lib. 4. c. 14

V. 801. Can then the sons of *Greece*, &c] It is customary for those who translate or comment on an author, to use him as they do their mistress; they can see no faults, or can convert his very faults into beauties; but I cannot be so partial to *Homer*, to imagine that this speech of *Nestor*'s is not greatly blameable for being too long: he crowds incidents upon incidents, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions,

Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?

This is not half the story of our woe.

Tell

actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unseasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the son of *Augias*, he is so pleased with himself, that he forgers the distress of the army, and cannot leave his favourite subject till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the speech, seem to be unfortunately introduced. In short, I think they are not so valuable upon any other account, as because they preserve a piece of ancient history, which had otherwise been lost.

What tends yet farther to make this story seem absurd, is what *Patroclus* said at the beginning of the speech, that he *had not leisure to sit down*: so that *Nestor* detains him in the tent standing, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion observe, that there is a great deal of art in some branches of the discourse; that when *Nestor* tells *Patroclus* he had himself disobeyed his father's commands for the sake of his country; he says it to make *Achilles* reflect that he disobeys his father by the contrary behaviour: that what he did himself was to retaliate a small injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may save the *Grecian* army. He mentions the wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an intent to give *Achilles* a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greatest enemy suffered by his absence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpose to observe, that *Nestor* might designedly protract the speech, that *Patroclus* might himself behold the distress of the army; thus every moment he detained him, enforced his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether this was the intention or not, it must be allowed that the stay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks*; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirmed him into a certainty that their affairs were desperate without *Achilles's* aid.

As for *Nestor's* second story, it is much easier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and

is

Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone, 805
 Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
Ulysses, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
 And stern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.
 But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain; 810
 Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet, he stays,
 And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
 Chief after Chief the raging foe destroys;
 Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
 Now the slow course of all-impairing time 815
 Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
 Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
 When this bold arm th' *Epeian* pow'rs oppress'd,
 The bulls of *Elis* in glad triumph led,
 And stretch'd the great *Itymonæus* dead! 820
 Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
 And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
 Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
 As many goats, as many lowing kine:
 And thrice the number of unrival'd steeds, 825
 All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.

is told in such a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; the circumstances are well adapted to the person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their father's instructions, he, as it were, brings them in, seconding his admonitions.

V. 819. *The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led.*] *Elis* is the whole southern part of *Peloponnesus*, between *Achaia* and *Messenia*, it was originally divided into several districts or principalities, afterwards it was reduced to two; the one of the *Elians*, who were the same with the *Epeians*; the other of *Nestor*. This remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In *Homer's* time the city *Elis* was not built. *Dacier*.

These

These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
 Old *Neleus* glory'd in his conqu'ring son.
 Thus *Elis* forc'd her long arrears restor'd,
 And shares were parted to each *Pylian* Lord. 830
 The state of *Pyle* was sunk to last despair,
 When the proud *Elians* first commenc'd the war.
 For *Neleus'* sons *Alcides'* rage had slain;
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
 Oppress'd, we arm'd; and, now this conquest gain'd,
 My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd. 836
 (That large reprisal he might justly claim,
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame;
 When *Elis'* Monarch at the public course
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse) 840
 The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd
 The just partition, and due victims paid.
 Three days were pass'd, when *Elis* rose to war,
 With many a couser, and with many a car;
 The sons of *Astor*, at their army's head 845
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.

High

V. 839. *At the public course detain'd his chariot.*] It is said that these were particular games, which *Augias* had established in his own state, and that the *Olympic* games cannot be here understood, because *Hercules* did not institute them till he had killed this king, and delivered his kingdom to *Phylus*, whom his father *Augias* had banished. The prizes of these games of *Augias* were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the *Olympic* games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: besides, it is probable *Homer* knew nothing of these chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands worn at feasts; if he had, he would somewhere or other have mentioned them. *Eustathius*.

V. 845. *The sons of Astor*] These are the same whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and

High on a rock fair *Thryœssa* stands,
 Our utmost frontier on the *Pylian* lands;
 Not far the streams of fam'd *Alpheus* flow;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 851
 Alarms the *Pylians*, and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
 Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd;
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms; 855
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detained my arms.
 My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.

Along fair *Arene*'s delightful plain,
 Soft *Minyas* rolls his waters to the main. 860
 There, horse and foot, the *Pylian* troops unite,
 And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
 To great *Alpheus*' sacred source we came.
 There first to *Jove* our solemn rites were paid; 865
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
 A bull *Alpheus*; and a bull was slain
 To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.
 In arms we slept, behind the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce *Epeians* stood. 870
 Soon as the sun, with all revealing ray,
 Flam'd in the front of Heav'n, and gave the day;

and *Creatus*. *Thryœssa*, in the line following, is the same town which he calls *Thryon* in the catalogue. The river *Minyas* is the same with *Anygrus*, about half way between *Pylos* and *Thryœssa*, called *Minyas* from the *Minyans* who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the Poet says of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between *Pylos* and *Thryœssa*. *Eustathius*. *Strabo*, lib. 8.

Bright

Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear ;
 The nations meet ; there *Pylos, Elis* here.
 The first who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled ; 875
 King *Augias*' son, and spouse of *Agamede* :
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
 And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led ;
 Th' *Epeians* saw, they trembled, and they fled. 880
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd,
 Fierce as a whirlwind now. I swept the field:
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train ;
 Two chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.
 Then *Aëtor*'s sons had dy'd, but *Neptune* shrouds 885
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaughter'ring all along,
 Thro' wide *Buprasian* fields we forc'd the foes,
 Where o'er the vales th' *Olenian* rocks arose ; 890
 Till *Pallas* stopp'd us where *Alisum* flows. }
 Ev'n there, the hindmost of the reer I slay, }
 And the same arm that led concludes the day ; }
 Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.
 There to high *Jove* were public thanks assign'd 895
 As first of Gods, to *Nestor*, of mankind.
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood ;
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.

V. 895. *There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd
 As first of Gods, to Nestor, of mankind.*

There is a resemblance between this passage and one in the sacred scripture, where all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped the Lord, and the King. 1 Chron. 29. 20.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
 And gives to passion what to *Greece* he owes. 900
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
 O friend! my memory recalls the day,
 When gath'ring aids along the *Græcian* sea,
 I, and *Ulysses*, touch'd at *Phthia's* port, 905
 And enter'd *Peleus'* hospitable court.
 A bull to *Jove* he slew in sacrifice,
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
 Thyself, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend fire
*Menæti*us, turn'd the fragments on the fire. 910
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites;
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
 Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave; 915
Peleus said only this,—“My son! be brave.”
*Menæti*us thus: “Tho' great *Achilles* shine
 “In strength superior, and of race divine,
 “Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
 “Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.” 920

V. 9:6. *Peleus said only this—My son! be brave.*]
 The conciseness of this advice is very beautiful;
Achilles being hasty, active, and young, might not have
 burthened his memory with a long discourse: there-
 fore *Peleus* comprehends all his instructions in one sen-
 tence. But *Menæti*us speaks more largely to *Patroclus*,
 he being more advanced in years, and mature in judg-
 ment; and we see by the manner of the expression,
 that he was sent with *Achilles*, not only as a companion,
 but as a monitor, of which *Nestor* puts him in mind, to
 shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to
Achilles, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his re-
 sentment. *Eustathius*.

Thus

Thus spoke your father at *Theſſalia*'s court ;
 Words now forgot, tho' now of vaſt import.
 Ah ! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
 Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey ;
 Some fav'ring God *Achilles*' heart may move ; 925
 Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
 If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
 If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm ;
 Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may ſhine,
 If thou-but lead the *Myrmidonian* line ; 930
 Clad in *Achilles*' arms, if thou appear,
 Proud *Troy* may tremble, and deſiſt from war ;
 Preſs'd by freſh forces her o'er-labour'd train
 Shall ſeek their walls, and *Greece* reſpire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
 Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went ; 936
 Soon as he came, where, on the croud'd ſtrand,
 The public mart and courts of juſtice ſtand,

V. 923. *Ah ! try the utmoſt, &c.*] It may not be ungrateful to the reader to ſee at one view the aim and deſign of *Nefſor*'s ſpeech. By putting *Patroclus* in mind of his father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his country: by the mention of the ſacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of thoſe engagements to which the Gods were witneſſes: by ſaying that the very arms of *Achilles* would reſtore the fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high compliment to that hero, and offers a powerful inſinuation to *Patroclus* at the ſame time, by giving him to underſtand, that he may perſonate *Achilles*. *Euſtathius*.

V. 928. *If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm.*] *Nefſor* ſays this upon account of what *Achilles* himſelf ſpoke in the ninth book: and it is very much to the purpoſe, for nothing could ſooner move *Achilles*, than to make him think it was the general report in the army, that he ſhut himſelf up in his tent for no other reaſon but to eſcape death, with which his mother had threatened him in diſcovering to him the decrees of the deſtinies. *Dacier*.

Where the tall fleet of great *Ulysses* lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods arise: 940

There sad he met the brave *Evamon's* son,
Large painful drops from all his members run,
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart; 945
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart.

Divine compassion touch'd *Patroclus's* breast,
Who sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd.

Ah hapless leaders of the *Grecian* host!

Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast? 950

Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore?

Far from your friends, and from your native shore!

Say, great *Eurypylus*! shall *Greece* yet stand?

Resists she yet the raging *Hector's* hand?

Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame, 955

And this the period of our wars and fame?

Eurypylus replies: no more (my friend)

Greece is no more! this day her glories end.

Ev'n to the ships victorious *Troy* pursues,

Her force encreasing as her toil renews. 960

Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,

Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.

But thou, *Patroclus*! act a friendly part,

Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;

With lukewarm water wash the gore away, 965

With healing balms the raging smart allay.

Such as sage *Chiron*, fire of *Pharmacy*,

Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.

Of two fam'd surgeons, *Podalirius* stands
 This hour surrounded by the *Trojan* bands ; 970
 And great *Machaon* wounded in his tent,
 Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do?
 Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.

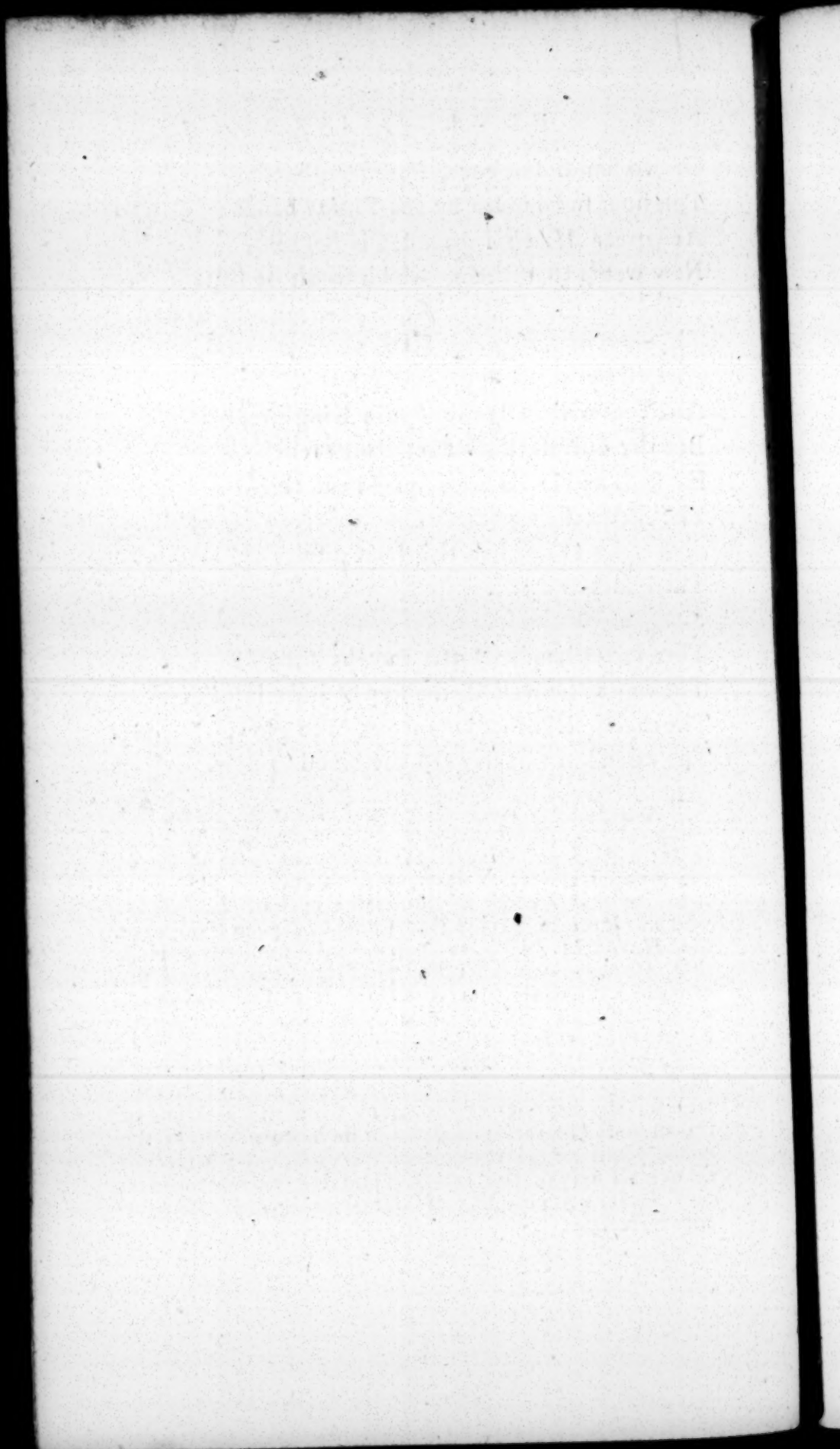
Charg'd by *Achilles'* great command I fly, 975
 And bear with haste the *Pylian* King's reply :
 But thy distress this instant claims relief.

He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
 The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
 And hides of oxen on the floor display'd: 980
 There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.

Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd ;
 The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
 The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow, 985
 The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

V. 969. *Of two fam'd surgeons.*] Though *Podalirius* is mentioned first for the sake of the verse, both here and in the catalogue, *Machaon* seems to be the person of the greatest character upon many accounts: besides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the cure of *Philoctetes*, who was lame by having let an arrow, dipt in the gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, fall upon his foot; a plain mark that *Machaon* was an abler physician than *Chiron* the centaur, who could not cure himself of such a wound. *Podalirius* had a son named *Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was descended.

V. 977. *But the distress this instant claims relief.*] *Eustathius* remarks, that *Homer* draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the stay of *Patroclus*; for while he is employed in the friendly task of taking care of *Eurypylus*, he becomes an eye-witness of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the necessity of using his utmost efforts to move *Achilles*.



THE
TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

The ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector, also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

THE

T H E
* T W E L F T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

W H I L E thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and *Greeks* with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

Nor

* It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the *Iliad*: the whole design turns upon the wrath of *Achilles*: that wrath is not to be appeased but by the calamities of the *Greeks*, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in Epic, as in Tragic poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary incident at the winding up of the catastrophe, and that should be founded upon some visible distress. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leisure to the wrath of *Achilles* to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where described as a person of a stubborn resentment, and consequently ought not to be easily reconciled) but also as it highly contributes

Nor long the trench, or lofty walls oppose ; 5
 With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose ;
 Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim slain,
 The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the Gods, how short a period stands
 The proudest monument of mortal hands ! 10
 This stood, while *Hector* and *Achilles* rag'd,
 While sacred *Troy* the warring hosts engag'd ;
 But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
 And what surviv'd of *Greece* to *Greece* return'd ;
 Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* shook the shore, 15
 Then *Ida's* summits pour'd their wat'ry store ;

Rhesus

contributes to the honour of *Achilles*, which was to be fully satisfied before he could relent.

V. 9. *Without the Gods how short a period, &c*] *Homer* here teaches a truth conformable to sacred scripture, and almost in the very words of the *Psalmist*, *Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.*

V. 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo, &c.*] This whole Episode of the destruction of the wall is spoken as a kind of prophecy, where *Homer*, in a poetical enthusiasm, relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from hence that our author flourished not long after the *Trojan* war ; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. *Homer* (says *Aristotle*) foresaw the question might be asked, how it came to pass that no ruins remained of so great a work ? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical : we see *Apollo* turning the course of the rivers against the wall, *Jupiter* opening the cataracts of heaven, and *Neptune* rending the foundations with his trident : that is, the sun exhales the vapours, which descend in rain from the air or *Ether* ; this

Rhesus and *Rhodius* then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsepus, *Granicus*, with mingled force,
 And *Xanthus* foaming from his fruitful source ; 20

this rain causes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of *Homer*, like magic, first raises a stupendous object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the opinion, that *Homer* was particularly careful to avoid the objection which those of his own age might raise against the probability of this fiction, is, that the verses which contain this account of the destruction of the wall seem to be added after the first writing of the *Iliad*, by *Homer* himself. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he considers the manner in which they are introduced, both here and in the seventh book, where first this wall is mentioned. There, describing how it was made, he ends with this line.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο καρηκομώντες Ἀχαιοί.

After which is inserted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its destruction, at the conclusion whereof immediately follows a verse that seems exactly to connect with the former,

Δύσσετο δ' ἥελιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner, in the present book, after the fourth verse,

Τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπερθεῖν.

That which is now the thirty-sixth, seems originally to have followed,

Τεῖχος εὐδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δάρατα πύργων.

And all the lines between (which break the course of the narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in *Homer*) seem to have been added for the reason abovesaid. I do not insist much upon this observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon a review of the passages.

And

And gulphy *Simois*, rolling to the main
 Helmets and shields, and god-like heroes slain :
 These, turn'd by *Phæbus* from their wonted ways,
 Delug'd the rampire nine continual days ;
 The weight of waters saps the yielding wall, 25
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
 Incessant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
 And half the skies descend in sluicy show'rs.

The God of Ocean, marching stern before,
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore, 30
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And, whelms the smoaky ruin in the waves.
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
 No fragment tells, where once the wonder stood ;
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again, 35
 Shine' twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the Gods in later times perform ;
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm ;
 The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs ;
 War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the
 tow'rs. 40

Smote by the arm of *Jove*, with dire dismay,
 Close by their hollow ships the *Grecians* lay ;

V. 24. *Nine continual days.*] Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the *Greeks* should resist the joint efforts of three Deities nine days : to solve this difficulty, *Cretes* the *Malleian* was of opinion, that it should be writ, *ἐν ἡμέρᾳ, one day.* But there is no occasion to have recourse to so forced a solution ; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary power could have so entirely ruin'd the wall, that not the least remains of it should appear ; but such a one, as we have before said, *Homer* stood in need of. *Eustathius.*

Hector's

Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And *Hector's* fury ev'ry moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, tofs'd the scatt'ring throng, 45
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midst the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing jav'lines rain an iron storm: 50
His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd *Hector* glows; 55
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Just on the brink, they neigh and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below,
The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw *Polydamas*: who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great *Hector*, and this council gave.
Oh thou! bold leader of our *Trojan* bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands! 70
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the *Grecian* walls behind?
No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon' narrow bounds.

Proud

Proud of the favours mighty *Jove* has shown, 7
 On certain dangers we too rashly run :
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
 O may this instant end the *Grecian* name !
 Here, far from *Argos*, let their heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy, and bury all ! 8
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain ?
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
 All *Troy* must perish, if their arms prevail, 85
 Nor shall a *Trojan* live to tell the tale.
 Hear then, ye warriors ! and obey with speed ;
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led ;
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and *Heſtor* lead the way. 90
 So *Greece* shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
 And this (if *Jove* consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd, the God-like *Heſtor* sprung
 Swift from his seat ; his clanging armour rung. 9
 The chief's example follow'd by his train, 95
 Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
 By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
 Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.
 The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
 And all obey their ſev'ral chiefs commands, 100

The

V. 99. *The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands.*]
 The *Trojan* army is divided into five parts, perhaps
 becauſe there were five gates in the wall, ſo that an at-
 tack might be made upon every gate at the ſame in-
 ſtant : By this means the *Greeks* would be obliged to
 diſunite, and form themſelves into as many bodies, to
 guard five places at the ſame time.

The

The best and bravest in the first conspire,
 Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire :
 Great *Hector*, glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave *Cebriones*.

Before the next the graceful *Paris* shines, 105
 And bold *Alcathoüs*, and *Agenor* joins.

The sons of *Priam* with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and *Helenus* the seer ;

In arms with these the mighty *Asius* stood,
 Who drew from *Hyrtacus* his noble blood, 110

And whom *Arisba*'s yellow coursers bore,
 The coursers fed on *Selle*'s winding shore.

Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
 And great *Aeneas*, born on fount-full *Ide*.

Divine *Sarpedon*, the last band obey'd, 115
 Whom *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus* aid ;

Next him the bravest at their army's head,
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields, in close array,
 The moving legions speed their headlong way : 120

Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
 And see the *Grecians* gasping at their feet.

While ev'ry *Trojan* thus, and ev'ry aid,
 'Th' advice of wise *Polydamas* obey'd ;

Asius alone, confiding in his car, 125

His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.

Unhappy

The Poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion : By this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem.
Eupathius.

Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
 No more those couriers with triumphant joy
 Restore their master to the gates of *Troy*! 130
 Black death attends behind the *Grecian* wall,
 And great *Idomeneus* shall boast thy fall!
 Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
 The flying *Grecians* strove their ships to gain;
 Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past, 135
 The gates half open'd to receive the last.
 Thither, exulting in his force he flies,
 His following host with clamours rend the skies:
 To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the main,
 Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!
 To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend, 141
 Who from the *Lapids* warlike race descend;
 'This *Polypates*, great *Pirithous*' heir,
 And that *Leonteus*, like the God of war.

V. 125. *Asius alone, consulting in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion were not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately, each being empowered to order his own troop as he thought fit: For otherwise *Asius* had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the rest were on foot. One may observe from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the same regular discipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his *Grecians*; and he makes some use too of this defect, to cast the more variety over this part of the description. *Dacier*.

V. 127. *Unhappy hero! &c.*] *Homer* observes a poetical justice in relation to *Asius*; he punishes his folly and impiety with death, and shews the danger of despising wise counsel and blaspheming the Gods. In pursuance of this prophecy, *Asius* is killed in the thirteenth book by *Idomeneus*.

As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise ; 145
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies,
 Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground ;
 High on the hills appear their stately form,
 And their deep roots for ever brave the storm. 150
 So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
 Of raging *Asius*, and his furious band.
Orestes, *Acamas* in front appear,
 And *Oenomaus* and *Thoön* close the rear ;
 In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields ;
 The fearless brothers on the *Grecians* call,
 To guard their navies, and defend their wall.
 Ev'n when they saw *Troy's* sable troops impend,
 And *Greece* tumultuous from her tow'rs descend, 160
 Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
 Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
 So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
 Rous'd with the cries of dogs, and voice of men ;
 On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear, 165
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ;
 They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
 Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.

V. 143. *This Polyxetes—And that, Leonteus, &c.]*
 These heroes are the originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias*
 in *Virgil*. We see two gallant officers exhorting their
 soldiers to act bravely ; but being deserted by them,
 they execute their own commands, and maintain the
 pass against the united force of the battalions of *Asius* :
 Nor does the Poet transgress the bound of probability
 in the story : The *Greeks* from above beat off some of
 the *Trojans* with stones, and the gate-way being nar-
 row, it was easy to be defended. *Eustathius*.

Around

Around their heads the whistling jav'lines fung ;
 With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung : 170
 Fierce was the fight, while yet the *Grecian* pow'rs
 Maintain'd the walls and mann'd the lofty tow'rs :
 To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
 And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp *Forcas* blows abroad, and brings 175
 The dreary winter on his frozen wings ;
 Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
 Descend and whiten all the fields below :
 So fast the darts on either army pour,
 So down the rampires rolls the rocky show'r ; 180
 Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
 And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
 The frantic *Asius* thus accuses heav'n :
 In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe? 185
 Can those too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive ?
 What man can doubt, but *Troy's* victorious pow'r
 Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal hour ?
 But look how wasps from hollow crannies drive,
 To guard the entrance of their common hive, 190
 Dark'ning the rock, while with unwearied wings
 They strike th' assailants and infix their stings ;
 A race determin'd, that to death contend :
 So fierce, these *Greeks* their last retreat defend.

V. 185. *The speech of Asius.*] This speech of *Asius* is very extravagant: He exclaims against *Jupiter* for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in *Asius*, is very natural to persons under a disappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. *Eupathius*.

Gods!

Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates, 195
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?

These empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great *Jove's* unalterable mind;
To god-like *Hector* and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200

Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a God my breast inspire, 205

To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210

Ev'n yet the dauntless *Lapithæ* maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First *Damafus*, by *Polypatus's* steel,
Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore; 215
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their breath:
Nor less *Leonteus* strows the field with death;
First thro' the belt *Hippomachus* he gor'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword; 220
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The faulchion strook, and fate pursu'd the stroke;
Iämenus, *Orestes*, *Menon*, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.

Mean-time the bravest of the *Trojan* crew 225
Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* pursue;

Fierce

Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
 And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
 These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
 By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd : 230
 A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
 Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
 Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;
 A bleeding serpent, of enormous size,
 His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round, 235
 He flung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound :
 Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
 In airy circles wings his painful way,
 Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries :
 Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies : 240
 They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
 And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.

V. 233. Jove's bird on sounding pinions, &c.] Virgil has imitated this passage in the eleventh *Aeneid*, v. 751.

*Utque volans altè raptum cum fulva draconem
 Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæsit;
 Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
 Arrectisque horret squammis, & sibilat ore
 Arduus insurgens; illa haud minus urget abunco
 Lucrantem rostro; simul æthera verberat alis.*

Which Macrobius compares with this of Homer, and gives the preference to the original, on account of Virgil's having neglected to specify the Omen. His *prætermisiss* (*quod sinistra veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto a serpente morfu prædam dolore dejecit; factoque Tripudio solistimo, cum clamore dolorem testante, prætervolat*) quæ animam parabola dabant, velut ex-anime in latigis versibus corpus remansit. Sat. l. 5. c. 14. But methinks this criticism might have been spared, had he considered that Virgil had no design, or occasion to make an Omen of it; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the posture of two warriors struggling with each other.

Then

Then first *Polydamas* the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to *Hector* spoke.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245
For words well meant, and sentiments sincere?
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thought is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight; 250
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the *Grecian* ships to gain;
For sure to warn us *Jove* his omen sent, 255
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize; 260
Thus tho' we gird with fires the *Grecian* fleet,
Tho' these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,

V. 245. *The speech of Polydamas*] The address of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this speech is admirable: He knew that the daring spirit of that hero would not suffer him to listen to any mention of a retreat: He had already storm'd the walls in imagination, and consequently the advice of *Polydamas* was sure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore softens every expression, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an assent; and though he is assured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he seems to be dissident; but that his personated distrust may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but science, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. *Eustathius*.

Toils

Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
 So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise ; 265
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then *Hector* with disdain return'd ;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong : 270
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of *Jove* ?
 The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod, 275
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
 These shall I slight ? and guide my wav'ring mind
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind ?
 Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend ; 280

V. 267. *The speech of Hector.*] This speech of *Hector's* is full of spirit: His valour is greater than the skill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is something very heroic in that line,

— ' His sword the brave man draws,
 ' And asks no omen but his country's cause.'

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being so well adapted to the character of him who speaks it, who is every where described as a great lover of his country.

It may seem at the first view that *Hector* uses *Polydamas* with too much severity in the conclusion of his speech: But he will be sufficiently justified, if we consider that the interpretation of the omen, given by *Polydamas*, might have discouraged the army; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the prediction, and insinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill, but his cowardice. *Eustathius*.

To

To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
 Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success? 285
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
 Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ships expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice to 'scape their fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave. 290
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison thro' our soldiers breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall, 295
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of *Idæ*,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide: 300
 He

V. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] *Eustathius* has found out four meanings in these two lines, and tells us that the words may signify East, West, North, and South. This is writ in the true spirit of a Critic, who can find out a mystery in the plainest words, and is ever learnedly obscure: For my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expressed; I care not, says *Hector*, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the sun-rising, which was propitious, or on the left towards his setting, which was unlucky.

V. 299. *Jove breathes a whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice to observe how the least circumstance grows in the hand of a great Poet. In this battle it is to be supposed that the *Trojans* had got the advantage of the wind of the *Grecians*, so that a cloud of dust was blown

He fills the *Greeks* with terror and dismay,
 And gives great *Heſtor* the predeſtin'd day.
 Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in his aid,
 Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
 In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend, 305
 While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
 Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
 And heaps on heaps the ſmoaky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts ſtands the fierce alarms;
 The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms, 310
 Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
 Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
 The bold *Ajaces* fly from tow'r to tow'r,
 And rouze, with flame divine, the *Grecian* pow'r.
 The gen'rous impuſe ev'ry *Greek* obeys; 315
 Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praiſe.

Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to Fame,
 And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
 Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
 Behold a day when each may act his part! 320
 A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
 To gain new glories, or augment the old.
 Urge thoſe who ſtand, and thoſe who faint excite;
 Drown *Heſtor*'s vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
 Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all; 325
 Seek not your ſleet, but ſally from the wall;
 So *Jove* once more may drive their routed train,
 And *Troy* lie trembling in her walls again.

upon their army: This gave room for this fiction of
Homer, which ſuppoſes that *Jove*, or the air, raiſed the
 duſt, and drove it in the face of the *Grecians*. *Euf-*
tathius.

Their

Their ardour kindles all the *Grecian* pow'rs ;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs. 330
As when high *Jove* his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain ;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep ; 335
Then pours the silent tempest, thick, and deep :
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore ;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men : 340
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus god-like *Hector* and his troops contend 345
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend ;
Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,
Till great *Sarpedon* tow'r'd amid the field ;
For mighty *Jove* inspir'd with martial flame
H's matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air ;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold :

V. 348. *Till great Sarpedon, &c*] The Poet here ushers in *Sarpedon* with abundance of pomp : He forces him upon the observation of the reader by the greatness of the description, and raises our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the sequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius*.

And while two pointed jav'lines arm his hands, 355
Majestic moves along, and leads his *Lycian* bands.

So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow,
Descends a lion on the flocks below ;

So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In fullen majesty, and stern disdain : 360

In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
And shepherds gaul him with an iron war ;

Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows 365
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.

He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,

To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall :

Then casting on his friend an ardent look,

Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke: 370

Why boast we, *Glaucus* ! our extended reign,

Where *Xanthus*' streams enrich the *Lycian* plain,

Our

V. 357. *So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow, Descends a lion.*] This comparison very much resembles that of the prophet *Isaiah*, Ch. 31. v. 4. where God himself is compared to a lion. *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: So shall the Lord of hosts come down that he may fight upon mount Sion.* Dacier.

V. 371. *The speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former times Kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who, to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expose themselves first in the battle, and be an example to their soldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his discourse, which is full of generosity and nobleness. We are, says he, honoured like Gods: and what can be more unjust, than not to behave ourselves like men? he ought to be superior in virtue,
who

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, 375
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above. 380
 'Tis ours the dignity they give to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place.
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state, 385
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,

For

who is superior in dignity. What strength is there, and what greatness in that thought? it includes justice, gratitude, and magnanimity; justice, in that he scorns to enjoy what he does not merit; gratitude, because he would endeavour to recompense his obligations to his subjects; and magnanimity, in that he despises death, and thinks of nothing but glory. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

V. 387. *Could all our care, &c*] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dangers, and seek glory by brave actions Immortality, with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchased with the loss of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which, at last, though perhaps late, must end. It is ordained that all men shall die, nor can our escaping danger secure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in disgrace, and even that continuance will be but short, though the infamy everlasting. This is incontestable, and whoever weighs his actions in these scales, can never hesitate in his choice: but what is most worthy of remark, is, that *Homer* does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary person, but ascribes it to the son of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390
 But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom ;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe ;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live, 395
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give !

He said; his words the list'ning chief inspire
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire ;
 The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
 Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400
Meneſtheus from on high the storm beheld,
 Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field ;
 Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
 What aid appear'd, t' avert th' approaching war,
 And saw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* stood, 405
 Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
 In vain he calls ; the din of helms and shields
 Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields ;
 The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
 Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the
 ground. 410

Then thus to *Thoös*—Hence with speed, (he said)
 And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our aid ;
 Their strength, united, best may help to bear
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
 Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their course, 415
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind,
 that this speech of *Sarpedon* is excellently translated by
 Sir *John Denham*, and if I have done it with any spirit,
 it is partly owing to him.

But

But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
 Let *Telamon*, at least, our tow'rs defend,
 And *Teucer* haste with his unerring bow,
 To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420

Swift as the word, the Herald speeds along
 The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
 And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
 Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
 Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands! 425.

Your aid (said *Thoös*) *Peteus*' son demands,
 Your strength, united, best may help to bear
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
 Thither the *Lycian* Princes bend their course,
 The best and bravest of the hostile force. 430

But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
 At least, let *Telamon* those tow'rs defend,
 And *Teucer* haste with his unerring bow,
 To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Strait to the fort great *Ajax* turn'd his car, 435
 And thus bespoke his brothers of the war.

Now valiant *Lycomedes*! exert your might,
 And brave *Oileus*, prove your force in fight:
 To you I trust the fortune of the field,
 Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd; 440

That done, expect me to compleat the day——
 Then with his sev'n-fold shield, he strode away,
 With equal steps bold *Teucer* press'd the shore,
 Whose fatal bow the strong *Pandion* bore.

High

V. 444. *Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable that *Teucer*, who is excellent for his skill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it borne after him by *Pandion*: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reason of its unusualness. It may be supposed

High on the walls appear'd the *Lycian* pow'rs, 445
 Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs;
 The *Greeks*, oppress'd their utmost force unite,
 Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
 The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
 Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the
 skies.

Fierce *Ajax* first th' advancing host invades, 451
 And sends the brave *Epicles* to the shades;
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
 Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
 In modern ages not the strongest swain 455
 Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
 He pois'd, and swung it round; then tofs'd on high,
 It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
 Full on the *Lycian*'s helmet thund'ring down,
 'The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. 460

supposed that *Teucer* had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battle, which was about the wall; he might judge that some other weapon might be more necessary upon this occasion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of *Pandion*. *Eustathius*.

V. 454. *A rocky fragment, &c.*] In this book *Ajax* and *Hector* are described throwing stones of a prodigious size. But the Poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advantage of *Ajax*: *Ajax*, by his natural strength, performs what *Hector* could not do without the assistance of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*.

V. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is so great, that some have made use of it as an argument that *Homer* lived many ages after the war of *Troy*: but this argument does not seem to be of any weight; for supposing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and sixty years after the destruction of *Troy*, this space is long enough to make such a change as he speaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy would do it in a much less time. *Dacier*

As skilful divers from some airy sleep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew, 465
From *Teucer*'s hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd, reluctant, from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine *Sarpedon* with regret beheld
Disabled *Glaucus* slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows, 475
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore; 480
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield; 485
The rolling ruins smother along the field.

V. 483. *Swift to the battlement the victor flies.*] From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather that this wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a tall man: from the great depth and breath of it, as it is described just before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwise from this passage; and consequently the thickness of the wall was answerable to the wideness of the ditch, *Eustathius*.

A mighty

A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
 And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
 At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging bow,
 And *Ajax* sends his jav'lin at the foe; 490
 Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
 And thro his buckler drove the trembling wood;
 But *Jove* was present in the dire debate,
 To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
 The Prince gave back, not meditating flight, 595
 But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
 Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
 His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.
 O where, ye *Lycians*! is the strength you boast?
 Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost! 500
 The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
 Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
 Unite and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
 The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* crew, 505
 They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;
 Unmov'd th' embody'd *Greeks* their fury dare,
 And, fix'd, support the weight of all the war!
 Nor could the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* pow'rs,
 Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* tow'rs. 510
 As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
 Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;

V. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This simile, says *Eustathius*, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumstance that is seldom to be found in *Homer's* allusions; it corresponds in every point with the subject it was intended to illustrate. the measures of the two neighbours represent the spears of the combatants: the confines of the fields, shew that they engaged hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies, gives us a lively idea of the large stones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

They

They tug, they sweat ; but neither gain, nor yield,
 One foot, one inch, of the contended field :
 Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall ; 515
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
 Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
 Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
 And the high ramparts drop with human gore. 520

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,
 (While some laborious matron, just and poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
 Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525
 Each equal weight ; nor this, nor that, descends.
 So stood the war, till *Hector's* matchless might,
 With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
 Pierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries : 530
 Advance ye *Trojans* ! lend your valiant hands,

V. 521. *As when two scales, &c.*] This comparison is excellent on account of its justness ; for there is nothing better represents an exact equality than a balance : but *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither described a woman of wealth and condition, for such a one is never very exact, not valuing a small inequality ; nor a slave, for such a one is ever regardless of a master's interest : but he speaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the same time just and honest ; for she will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded herself. She therefore takes care that the scales be exactly of the same weight.

It was an antient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of *Homer's* life ascribed to *Herodotus*) that the Poet drew this comparison from his own family ; being himself the son of a woman who maintained herself by her own industry : he therefore, to extol her honesty, (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. *Eustathius*.

Haste

Haste to the fleet, and tofs the blazing brands!
 They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his call,
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:
 Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears 535
 Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
 A pond'rous stone bold *Hec̃tor* heav'd to throw,
 Pointed above, and rough and grofs below:
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days. 540
 Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
 The snowy fleece, he tofs'd and shook in air:
 For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its load
 Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
 Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came, 545
 Of massy substance and stupendous frame;
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
 On lofty beams of solid timber hung,
 Then thund'ring thro' the planks, with forceful sway,
 Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way, 550
 The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
 Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
 Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
 A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, 555
 And from his eye balls flash'd the living flame.
 He moves a God, resistless in his course,
 And seems a match for more than mortal force.
 Then pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
 A tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the place; 560
 The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;
 The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
 the sky.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



